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**1918**











# THE GROVE.

## A MONTHLY MISCELLANY,

EDITED BY R. HANBURY MIERS.

No. VII. NOVEMBER, 1891.

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PUBLISHED BY F. DUNSTER, BROAD STREET,  
LYME REGIS.

1891.

*Price One Shilling.*

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# THE GROVE.

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No. 7.

NOVEMBER, 1891.

VOL. II.

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## CHURCH REFORM.

(CONCLUDED.)

There is also a reform needed in the form of Convocation as at present constituted, for it is by no means a representative assembly of the Priests of the Church, and has neither voice nor weight in the settlement of ecclesiastical questions which are discussed in the councils of the nation. It is true that the members of the Upper House of Convocation have seats in the House of Lords, and therefore they might be able if they were willing, to bring their united influence to bear upon measures of Church Reform when discussed in that august assembly, but we all know how divided our spiritual Fathers are upon the most important Church questions of the day, and considering how conspicuous many of them are by their absence from Parliament when some weighty ecclesiastical question is presented for debate, it becomes a very serious question whether the cause of the Church's progress and welfare is advanced in any way by the Bishops being spiritual peers.

But convocation does not represent the strength of the clergy: far from it, it is not a complete ecclesiastical Parliament, for a large portion of the clergy have no voice whatever in its constitution, the licensed curates and those engaged in educational work have neither power nor influence in securing a single representative in Convocation, and this I regard as a gross injustice and a serious infringement of their rights as Priests of the Church of England. For indeed when we examine the present consti-

tution of Convocation, and set apart those members of it who are the nominees of the Crown, a very small number remains (those who are called proctors) to represent the clergy, and those only who are fortunate enough to hold preferments.

I would suggest therefore that some course should be pursued either to abolish Convocation, as it is at present constituted, being practically useless and effete, or to make it what it ought to be, an assembly, the members of which should be elected by the whole body of the clergy throughout the land, and in whose deliberations not only the few would take an interest (if even there are any who do), but every Priest would feel he had some voice at least in its constitution, and would then regard it as a representative assembly of the Church at large, and not look upon it as it really is, a hollow farce, a mere sham, a ridiculous appendage to the State.

There is a crying abuse in the Church of England which ought to be at once swept away, and that is the custom of beneficed clergy holding Canonries in our Cathedrals. These are positions of dignity and trust, having a fair emolument attached to them, and they are frequently conferred upon Priests whose whole time *ought* to be taken up in the work of their respective parishes. By all means let there be Canonries, but let men be appointed to them who are able and willing to give all their time and attention to the work.

At present that work consists in residing three months of the year in the Cathedral Close rent free, attending the daily services, and occupying the Cathedral Pulpit once a week (perhaps not so often) during that period, and drawing a year's stipend.

Many of the Residentiary Canons, to their praise be it said, create work for themselves, and are often the chief supporters of every good work that is carried on in the Cathedral City, but it is a monstrous abuse that such a system should exist, in which a Priest already beneficed is able to secure a well-paid office without being compelled to do a commensurate amount of work.

Moreover these dignities and emoluments are oftentimes bestowed upon men who have little or no pulpit ability, and have no special recommendation for the stalls they occupy, but have managed to secure them either through the influence of family connection or political intrigue.

The Canons of our Cathedrals, instead of being Rectors or Vicars of parishes, ought to occupy in person their stalls all the year round, and

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they should be selected on the condition that they are respectively qualified for undertaking some special branch of Church work.

One Canonry should be assigned to a *Scholar*. Another Canonry should be given to a Priest great in educational work; a third to one who has had experience in and who can give his time to conducting Missionary work in the diocese; a fourth should be given to a Priest who is a powerful preacher. In fact the Canons ought all to be more or less eloquent in the pulpit, and together they might form a nucleus of a band of preachers to go forth throughout the diocese from time to time to help the overworked clergy in country parishes.

It would be a great boon and productive of much good to the Church if in every Diocese there was a body of Preachers attached to every Cathedral who made it their special mission to carry on the work above referred to, for no matter what may have sufficed in the past, there is no doubt that it is high time *now* that the outward forms of ease, dignity, respectability, and exclusiveness, attached to the position of a Canon Residentiary in our English Cathedrals, were exchanged for the graces of practical usefulness, real Diocesan work, and self-denying labour.

Perhaps the most important reform which is needed at the present day in the Church of England is that due care and a truly conscientious discharge of duty on the part of ecclesiastical and lay patrons in administering preferments be observed.

There appears to be no system whatever in dispensing Church Patronage. If the Church of England was a pocket borough, a close Corporation, or a family estate, then no fault could be found in the friends or partisans of either being promoted to her benefices; but as the Church was instituted by its Founder for the spiritual welfare of those for whom He died, it is clear that the administration of Patronage is one of the highest trust, and any breach of that trust is an act of defiance to the will of Christ, and a complete prostitution of the worthiest aims to the basest and meanest ends.

For what can be more scandalous than the appointment of young Priests to the charge of large and important parishes, or in short to any independent position in the Church when they have had no time, owing to their youth and want of experience, to acquaint themselves with the manifold duties and responsibilities appertaining to the work of a parish in the Church of God. The Bishops themselves should take up this most important matter of reform, and ought to act together on a fixed

principle in the administration of their patronage, and never bestow a benefice or any other ecclesiastical dignity upon a clergyman until he has been at least six years in Priest's orders. Lay patrons would to a great extent be disposed to follow such an excellent example, and the Church would soon cease to bemoan the appointment of young and inexperienced Priests to livings which so frequently takes place in the present day, and is disastrous to the welfare of the Church.

A young clergyman, with no other qualifications than those of a mere worldly kind, is frequently regarded as eligible for preferment. He has private means of his own, he may have married a rich wife, or he may be related to some ecclesiastical dignitary. Either of these qualifications are considered a good and sufficient reason for placing him in a position of the most solemn trust and responsibility when he himself is totally unfitted for it. I say it without any fear of contradiction, at least from parishioners, that no Priest ought to have a benefice conferred upon him before he has had some years' experience in parochial work and possesses a fair share of pulpit ability; but under the present system of patronage these all important qualifications are too frequently considered of inferior moment to those above mentioned, viz., those of an entirely worldly kind.

Throughout the Provinces of Canterbury and York benefices are occupied by men, excellent, doubtless, in moral character, and desirous perhaps of doing their best, but who in reality have not the faintest conception of dealing with souls, men who have no knowledge of human nature, and are therefore incapable of touching the heart, whose parochial visiting is of the scantiest kind, and whose sermons, if not purchased at so much a dozen from the dispensers of such literature, are couched in forced and stilted language partaking of the nature of a theological treatise or moral disquisition, instead of being simple, plain, loving earnest appeals carrying conviction to the souls of the congregations, and irresistibly enabling them to realise they are listening to a message from the Most High.

No wonder that under such a system incompetent Priests from time to time are forced upon parishes: no wonder that the inhabitants thereof forsake the churches of their forefathers for the Bethel or Bethesda hard by, or find themselves drifting away into the open sea of unbelief.

It is under such a system that Church work grows slack, and Church life certainly, slowly yet surely begins to wither and decay.



The question arises what can be done to bring about a necessary measure of reform? Let the Bishops at once begin by setting the example of never promoting a clergyman to a benefice unless he is a good preacher, or has had wide parochial experience, and they will find Lay Patrons very soon follow their lead.

A great and crying abuse in the Church of England is the Sale of Advowsons and next Presentations—at least, so far as it is usually conducted.

This traffic in livings is, without doubt, a very great blot in the organization of the Church in this country, and the subject is one which from time to time has engaged the earnest attention of those who, from their position and influence, might be able to effect some reform.

Something, of course, might be said, in favour of retaining the power to purchase an Advowson in the case of those who are large landed proprietors, and whose estates lie in the immediate neighbourhood to that in which the Benefice is situated. Under such circumstances it would be far more likely that the owners of such property would take an interest in the spiritual welfare of their tenants than others who lived at a distance and were in no way identified with the neighbourhood.

An Advowson not only forms part of an estate, but is a trust to be administered involving a provision for the spiritual welfare of those living within its circle—in short, the secular and religious elements are so closely united as to afford the greatest probability that the religious side of the question will be treated as favourably as possible when the interest in the secular one is of a close personal kind; and therefore, as a rule it is acknowledged that the appointments to benefices ecclesiastical by Patrons who are the owners of estates on which such benefices are situated, are of a more satisfactory character than those made by a Patron who has no other property in the neighbourhood. And the reason for the above is not far to seek.

If the Patron of a living resides in the parish, or even in a neighbouring one to that in which he has the right of Presentation, it is most probable that even for the sake of his own interest, if for no higher motives, he will be more careful in selecting a Priest for a benefice situated close by his own residence, than he would be if the living was in another county and many miles distant from his own property. It would be a matter of regret, therefore, if in the future Advowsons should be separated from estates with which they have been united for generations,

as the influence of the Church in such localities would surely become considerably weakened; and if Landowners were ever to be deprived, either by Disestablishment or otherwise, of the Patronage of their livings, with which they and their ancestors have enjoyed the most intimate association, there would be great danger of their becoming more or less indifferent to the spiritual needs of those parishes over which they and their fathers before them had exercised a beneficial control. It must be confessed that if Advowsons were to be separated from the estates with which they have hitherto been united, and purchased by persons who had no interest in the soil, the cause of the Church's progress in country places would receive a blow which neither time nor hard work on the part of individual clergy would ever be likely to repair.

But as regards the Sale of next Presentations the case is far different, since such a transaction opens the doors to the owner of an Advowson to raise money for merely selfish ends, and enables a Priest to take possession of a benefice who may have no qualification whatever for being placed in a position of such responsibility save and except that he has a well-filled purse.

In either case a great injury is done to the Church, and gross scandals have been the result of such transactions, perilous alike to the clergyman, the parishioners, and to the owner of the Advowson.

To obviate these spiritual dangers, it is well known that "a Bill," dealing with the sale of livings, was brought before the House of Lords some years ago by the Bishop of Peterborough, but it fell to the ground owing to the jealousy it excited amongst the Peers, who are nearly all largely interested in Church Patronage.

Doubtless, had "the Bill" been allowed to become a law, incalculable good would have been done.

If for the present the sale of next Presentations is to be retained, in order to reduce the evil to a minimum let such sale be transacted openly, and the purchasers thereof, as well as those for whom such purchases are made, will be placed above suspicion. It may be stated, without fear of contradiction, that all Priests, no matter how desirous they may be of obtaining Preferment, are, if truly conscientious, completely barred by the oath against simony from buying a living; whilst the same oath affords no barrier against the admission of unworthy clerics, who interpret it in what they are pleased to call a non-natural sense, and enables them to effect a purchase of a next Presentation through their family lawyer, or

by means of one of those clerical agents whose existence and vocation are a disgrace to a Branch of the Church of Christ.

The Sale of next Presentations has not one redeeming feature as the matter now stands. The oath against simony prevents any honest man from having any part or lot in the matter, while it produces no effect upon him who seeks the Priest's office for a piece of bread.

Abolish therefore once and for all the oath against that which is falsely called simony, but abolish above all the rights to sell "next Presentations," and then the Church will no more be a witness of the terrible scandals which have taken place, viz., of benefices with a cure of souls put up to auction recommended to some clerical purchaser, not on account of the priceless opportunity before him of spiritually benefitting under God those souls committed to the Priest's charge, but recommended and purchased on account of its worldly advantages, good society, nearness to a trout stream and railway station, with premises attached containing lawn tennis ground, good stabling, and the usual accessories of a gentleman's country residence.

Again there is to my mind a grave fault committed in the exercise of ecclesiastical patronage when a benefice is vacant, in the question being on all occasions asked, how about private means? as if the possession of this world's goods was the primary recommendation in behalf of a Presentee to a living. I am not so ignorant as not to be aware of the great advantage it is oftentimes to a parish to be placed in charge of a Priest who has an independent fortune, nor am I forgetful of the difficult position of some parishes, owing to the poverty of their Incumbents, the material portion of Church work therein being seriously crippled through want of means. But it is one thing to exercise judicious rules in the method of appointing Priests to places of Preferment, taking into consideration the monetary question, it is quite another to suffer every good reason for bestowing a living upon an individual Priest to be swamped on the ground he is a poor man! What the Church requires is, that the people should be taught systematically the duty of Almsgiving, being second to that of prayer, and if wealthy clergy undertook the charge of poor parishes, and those whom God has not seen fit to bless with private fortune were placed in charge of town parishes, the laity in the towns would be constrained to come forward in supporting their clergy, and if educated from their earliest years that it was their duty thus to act, I do not think we should find them backward in affording necessary help.

There is no doubt that in appointing a wealthy Priest to the charge of a benefice, either in town or country, where the inhabitants are well to do, there is a great temptation on the part of a Priest, in order to have everything in his own hands, to regard himself as responsible for Church expenses, as it saves him trouble, and prevents unpleasantness arising between him and his parishioners in money matters; but he grossly neglects his duty by such conduct, for he not only closes the pockets of the laity but leads them to imagine that it is no concern of theirs to interfere. What is really wanted is for the laity to be identified with Church work, to realise the truth that the Church with all its privileges is their heritage, and that the clergy are the servants thereof, and then doubtless the question as to whether a Priest has private means or no would assume its proper proportion, instead of as at present being made to hold the first place.

Again. Some kind of ecclesiastical machinery ought to be set in motion by which the Bishops might have power over the beneficed clergy so as to compel them to work systematically in their respective parishes, and not be as impotent, as they are at present, forced to stand by helpless, unable to punish in any degree those clerical drones who are to be found in every diocese.

A clergyman holding preferment in the Church of England is one of the most independent people on the surface of the earth. He is absolutely free to do much work or none, save the regulation Sunday services, and can in no way be interfered with in his manner of dealing with or neglecting the parish over which he has charge.

At present, no power, no force can be brought to bear upon a Priest, either to control or direct his operations in the management or mismanagement of his parish.

Doubtless the system of the freehold of the benefice being vested in the Incumbent is perfect, and would be admirably suited to the organization of the Church if the clergy were perfect men, but considering they are men of like passions *with* and subject to the same weaknesses as appertain *to* the laity, it is monstrous that they should be left practically uncontrolled, and it is a scandal to the Church that lazy and slothful Incumbents are allowed to remain undisturbed in the possession of their livings, being a reproach to their sacred calling and a curse to their flocks.

It is impossible to estimate the harm done to a parish under such circumstances, and every Bishop of every diocese in this country can with

sorrow and sadness place his finger on one or more of his parishes in which the Priest in charge is a disgrace to his high office and a hindrance to the spiritual growth of souls.

At present nothing can be done by the Bishops to eject from their livings those whose lives and conversation are a daily injury to the Church's influence, not only in their own neighbourhood, but far beyond; hence, if some such reforms as have been suggested could be carried out, if the Bishops could have the size of their dioceses diminished, so that they might be able *unexpectedly* to visit the churches on a Sunday to see how the services are conducted and the size of the congregations, if Priests holding preferment were duly qualified for their position, the fulfilment of such conditions would at least lengthen the cords and strengthen the stakes of our beloved Church, and would also go some considerable distance towards making the Church of England more than she has ever been the Church of the people, a real national exponent of Christianity throughout the land.

There are other things than those to which I have alluded which need reform in our Church, viz., the indifference shown by many of the laity towards helping forward any branch of Church work, the unhappy divisions which exist between many of the clergy in doctrine as well as in ritual and ceremonial, and last, though by no means least, that which is the outcome of these unhappy divisions, the spirit of unbelief which in the present day stalks through the length and breadth of the land, ready to taint every parish with its pestilential breath. I should be tiring you (if I have not done so already) and at the same time should be exceeding the limits allowed if I entered upon these burning questions, but with your permission I would fain draw your attention to one measure of reform which is urgently needed to soften down the feelings of many members of our Church, both lay and clerical, and infuse a degree of calmness and peace where now we all know rancour and bitterness exist. And this measure of reform is that certain limits be assigned to include the degrees of ritual and ceremonial allowed in conducting the different services of the Church. The Church is the Church of the nation, and though on the one hand there is one Lord over that Church, one Catholic faith which the Church has ever held, one Baptism by means of which admission to that Church can alone be gained; on the other hand the ritual which is the outward expression and setting forth of that faith and worship cannot be uniform, cannot be limited only to one "Use," cannot be settled and drawn upon a hard and fast line.

Men are made in the image of the Creator, but no two men are alike in countenance or similiar in disposition ; a different temperament and constitution and mode of thought are assigned to different individuals, and although men gaze at the same sun, breathe the same air, and are partakers of a common humanity, yet the conditions of the life of each are essentially diverse, and therefore it seems to be quite impracticable, nay even absurd, to expect that all men, if equally devout and equally in earnest, would be satisfied with the same ritual in their acts of worship, although they are professors of a common creed.

No Church has ever existed on earth in which the same ritual and ceremonial have been adopted by every separate congregation belonging to that Church, and St. John, in his glowing description of the New Jerusalem, intimates that the forms and ceremonies of the worship of the Church triumphant is not based upon mere uniformity. Hence in the present distress the only remedy I can see in order to restore peace and tranquility, to put an end to the heart-burnings which are rending assunder the Church of England and making her a byword and a reproach to the powerful bodies of political dissenters who rejoice to see her confusion, would be for the Bench of Bishops to issue a Pastoral to the clergy of both provinces, in which certain limits of ritual and ceremonial may be fixed for conducting the services of the Church. Let such a Pastoral or declaration emanating from the Bishops receive the sanction of Parliament, and let it be made binding upon the clergy. Care should be taken that the limits are sufficiently wide apart, in order that an ornate ritual on the one hand, or a plain and simple one on the other, be made strictly legal, and then each individual priest with his congregation may jointly agree as to the measure or kind of ritual which he and they may prefer.

If it was made penal for any priest to exceed or fall short of the limits assigned, we should hear no more of clergy outraging the feelings of their parishioners, either by too grand a ceremonial or by a cold and slovenly service. If, on the one hand, some members of the Church desire to worship in a whitewashed edifice with bare walls, with the preacher in black gown and bands, let them have it so ; if again others prefer an ornate ritual, where vestments and incense (which latter, by the way, is the most scriptural symbol that can be used in conducting divine service), where the altar lights and eastward position are adopted, let such be left alone to enjoy them ; above all, let the clergy consult with their parishioners not as to doctrine, but as to the ritual and ceremonial to be observed

in their churches, and then we should not hear of a professedly Christian society persecuting individual priests and their congregations for not doing exactly that which it regards as the only way of setting forth the Gospel of Christ.

I believe that if the Bishops were to put forth some such measure as I have depicted, these discords, these heart-burnings and divisions in the Church of England would be materially lessened, if not altogether in time gradually disappear.

CATHOLICUS.

## MY SISTER CECILIA.

## CHAPTER IV.

STRANGE fits of childish passion like this have no doubt been often witnessed in private life, and are the romance of the annals of many nurseries. I think they are remarkable only when, looking back, we feel that the child has been truly "father of the man;" although very seldom can this be securely anticipated from the omens of an age beyond others fertile in unfulfilled prophecy. But there were many proofs of the unity of Cecilia's character; and that instance of our dear visionary child's prevailing sensitiveness, as it foreshadowed in truth traits the most authentic of her inmost nature, justifies to myself the space I have given it in my narration. But this knowledge was of course a far later experience; learnt after many years with what pain, with what reluctance! My father, as I shall presently note, may have dimly felt the meaning of the incident; it was lost on my youth, and equally on my mother's mind, so unchangeably youthful. All I have mentioned,—added to the fact that, as Cecilia was in no other respects a *romantic* child, and by maternal inheritance clear from all taint of sentimentalism, so these outbreaks were but the more unaccountable,—all this was a perplexity to her mother, solved only at last by her native judgment. And hence, at the first, in the experiment of Cecilia's education (for the education of *every* gifted child must be inevitably a new thing and experimental), she was anxious to retain from her little daughter's acquaintance those books in which the element of romance makes any prominent appearance. Scott's "Lay," a poem as I thought in the critical vanity of sixteen, peculiarly suitable to youthful readers, stood, I recollect, on this index of the proscribed. Many parents, from that ever-growing temptation to assume infallibility which besets every exercise of power, have, I am aware, acted thus:—but with my mother this prohibition was an effort against which her native taste and



her native cheerfulness, her wise courage and her healthy heart-lightness, all at once contended. But from the exercise of this minor spiritual tyranny, unwonted no less than unwilling, an occurrence of Cecilia's thirteenth year for ever relieved her.

On no account would the dear little one have transgressed this prohibition, directed in general terms against some certain authors, Sir Walter Scott included. But of the *titles* of the specific works she was naturally ignorant. Thus when one dear child (then no more to me than other children)—not celebrated for early studiousness—(and Eleanor will pardon her husband *both* allusions!)—when this neighbour and playmate one summer's holiday brought over to Ardeley a copy of "Marmion," deficient, like most child-favourites, in the due honour of title page, our unsuspecting Cecilia gave her assistance at once in explanation of certain imaginative passages that were a distress and a perplexity to her simple-hearted companion. Deep in the poem, retained after Eleanor's departure, the youthful commentator had already plunged, when the remark at a few days' later breakfast-table "You have been at Edinburgh, mamma; did you see any ghosts and trumpets now on the High Cross"? put forth gaily with earnest conviction, awakened a glance of terror from one, and a smile on the face of others.—But it was now too late; the precautions had been unconsciously evaded; the revelation and the discovery were already made:—and, like other discomfited generals, her mother satisfied herself with the just conviction, that, all things considered,—the inevitable nature of the accident, and Cecilia's strong good sense—her Index of books prohibited to the little daughter might be now put aside with safety.

Henceforth, what my father and I myself had long seen, with wonder it could be hidden from her modest eyes, she now recognised—that the sole enthusiasm her little daughter did not submit to the control of reason was the energy of that holy affection, excess in which is scarce within reach of human capacity. On no other ground was there ground for alarm. For since Cecilia had been in possession of the dreaded treasure, some days had already past: she had put her question with a smile: had she suffered by this abrupt introduction to the Supernatural?—and that conveyed in no nurse's tale, but with all the conviction that a "printed book" bears to the mind of childhood. The experiment was held conclusive; the prohibition and the anxiety removed, and her mother enfranchised by Cecilia's freedom.

Unaided however by such accident, this solitude would of itself have subsided, by the spontaneous disappearance of any reason. For the tranquil months soon bore Cecilia onwards to that most happy time, happier to most, perhaps, than actual childhood, when hope and buoyant courage, and the blindness by which the courage of youth is unfailingly accompanied, extinguish by their over-powering brightness every shadow of conscious foreboding. These years were a time of transition, which I may myself here pass over. The inward service of mind and soul grew wider with our darling Cecilia's advancing girlhood; as she laid aside her toys, she left the age when she was herself our plaything. The girl became the dearer companion, whilst the enthusiasm of her passion, withdrawing from the observation of most, and passing into cheerful activity, seemed henceforward to diffuse itself into an affection as equable and as pure as any child has lavished on a mother.

#### CHAPTER V.

But my father, of whom I have now to make mention, as afterwards I was made aware, at no time lost sight of Cecilia's characteristic temperament. How much in her's resembled his own I shall never know; but some points in the resemblance were obvious. There was the same temperateness in judgment; the same love of solitude and study for their own blessed and peculiar privileges; the same capability of enthusiasm. Yet this I think was rather roused in my father by his own solitary meditations, or by interfusion (if the phrase may be risked) of the life-blood of the master-spirits, as he studied Plato and the Poets, and thought called to thought from the dead and the distant;—in Cecilia rather by circumstances affecting the human passions, or anything that appeared vitally to touch her mother. Thus also, in matters requiring judgment, my sister was in a certain sense the most practical: more completely or at least more constantly Woman, than he, Man: in a word the more perfect creature. Yet in other points the likeness was maintained. For he in youth had undergone one great grief, from some misjudging choice, I believe, in early friendship: and refusing to disguise from himself (after the manner of most men, insusceptible of depth in pain and pleasure) his own calamity, had recognised its greatness, faced

the truth, mastered the despair, and received the reward of Heaven's consolation. And he too in earlier childhood, before such mastery is possible, had exhibited, according to a confession drawn from him in Cecilia's defence on an occasion already referred to,—the same waywardness of passionate love, the same haunting fancies of the child's populous solitude, and the same liability to hours of overpowering excitement.

But this had long past now, and as we thought, for ever. The troubled delight of passion had retired before the security of his wedded love: the little cares of household activity restrained the agitated calm of reverie and of solitude. For his, if Activity be justly estimated, was an active existence: maintaining against the indolence and the distractions of completed manhood the generally rare and unwelcome exercise of thought; yet not suffering it to intrude on most faithful service to the requirements of a profession gladly adopted at his parent's desire; nor again to bar him from lighter and more social accomplishments:—a life past in the fulfilment of every graceful duty, and every duty of grace.

The necessary labours of a parish priest and the claims on the head of the family left my father many intervals of leisure for the studies congenial from youth to his disposition, keen for intellectual advance, and capable as, I have observed, of continuous meditation. And happy for him that it was so! Excepting direct religious consolations, against our inevitable griefs, Heaven I think gives us two main remedies; the love of books, and the love of nature:—friends to sorrow, when a friend's face makes us only the more sorrowful. Men limited to "practical activity," and saved so from the more poignant feelings of the imaginative temperament, yet from that very incapacity, in suffering truly suffer most; either unable to find consolation, and disperse the consuming atmosphere of despair by recurrence to their customary and mechanical duties, or driving aside their grief too rudely, and burying it in the turmoil and dust of life:—alike to be judged pitiable, whether sinking beneath their loss, or not gaining by it. For the truth of feeling is proportioned to its intensity, as the deepest wells are the purest.

Returning now to my father, though wherever he saw cause for admiration, happy to admire, yet it was his habit to read but few books: but those well, and confining himself steadily to the best. For the great minds of every age, he held, contain by implication the thoughts of the multitude: they interpret their century, whilst they outrun it: while further, from that closer union between the word and the idea which only

the highest masters can effect, their thoughts are presented with a pregnant vitality, operative on the reader's mind with an energy not otherwise attainable. Crystallized in the purest and most transparent language, and like crystal, severe in form whilst tender in colour, the creations of perfect genius alone, he would say, like the charmed lens of the ancient astrologer, can reveal to us the more retired mysteries of the universe. Who could think so, and not be content if the masterworks of Hellenic imagination (comparatively few) had formed his whole secular library? The Greeks on the whole were a nation so self-contained, and no printing-press yet in existence, that it must have been so with their writers. So vast however is the wealth of our later age that we can speak of the masterworks within our command as many: and a great skill in several languages, German I believe not included, enabled my father to indulge the fancy of rarely quitting these Elysian Fields of high thought and poetry.

But it was of course his English reading that touched us, the children, most nearly. On how many evenings did he leave Pascal, or Dante, or the golden pages, describing the "City of God," or those (perhaps dearer still) where "yesterday's going down to Piræus" leads by magic mazes to the region of Plato's mysterious commonwealth,—how often, to read some choice poem, Milton and Shakespeare, or Wordsworth when he fondly hoped years had brought his children the more philosophic mind, whilst we drew or worked in the aimless variety of childhood: thinking the hour perhaps long, yet dimly enjoying it beyond the least restrained, most thoughtless playtime. How often whilst our mother asked some explanation, or suggested a different, and we sat listening to the contest between wit and wisdom, did we resent Marie's appearance, and beg her to go without delivering her message, as she called him away to Hall or Study, to give counsel or to set forth with assistance to the sick and the distressed of Ardeley.

Such, as regarded himself, was my father's "realized ideal" of life. To us, the children, there was always playfulness the most winning and the most affectionate: counsels were ready for the occasion, but a high and religious aim to shun any direction that might by chance interfere with what gifts and inborn character Heaven had granted us. On the highest matters indeed our Father held a gracious and impressive reserve; a course almost inevitable, when any thoughtful man weighs the transcendent importance and mystery of holy things, the danger and

difficulty of setting them, even with approximation to their whole truth, before a child's mind, and the dearness of his own little ones. For such messages God has in truth provided a fitter angel. And well could he justify his reserve, if it needed justification, by that deep confidence (the reward of perfect affection, and more on this subject I cannot speak)—which for so many years of blessedness God allowed him to repose on the wise and tender courage, the absolute love and watchfulness of the honoured mother of his children.

## CHAPTER VI.

A mother's watchfulness in its highest degree was in truth before long required on a dear daughter's behalf. Cecilia had scarcely passed from the promising child into the maiden rich in promises deeper and more secure (for their fulfilment was already with them), when within a few months before her seventeenth birthday she was loved, sought, and betrothed; and this with as much general satisfaction resulting as a bridegroom can expect to meet with, when his chosen is the "bright desire" and central darling of a family. It was a connection to be followed, in the quiet course of things, by a second, making one house at last of Ardeley and Fountainhall. Lady F—, who presided over the only other mansion of the neighbourhood and six growing daughters, pronounced the whole a preconcerted scheme of Mrs. Marlowe; a person, she was pleased to say, so much deeper than she looked:—but when Robert Therfield first presented himself in a suitor's guise, none of *our* family, I believe, had thought of *his* in the light of possible, probable, or even absolutely desirable connections. To state the reason in the fewest words; the Fountainhall children were then in the background of youth and reserve, and the parents hardly beyond the verge of acquaintance (although friendly) with ours. They were only our nearest neighbours, a position compatible in quiet Hertfordshire with an interchange of small amiable courtesies,—with lendings, and borrowings, and a frequency of intercommunication, that in London might no doubt have been compromising. But here this implied of necessity little more than community of plate on occasion of great festivities, transfers of game in September, and perpetual proximity of name in subscription lists for local charity.

It was a surprise to me, returning home for my second College summer

vacation with my future relative, that he should have sought with so much precipitancy a hand which few were likely to forerun him in asking. The six beauties of Letchworth Lodge were certainly, I reflected, not *his* rivals—the parsonage without a curate;—and Robert himself, against the laws of friendship and likelihood, had never spoken a syllable of the secret to his Lady's brother during many months of College familiarity. Mrs. Therfield's epistolary zeal had fringed his looking-glass during the Spring terms, I remembered afterwards, with endless letters, fragments of which he read me as they came, full of Cecilia's witty sayings and excellencies. But I then reckoned the writer so provokingly incapable of really estimating that dear creature's merits, in their height and peculiarity, that I thought nothing of Robert's extracts except to reflect with a little shame, that the whole budget would be unendurable. Not to love a friend's next of kin is terrible; one feels as if the sentiment must speak itself aloud, or somehow transpire, when in his company; I think indeed it always does. Perhaps Robert was conscious of this feeling, and interpreted it with the curious timidity which is at the heart of the courage of love, into a conviction that my thought was, that *he* was unworthy of his aspiration. Ah who could be worthy?—To love Cecilia might well indeed make his natural reserve more reserved, and decide him to maintain silence towards me, until her own little "I will" had determined at once his happiness and my happy acquiescence in the triumph.

So entirely had this conduct thrown me off my guard, that I attributed to my own attractions the frequent visits with which the Rectory was now honoured. Robert was even ironical enough to read aloud one day (and rather to my annoyance) a short sermon or tract on the Blessedness of Single Life, (by some theologian perhaps not more successful at home than our illustrious Richard Hooker), and assert with that peculiar dogmatism of conviction that we see in serious people on serious subjects, that the old divine's quasi-High Church opinions on the celibacy of the clergy were to him at least, as an intended clergyman, more than half convincing. This was perhaps the one occasion when Robert displayed any ironical turn; Love no doubt and assured success inspiring him with that ingenuity. Three days after, my dear mother, meeting me in one of the passages, kissed me there and then in broad daylight; from her staid and orderly nature a pleasure quite unexpected. Morning—Evening—and the return from a journey—By the deviation from this routine I could have at once conjectured the imminence of some singular event, even if

the tears in her joyful eyes had not suggested it. A betrothal is the highest victory of private life, and the news more inspiring than Gazettes in all their glory. But, unlike these, there is a joyous absence of care, a sense of something delicately comic about it, (as when a couple come down on the floor in waltzing), that leave even the nearest auditors and most interested free at once to canvass circumstances, suggest amendments, or remark that the campaign had been observed, and the triumph prophesied. "Our dear prudent Cecilia!" I cried, "how many months ago was the proposal made?—nothing less than a year I should have thought could have been enough for her deliberations." "This morning—no, yesterday evening" my mother said, "Cecilia I believe allowed him a night of uncertainty—a wakeful one, I should hope—but indeed it is—I hope it will be"—and she pressed my hand, turning to smile once more through those tears with an arch look, as she opened the door of her daughter's room. In my dear mother's whole life, every circumstance considered, this was, I suppose, the crowning moment; the hour of most unalloyed happiness; especially as there could be no whisper yet of *the day*!—In heaven itself if the hours that go by on earth are marked there on any celestial calendar, I have sometimes fancied she must, as the anniversary passes, recall that pure instant of delight, with some strange thrill of old human feeling.

Except that tears were naturally more abundant, Cecilia's first greeting after the news announced of course much resembled her mother's. "You wondered at my — at the haste with which things were settled," she said, after the prefatory minute of hesitation and unfinished words, "I know you did, dear brother — and that you were not called into council too" she added, taking my hand with a delightful gravity. "I did indeed," I said, "and that I hoped another time"—"Another!"—and then her seriousness would have satisfied Robert himself. "But indeed it was not so *very* sudden: I mean that I wish — I hardly know how to say it — but I wish you did not think me so very prudent, so very wise" she said with half a laugh, "you may be sure I shall disappoint you."

"Never, darling," and I tried to kiss her back to cheerfulness. But the dear child was fairly overcome; she sat hastily down. "I do not know what it is" she said at last, and checking her sobs, "indeed I do try not to be over hasty, but in this I knew it could not be otherwise — it was as if a voice spoke for me. — And I am so happy, dear Edmund, only he is so much too good for me."

There was a sound of wheels on the gravel as Cecilia spoke, and then her mother's voice calling her with a peculiar humourous tenderness. "She is so happy" Cecilia whispered, running hastily by—but to her own room. Marie, promoted since her young lady's last birthday from Nurse to Maid, came up, (by her dear Mistress' direction it must have been), looking more like fifteen than fifty in her daintily-shaped, tightly-rounded striped dress, knocked at Cecilia's door, gave me a look of provoking goodnature, and pointed downstairs—all in the course of the same moment. I understood the hint, and went obediently to make a few minutes' diversion *with* Robert in his "bride's" favour; admiring meanwhile and enjoying the spring of life which this event had opened suddenly in the quiet household. I asked myself whether I in my hour should ever be the occasion of such perplexity of feelings and unwonted demeanour to any lady: whether in fact I should conscientiously have the right to put a girl to so much trouble,—to become the cause of such *rovesciamento*.—What young man, with visions of a "not impossible She" dimly before him, has not been tormented with like foolish fancies?

*(To be continued.)*

F. T. PALGRAVE.



## SICILIAN SKETCHES, III.

THE dominant feature of Sicily for all ages, has been of necessity, the barren lava mass of Etna. Through the mellow distance of twice a thousand years the old-world life of Syracuse stands out as clearly as that of Palermo, illuminating the days of a medievalism long since decayed and dead.

But above all ages and all cities, towers the malignant mountain, unhallowed, uncouth, and awful in its fiery desolation. Seen from the distant height of Taormina, with a mantle of moonlight thrown over the snows of its summit, and the glow of the fire flushing now and again the black lava shadows at the foot of the crater, it is beautiful enough: but climb at noontide up the hot wearisome paths to where the great Valle del Bove opens its yawning chasms amid the black twisted cliffs, and it is a very landscape of the Inferno.

The earthquake-riven walls of the miserable villages that lie on the slope of Etna bear witness to the destructive power even at work beneath the scanty soil. A peculiarity of this volcano is that it seldom erupts from the summit; when an eruption takes place, a new crater bursts forth at some unexpected part of the mountain side, and the lava pours out in a new direction, devastating most likely the vineyards that have escaped for centuries.

Those who have never witnessed anything of the sort, can have but a faint conception of the horrors of a volcanic eruption; the dense sulphureous atmosphere, the intense heat, the terrible sense of insecurity conveyed by the constant quaking of the solid earth or rock, all combine to produce a disquieting anxiety, that soon amounts to positive terror among an ignorant and superstitious peasantry, such as inhabit the slopes of Etna. The following passages, taken from an account written by an English gentleman, who with one other, was the sole witness of the 1879

eruption, during its entire progress, will give some idea of the awful grandeur of the sight in the immediate vicinity of the crater.\*

"Just as it was getting dark we arrived at our destination, tied up our mules in a beech copse a little below the brow of the hill, and ran up to the top, in the midst of a din resembling the thunder of the great guns of a fleet of ironclads. Our feelings, upon witnessing the sight that burst upon us, were those of nervousness and alarm. In the twilight of the dying day it was impossible to see the intervening ground, and there seemed to open at our very feet, a line of fourteen or fifteen craters, all throwing molten lava to a height of several hundred feet, and which promised every moment to overwhelm us: they did not seem fifty yards away. In reality they were over half-a-mile off, and as it grew darker the flames lit up the ground, and put us at our ease by showing us the real distance.

To the right, about a mile away, was another group of eight large craters and several small ones, at the foot of a hill called Monte Nero, all engaged in pouring lava without an instant's cessation. Each of these streams converged to the centre of the valley, and united they ran down a steep slope, through a portion of the forest of Castiglione, and went coiling far into the plain below, like a huge glowing red snake. Behind us were two big craters, vomiting immense columns of black smoke, now and then lit up with fitful flashes of fire, which spread like a black and fearful pall over the sky, and afforded a great contrast to the scene in front. From time to time some huge pine would catch fire, and blazing up like a torch be burnt away in half a minute. Now and then the smoke was blown between us and the craters, making the lava assume a blood-red hue instead of its usual brilliant golden yellow. From three of the craters in front of us, immense blue flames, like gigantic blow pipes, rushed out to the height of twenty or thirty feet, with a shrieking roar impossible to describe. . . . . The whole ground was shaking and moving beneath us, and each moment we expected some new crater to break out in our midst. . . . . The craters in front being near one another, the fire from each was always crossing and recrossing, and had the appearance of a most beautiful display of fireworks. . . . . The effect at night was much more awful and impressive than by day, as you could see every atom of

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\* I am indebted to the courtesy of a friend for permission to publish these hitherto unprinted extracts.—J.D.E.L.

fire in the air, and on the ground, which is of course impossible in the sunlight ; and the reflection of the flames upon the smoke and the hills made it seem as though we were in an atmosphere of fire. . . . Day broke at last, and the rising of the dawn upon the black column of smoke behind us gave it a very fearful and ghastly colour. . . . About this time I twice distinctly saw the volcanic lightning traversing this column of smoke perpendicularly."

The writer observed the formation of several new craters during the following days, all attended with similar phenomena ; but with no distinctly new features. On another day he visited the lava stream, of which he gives the subjoined account.

" Across the road, where the bridge was carried away, was a hill of lava, at least a hundred feet high. The lava stream had completely destroyed two large estates near this spot, consisting of vineyards and nut orchards : valued respectively at £15,000 and £20,000. . . . The foot of the stream was now at least ten kilometres from the craters, and not less than two kilometres broad, (having spread out over the level land) and was travelling fast through beautifully cultivated ground towards the river Alcantara. It was strange to see how slowly it seemed to move, and yet in a short time it had covered several feet. It was quite black by daylight, except where the crust cracked or pieces fell off, when we could see it white hot inside. All the horrors of the eruption met our eyes here : the lovely flowers and trees being slowly overwhelmed by the smoking black mass : the contrast was fearful ! A few feet from the lava the bees were collecting their honey, and the birds singing in the bushes : two doves, frightened out of an almond tree at our approach, attempted to fly over the lava, but were caught by the smoke and gases, and after circling wildly for a few moments fell in and were burnt ; an hour after the almond tree was on fire. . . . The same afternoon we had a slight sprinkling of rain, which passing through the fine black ash, descended as a shower of ink."

The foregoing passages give some idea of the horrors and dangers of Etna when in eruption ; though all words must of necessity be inadequate to describe the stupefying effects of such great convulsions of nature.

The superstitions of the Sicilians have naturally woven a mass of fantastic legends round the mountain : many of them of the wildest description. In very early times it was thought to be the prison of the

giant Enceladus, and mediæval piety assigned it as the place of punishment of Anne Boleyn, who was said to languish there in eternal torment, as a retribution for having tempted Henry VIII. from his allegiance to the Roman Church. How strange it seems to find the memory of an English Queen preserved in such a place and in such a manner. One Latin author speaks of Etna as the forge of Vulcan ; and from the earliest times writers have supposed that there is a connection between this mountain and Vesuvius, from the fact that when either of them is in a state of eruption, the other always remains quiescent. Many have been the expedients for averting the danger of the lava. Even as late as the eruption of 1886 there was a solemn procession from the village of Nicolosi, when the Bishop of Catania displayed the veil of Santa Agata before the approaching stream. Three days afterwards the lava ceased flowing within a few yards of the first houses of the village. The Sicilians call the mountain Mongibello, a curious mixture of the Italian 'Monte' and the Arabic 'Djebel,' both of which have the same signification.

J. D. ERRINGTON LOVELAND.

## A WORD ABOUT ROOMS.

IN the furnishing and decoration of a room there should be above all things individuality. Its owner should be reflected in everything—in the colouring of the walls, the pictures hanging up on them, in the character and the arrangement of the furniture.

A room thus bearing the impress of the man or woman who lives it in is rarely displeasing, and even if it is in bad taste it will give less annoyance than one furnished by estimate, or one on which several different persons have endeavoured to stamp their various ideas. The room that is arranged by a single individual will invariably be consistent.

Then again there should be no regard shown for fashion, and that colossal vulgarity, "the latest thing." Nor should the tastes of Lady Jones and Mrs. Smith (always so generously willing to advise) be taken into account, when the room will be lived in by ourselves and only have the honour of receiving Lady Jones and Mrs. Smith as occasional visitors.

If people would only furnish their rooms on purely selfish principles, merely with a view to pleasing their own taste and their idea of comfort, their friends would probably derive far more pleasure from them, whereas those that are arranged to meet all tastes are often the cause of unbounded suffering to the unfortunates who are not as colourless as the owners of such apartments.

One great secret in being really successful is to do everything yourself—this of course does not apply to painting, papering, and the like. No upholsterer can hang a picture, put up a drapery, or arrange china. It is not in them. If you allow them to do this for you your room savours of the shop at once, and loses its individuality.

Then with regard to drawing-rooms. A drawing-room will never look pleasing or natural unless it is lived in—once let the morning-room usurp its place—once make it a kind of solemn Temple for the grand piano, and

it becomes a cold unsympathetic place, avoided by the family of the house and a terror to shuddering visitors. It would be better to leave it unfurnished.

If the furniture is old-fashioned and ugly, some people make matters worse by mixing with it the "latest things" from Liberty and Maples. The result is most unpleasant, and tends to make the old furniture look sulky, and give the new things a swaggering appearance, as if they were perpetually boasting of their youth and good looks. This mixture is much used and admired by the blind followers of Lady Jones and Mrs. Smith.

Then again people fill their rooms with so much rubbish, not because they like rubbish, but with a desire to have the same rubbish as their friends. Here individuality would save them, and they would decline everything that did not appeal to their own sense of what is beautiful and useful.

Our rooms are not bazaars—or rather should not be—but places where we gather together things dear to us from association, or that minister to our rest and pleasure.

It is better to have a bare room with *one real work of art* in it than a maze of tottering tables and be-cushioned chairs, and the air thick with the worst possible decorations, made to meet the ever-standing demand for what is wrong and bad.

"Learn to do without" is the cry of a man who has of late years done much to beautify our homes. "If you cannot have a *real* work of art don't be satisfied with an imitation."

Cecil Crofton.

AUTUMN.

THE tall acacia bends its head,  
And holds its drapery fast ;  
But many a tattered gaud is shed  
In the equinoctial blast.  
And, "oh, these terrible winds ! " it said ;  
Autumn cometh last.

Struggling, fluttering, sorely pressed,  
Like a child in a fit of fear :—  
A child in a wild storm, gaily dressed,  
Vexed in the wind's career,  
"Twas, "Oh, that the gales would sink to rest,  
Though they herald Winter drear ! "

" WE shall abate when your leaves are shed,  
" And your pomp of life laid low ;  
" To strip the branch, uncrown the head,  
" And scatter the seed, we blow :  
" And to lull you to sleep, while your seeds,  
wide spread,  
" Germinate and grow."

J.W.M.

## ON THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF LYME.

### PART II.

IN speaking of the acquisition of the Belet or Lyme Manor and the Colway Manor by the king, and the conversion of the fishing hamlet into a market town, I have anticipated a little. During the troubled era of Stephen there appears to have been some attempted encroachment on the rights of Sherborne Abbey, either by the more powerful and opulent community of Glastonbury, or by some lay baron. This called for the interference of the Pope. A bull of Eugenius III., 1145, confirmed to the Sherborne monks *Lim and its Church* (cum piscariis et aliis appendiciis), with its fishery and other appurtenances. This is the first mention made of Lyme Church. Eighteen years afterwards, in 1163, there was a similar confirmation by Pope Alexander III. Becket then had been recently raised to the primacy, and was beginning to try conclusions with the king. It was his policy to encourage such references to Rome, which made his Holiness supreme arbiter even in temporal matters.

Though it is now only a question of Academical interest, at one time it would have made a difference, and it has been hotly contested whether Lyme is a borough by charter or a borough by prescription. Those who maintained the latter adduced in evidence that in 1254, thirty years before the grant of our first charter, a writ was addressed by the crown to the *bailiffs of Lyme*, commanding certain ships to be impressed for the conveyance of the Queen and Prince Edward to Gascony. An unincorporated town it was said would have no bailiffs. If this writ is not conclusive on that point it is upon another. There must have been a harbour here of some sort, and that can only have been the Cobb.

This is corroborated by an affair which is referred to in another paper dated a little later in the same reign. So serious a feud broke out between



the seamen of Lyme and Dartmouth, leading to blows and bloodshed, that Royal Commissioners were expressly sent down to hold an enquiry into the matter, and the sheriffs of the two counties of Devon and Dorset were directed to summon witnesses to attend the inquisition, and to arrest the persons guilty. This happened in the 49th year of Henry III. What more was done in this business we cannot say, as the record of the after proceedings has not been preserved.

I have given my reason, *valeat quantum*, for thinking that shortly before the close of the last mentioned king's long reign, the Lyme Manor came into his hands by way of exchange with the then representative of the house of Belet. It is likely that the Colway Manor was acquired nearly at the same time, or that business may have been transacted when King Edward, in the fourth year of his reign, paid a visit to Glastonbury. At any rate this much is certain, that by the year 1284 both manors had come to belong to that king. The best of the Plantagenets were good and careful managers, royally magnificent where the occasion demanded it, but shrewdly observant and wisely economical, they spared no pains and did not overlook the minutest detail in the conduct either of the public affairs or their own more private business. Nothing was so small as to be beneath their notice. They were excellent landlords, as the long history of our borough shows, and knew when to insist upon their legal dues and when to make generous abatements. Above all they knew the value of the master's presence, and trusted as little as possible to other eyes. Edward, in the course of his stirring busy life, found leisure to visit once at least his farm of Lyme. This was in 1297, as a letter from the king to his friend and ally, the Countess of Flanders, shows. He is the earliest known, as he remains the most distinguished, of all our summer visitors.

The townsmen had already felt the benefit of the change of ownership. The year 1284 is perhaps the most famous in our annals, for in that year Lyme was granted her first charter. This charter, by leave of the Corporation, I caused to be exhibited at the conversazione of the Dorset Field Club, last July, in our Guildhall. It is in Latin of course, beautifully written, but unfortunately it has suffered from careless keeping formerly, and is much mutilated now. A considerable portion of the great seal of Edward I. is still attached.

By this charter, dated from Carnarvon 3rd April, 12 Edw. I., Lyme, in the County of Dorset, was constituted a free borough and the men of the same town free burgesses, with permission to have a Merchants' Guild and

other liberties and free customs, such as were conferred by charter on the burgesses of Melcomb and enjoyed by the citizens of London. Melcomb Regia, if my information is correct, had been formed into a borough one year previously.

The wording of the first charter was too vague, and it does not seem to have given satisfaction. A new charter, in much more explicit terms, was granted at Bristol on the 1st Jan., 13th Edw. I., conferring upon the burgesses many immunities and many exclusive rights, to enumerate all which would take too long. It established among other things the Weekly Husting's Court, which is still held in our Guildhall upon every Monday in the year, and it gave the privilege that the Judges, when on circuit, should come to and hold an assize at Lyme itself, and that, with certain specified exceptions, no Lyme burgess should be compelled to plead without the bounds of the borough. It would appear that only one assize was ever really held here, and that was in the year 16 Edw. I. Roberts says that the record was long preserved among the Corporation archives, but it seems to have been abstracted before his time, and come into the possession of the Follet family. From the copy of the record justice appears to have been administered very fairly. The calendar was rather heavy, but most of the offences were trivial ones. Gregory Charleymayne, mayor at the time, and the first of our mayors known to us by name, was himself presented by the jury for having sold 20 *tons of wine contrary to the assize*. The Lyme men very speedily discovered that the having an assize all to themselves was too expensive a luxury, as it meant entertaining the judges and their suite at the cost of the borough.

Among the jurors at this assize was William Tuluse. Perhaps he was the foreman, as his name is put first. Seven years afterwards, in 1295, William Tuluse and Geoffry Le Ken were sent to the Parliament assembled at Canterbury, as the first members for this borough. They were paid their expenses and two shillings per diem.

To give the history of St. Michael's Church at Lyme would require a separate paper. Even when in 1542 the County of Dorset was annexed to the diocese of Bristol, Lyme continued to be a peculiar of Sarum, and its connection with that See has never been severed. My reason for mentioning the Church here is that it was rebuilt in Edward's reign and consecrated, as the register of Bishop Simon de Gaunt shows, either at the end of 1298 or in the following year. This restoration of the church is one among many proofs of the growing prosperity of Lyme. Very little

remains of this old building. The church was restored again, and seems to have been enlarged, about the year 1500, during that palmy period for the West of England after the final close of the wars of the Roses, and when the discovery of America was opening up golden dreams. From the exigencies of the ground this enlargement could take place only in one direction, and the result is that the central tower of the old cruciform structure has become a west-end tower, and what was formerly the chancel arch now leads into the nave. The present edifice has no chancel arch proper. This is all I have time to say about the Church.

There was a lazaret-house in Lyme, as in almost every medieval town. It was dedicated to S. Mary and the Holy Spirit. It must have been ancient, as in the time of Edward III. it was so much out of repair that the Pope granted an indulgence for the purpose of obtaining funds for repairing the building and its bell-tower. It is supposed to have been in Broad Street, but the site is very uncertain. It must not be confounded with the old house near Gosling's bridge, still called the pest-house, which is of much later origin, and the use of which is implied in its title.

There was also an establishment of White or Carmelite friars instituted here about the beginning of the 14th century, by William Daie, Davey, or Dare, all corrupt forms of the more romantic and high-sounding *Dacre*. The *Days* or *Dares* long continued an important family in Lyme; two of them played their part in the Monmouth rebellion. Scarcely anything more is known about this house of Carmelites. In John Tudbold's will, the date of which is 1548, occurs this charitable devise: "And as for the chamber which I have in Coome Street and the garden belonging to the same, lying next to Thomas Batten's house, which chamber our Lady's priest sometime dwelled in, I commit it to the discretion of the Mayor for the time being from time to time and his brethren, to bestow it as they shall think best for a priest, if they shall have any serving here for our Lady's service, or else to bestow it on the two poor people, in no wise altering from the manner and form aforesaid." This occurs after the gift of the old almshouses. Our Lady's priest spoken of above was not the vicar of Lyme. He may have been connected with this oratory of the blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel, but more probably served the Holy Mary of Glastonbury. To complete the list of the religious houses which had to do with Lyme, it may be added that at the time of the taxation of Pope Nicholas, in 1298, the Abbey of Abbotsbury held land here valued at 4s. In the same taxation the Sherborne Manor was valued at £1 6s. 8d.,

the remaining possessions of Glastonbury at 4s., and lands here directly belonging to the Church of Salisbury also at 4s. The whole value of the Prebend of Lyme, including the chapelry of Halstock, amounted to 25 marks, or £16 18s. 4d. It is needless to remind you both that money was much scarcer then and its purchasing power more, and that the shilling and the pound represented respectively a greater weight of metal than now.

In earlier days the place which we call Lyme had been distinguished from the more inland village Uplyme, by the appellations of Nether-Lyme-supra-Mare or Est-lim. From the time of Edward I. it began to take the name of King's Lyme or Lyme Regis. But at first not all, though in process of time it has been extended to include all. Lyme Abbots or Lyme Abbas long remained a distinct and separate portion of the town and parish, not subject to the jurisdiction of the Mayor, but to that of the Abbot of Sherborne. This part was also colloquially known as Sherborne Holme, or Person's or Parson's Holme, though I am not quite sure that Lyme Abbots and Parson's Holme are exactly commensurate expressions, and that the former did not comprehend more than the latter. I believe, but do not like to speak positively, that Parson's Holme took in much of the ground from the Church Cliffs to Gas House Lane, between Church Street and the sea. In this direction the water has encroached considerably on the land, so that much which was formerly dry land is now beneath the wave. Kenwulf's original grant was of lands on the west bank of the river, not far from its mouth, a position still marked out by Sherborne Lane. But even before Domesday Book the monks appear to have ceded this, with its valuable salt-pans, to the Thane therein called Alueue, or one of his predecessors, in exchange for lands on the other side of the river, where they built their church. As late as the year 1584 it was still disputed whether Parson's Holme, wherever that may have been, was within the jurisdiction of the borough, as appears from the following extracts from the Court of Husting's Book for that year. I quote from Roberts, as I have not the Husting's Book before me at the moment of writing, but I have verified his quotation formerly, and caused the Husting's Book to be exhibited, open at this very place, at the recent meeting of the Dorset Field Club.

“Item. It was argued by Mr. W. Gibbs, the steward, that Person's home, or the lord of Person's home, can keep no leet there; for that there is no leet there, but it maketh constables and such like, and hath within it stocks, pillory, and tumbrell, which are the sure marks of a leet; but Person's home hath no mayor, constables, &c., nor tumbrell, &c., and there-

fore they owe suit to this court; and further, the constables of the borough have always made search in the Person's home, and the sergeants have divers times made arrests there; all which do prove the tenants of Person's home to be of this leet."

From good Queen Eleanor down to Catherine Parr, the revenues of Lyme seem generally to have been applied, in conjunction with those arising from many other towns, to secure the dowry or pay the pin-money of the Queen. Lyme, with its appurtenances to the value of £35 10s., was made over for this purpose, to mention only one instance, to Margaret of France, second wife of Edward I. In 1328 it was granted by Edward III. to the Queen Dowager Isabella for the term of her life.

The first charter of Insepimus was the 14 Edw. II., for which four marks were paid by the town. It confirmed the charter of Edward I. with some trifling exceptions. I will not take up time and space by mentioning any more recent charters, except such as introduced serious alterations. I have mentioned already Queen Mary's grant of fairs and a market.

There is no actual notice of the Cobb before the 2nd year of Edward III. It occurs in a petition from the burgesses to the king, wherein they set forth *that their town was on the sea in a place where there was no harbour or mooring ground* (portus seu applicatio navium) *except a certain work called Le Cobbe, built of timber and rocks* (de mœremis et petris), *which was beat down and quite destroyed by the violence of the sea, and that their means were inadequate for its restoration.* They prayed for a grant of kaiagium or keyage, which they obtained, though not quite immediately, for a term of five years, afterwards extended, *on all goods belonging to townsmen or not, salt or other commodity, brought into or sent from the town by land or water, upon every pound one penny; upon every ten shillings one halfpenny.* The Cobb of those days differed widely from the present structure. There exists a plan of it as it was in the reign of Elizabeth, in the anxious year preceeding the Spanish Armada. It consisted then of a triple row of great timber baulks, composed of whole oak trees standing a little distance apart, fronted and backed and all the interstices filled up with great round uncemented stones, locally called cow-stones, taken from the neighbouring beach, or even beyond the Devonshire boundary, for the Corporation claimed this right. There was no smooth walk upon the top, nor causeway connecting it with the shore, that dates only from 1756. But at one time, if the old measurements are correctly given, the outer pier was longer by

more than 100 feet than it is now. The ancient quay, which was very narrow, was only widened about the beginning of the present century. Such was our harbour, of which Camden writes, "It was well defended from the winds by rocks and tall trees." And such, or yet simpler in its construction, must have been the Cobb from which vessels went forth to the siege of Calais or the Scottish war. Even so late as the last great restoration of the Cobb in 1825, portions of these old wooden piles remained, but at that time protected by a wall. The townsmen had an ancient right to fell forest timber for this and certain other purposes from the forest, which until a comparatively recent date covered Trinity Hill and Lambert's Castle. It was probably rather from the failure of this source of supply than from any other reason, that about the time of James I. or Charles I., the old timber structure became converted into one of stone. Silver Street derives its name from being the road leading to the forest. It is *silvestre stratum*, the provincial and post classical form of the more correct *via silvestris*, the woodland road.

*(To be continued.)*

Z. EDWARDS.

## A QUARTER OF A CENTURY IN THE PUNJAUB.

### CHAPTER IV.

*The First Siege of Mooltan ; the Action of Sooruj-Kheond, and operations till the beginning of the Second Siege.*

MOOLTAN, the ancient city of the "Malli"—where the great Macedonian, leading the assault in person, so nearly came to grief—lay before us amidst dense foliage and gardens—"plaisaunces" of successive Mahomedan governors. These enclosures, with mosques and their precincts, together with other strong ground outside the walls—such as natural mounds and canal banks—presented a formidable defensive position if, as it turned out, ably defended. At the time I write of, Mooltan was almost unknown to Europeans, scarcely any Englishman had ever visited it, but enough of its precincts had been reconnoitred to enable us to commence operations by an attempt to drive the enemy within his walls, preparatory to "breaking ground"—an attempt only partly successful.

After much debate it was decided to attack the city, which was surrounded by an ordinary turreted wall, the usual *encoints* of Indian cities, and flanked by towers at intervals. The citadel, a steep natural mound built up, which dominated the city, had been further strengthened by a "Rownee" (or *chemin des rondes*) with flanking bastions thrown out, devised by the foreign officers in the service of Runjeet Sing—"the Lion of the Punjaub."

I now refer to my journal, 5th Sept., 1848. "The Siege of Mooltan began by a succession of assaults on some strong positions of the enemy, with severe loss on our side; several walled villages and strong masonry buildings repulsed several night attacks, and our loss—especially in officers—was severe; on the other hand the enemy was ultimately forced to evacuate them, and, during the day at any rate, to content himself with

*long bowls* from his guns brought outside the city and planted on such points of vantage as the *Mundes Awa*—a lofty natural mound in front of the city. In one of these outposts, called the *Dhurmsala*, stormed by H.M.'s 10th (who had suffered severely in an unsuccessful night attack and gave no quarter) several hundred corpses of Sikhs and Rohillas—an entire regiment of Moolraj's—were counted; they had sworn on the holy book, the *Gránth*, to hold the place, which was, in fact, a temple with its surrounding offices. I recollect seeing pages of the *Gránth* scattered all over the courtyard, in which the enemy's dead was lying three deep—a gruesome sight.

Of these operations, which cost us over 300 casualties—and unsuccessful after all, partly owing to the defection of our Sikh allies, partly to other causes—I have kept a minute journal; which, however, need scarcely be referred to; suffice to say that our sap and trenches had to be carried from one of the strong positions alluded to (when captured) to another, in which batteries were placed at intervals. After nine or ten days' severe fighting and trench work, and after several strong positions of the enemy had been successively captured, we had arrived within breaching distance of the "Koonie Boorj" (the bloody bastion), at the south-east angle of the city. It was then that our Sikh allies—10,000 strong with twelve guns—went over to the enemy. The abandonment of the siege thus became a necessity. We had to withdraw the guns from the trenches and raise the siege, and a very ticklish job it was. This reverse, chiefly caused by the defection of our Sikh allies as mentioned above, may also be partly attributed to numerical weakness on our side, our force being insufficient to furnish working parties in the trenches and protect camp, added to the nature of the ground on which the attack was made, which comprised a series of strong outposts, each of which had to be stormed in succession. Every hollow or bush was the cover of matchlockmen, and on every wall or hut "Zumbouruks (wall or swivel pieces) were established by the enemy, who showed great spirit, and ran up counter trenches to oppose us in an incredibly short time," so says my journal written on the spot; and I may add that in my opinion the conditions of the operations involved their failure; I thought so then, and think so still, and at a very early period of the siege I became convinced it would end in failure. Several reasons, scarcely to be entered on here, led me to this conviction; amongst these I had reason to know, several days before the event occurred, that our gallant allies, the Sikhs, would desert us. I confess I was anxious for the result, as had that



contingent only had the *mala fides* to attack us in the rear, whilst our camp was denuded of troops for the working parties in the trenches, it would have gone hard with our force, encumbered as it was with a large siege train. As it was, days before they openly went over, the Sikh soldiery, who as our allies had free access to our trenches and batteries during the day, *would return at night as enemies, leading attacks with full knowledge of our weak points.*

Several panics occurred amongst our troops about this period, and several false alarms. It was my fortune, however, on one occasion, to be called on to defend a battery against a *real* attack one night, when we had only three officers and some ten or twelve men left to resist several hundreds of the enemy, who crept up and closed with the embrasures. Luckily for us they had not the pluck to jump down on us inside, or they might easily have cut us all up and spiked the guns. I only saw one man standing on the parapet ready to do so, and I covered him with my pistol several moments. Happily I did not pull the trigger, had I done so the bullet would probably have fallen at my feet, for on examination I found that it had slipped half-way down the barrel—this was in the days of the old M.L.R.B. pistols, before the general use of revolvers. I from that day discarded the use of pistols, and made up my mind never to trust my life to one again; nor have I much changed my views in that respect since. During these operations the heat was very great: September's sun poured its burning rays on the toilers in the trenches, and it was no child's play, even at night, when (as occurred in the case just related) one was enjoying sleep under a tree behind the battery beneath the silent stars, after a rough, busy day in the trenches; but, as said before, the attacks were not always *real*, perhaps some fatuous sepoy would discharge his musket *en l'air*, thereby giving the alarm of a false attack; a false defence would follow, and firing, as though a general action was going on, would result, and perhaps, prevail for an hour before quiet could be restored. The best troops are at all times liable to this sort of thing, but as a rule, I believe it argues a feeling of weakness, and may often be regarded as the forerunner of disaster.

Though foreseeing the failure of these operations, and anxious for the result, being (if I know myself aright) one of those more given to foresee danger at a distance than to regard it when present, I am proud to remember that I did not allow the knowledge to interfere with my performance of duty in the smallest degree; but I was anxious about the result of these operations, and I confess I think the force was very lucky to get out of the

scrape as they did. Nothing but a fair feeling of honour on the part of the Sikh commander, "Sirdar Shere Sing"—afterwards commander-in-chief of the Sikh armies opposed to us at Chillianwalla and Goojerat—prevented their falling on our rear and camp whilst denuded by our troops engaged in the trenches, when they might probably have cut us up terribly, and even captured the siege train. I had my private opinion of the wisdom of some of our operations, an opinion, if I mistake not, shared by our gallant chief engineer, Major R. Napier, Bengal Engineers (who was wounded on the 13th); contrary to whose plans the whole operations were undertaken. Always at the advanced post of danger or duty, he still, unless I mistake, recognized the elements of failure involved in the very nature of the plan of attack,\* undertaken contrary to his advice, and he probably had his full share of the anxiety and discouragement I have alluded to.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the excitement and sense of gaining knowledge of warfare and professional experience was in itself a source of satisfaction, if not of positive enjoyment. Nor was the picturesque element wanting; often standing in some corner of the trenches or outposts, I found time to scribble off sketches of scenes that attracted my notice. My journal, I see, is full of such scraps.

On the 15th September we evacuated the trenches. That night our outposts came in too soon, indeed several hours before the time ordered; the consequence was that the enemy, who had been gaining ground, and very bold and troublesome all day, pushed forward several light field pieces in the jungle during the night, and sent his round shot into our camp! I need not inform old soldiers what that means; something closely approaching a serious disaster, unless I am mistaken. However, on the following morning, the 16th, we performed a circular flank march (itself a dangerous performance) to certain strong ground near Sooruj-Khoond, previously selected, to the south of the city. Here we remained on our arms many weeks, awaiting the arrival of reinforcements—very slow to reach us—from Scinde and Bombay.

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\* I see the Blue Book afterwards acknowledged that Napier, in his plans for the attack, had taken a juster view of the position, political as well as military, than the other advisers of the General, who, however, carried their point and upset Napier's plans, whose duty it then became to carry out the General's plans to the best of his ability. In my opinion the only chance of success we had was in a *coup de main* on the city as recommended by Napier.

During all these operations it may have been observed that I have not as yet mentioned the allied force of frontier levies, chiefly Mahomedans, who, under the gallant Edwardes, had (as is historical) driven Moolraj into his stronghold (Mooltan) previous to our arrival. These, aided by some troops of Baháwul Khan, under Lake, and one or two stanch Durbar regiments under Van Cortlandt, formed a force numerically strong as our allies. They had gallantly defeated Moolraj in the field at Suddoosain and elsewhere, but now, although they did indeed operate on our left flank in aid of our siege operations, and dig their fair share of the trenches on our left, it may be said, without disparagement to a force that doubtless at times came in for very hard fighting, that from the day the Redcoats arrived, they scarcely considered it their "*huq*" (*métier*) to do more hard fighting, considering, no doubt, that having had their innings, it was now the turn of the British. But our force did not exceed 5,000 men, with a large unwieldy siege train to protect, and, after the defection of the Sikhs, some 15,000 or 20,000 enemies on hand to besiege in rather a strong fort-rees, and with a very doubtful *posse* of rascals, regular and irregular, as *quasi* friends and allies, to keep our eye on, gentry as likely to loot us in case of a disaster as the enemy. Altogether, the more I think over it the more I must consider the military position of the British force before Mooltan, about the period of the raising of the first siege, as having been a very critical one; and to my thinking, we were "well out of it." Such always was and still is my fixed opinion.

Now, this mention of Edwardes and the allies, leads me to record a series of operations in which they were prime actors, and which formed an interlude during the time we were resting on our arms, anxiously expectant of the reinforcements from Bombay.

Since the raising of the siege on the 15th September, there had occurred no actively hostile operations beyond that the two forces occasionally turned out and exchanged long bows, but as neither would leave the strong ground they occupied to attack the other, no serious fighting took place. The Sikhs also under Shere Sing—lately our allies—marched off to the north to join the grand national Sikh army forming behind the Jhelum, and which afterwards came into collision with Sir Hugh (afterwards Lord) Gough, the commander-in-chief at Chillianwalla and Goojerat. At present I have nothing to say of that portion of the "Army of the Punjab," of which we, however, were held to form the first division.

About the beginning of November the enemy began to evince more

activity, drew out his whole force, and pushed forward some of his troops sufficiently near to induce us to open on him from some heavy guns mounted *on barbette* on a mound in front of our camp. Several cavalry affairs occurred, and a good deal of firing. The enemy occupied a line of canal embankment in force, behind which he placed his field pieces in temporary positions, and gradually creeping nearer and nearer to our allies' camp, which was about half a mile on our right, caused considerable annoyance. An attempt on our part to dislodge him by the construction of an ill-planned and ill-placed trench and battery eventuated in a failure, and only encouraged the enemy, who at length grew so bold as to attempt to close on our heavy guns in battery, and was only driven off by repeated discharges of canister. The heavy guns and British troops were then withdrawn, and a regiment of Durbar troops of our allies, with about two hundred Dāoodputras, were sent to relieve them. Two horse artillery guns were also sent to occupy a small redoubt on the left of the position. These troops formed a temporary outpost, but the Durbar regiment almost immediately deserted, leaving Lieutenant A. Bunney, H.A., with two horse artillery guns; Lieutenant F. R. Pollock, with his two hundred Dāoodputras; and Lieutenant Chas. Paton, R.E., the only officers with this jeopardised little force, which faced the enemy all night. The enemy, however, refrained from attacking, and towards morning the outlying pickets hastily collected in the British camp for the purpose relieved them.\* The enemy, towards daybreak of the 7th, then turned to our allies' camp, attacked, and carrying one of the covering batteries, got into their camp, and a regular hand-to-hand fight took place, resulting in considerable loss to our allies. They succeeded for the time in driving the enemy out of camp, who, however, remained in force close in front threatening their camp. The loss of our allies in these attacks, subsequent to 2nd November, including the action of Sooruj Khoond, was not less than four hundred men, and so serious had matters become that Edwardes sent more than one officer, urging us to send him instant aid or his force would disperse: in fact, many of his force, especially Bahāwul Khan's cavalry, were already in marching order, ready to bolt. On this the General felt obliged to act. Accordingly about 10 a.m., the whole of our cavalry and horse artillery, with the right wings of regiments, turned out to the assistance of the allies, and marching to

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\* I speak from personal knowledge, as I myself during the early morning accompanied the relief, commanded by Major Mulcaster, 7th Irregular Cavalry.

our right flank beyond Edwardes's camp, deployed on the enemy's flank, thence sweeping down on his left rear, captured all his guns and inflicted considerable punishment. The cavalry especially distinguished themselves on this occasion, executing a long sweeping charge, and completely cutting off the enemy's retreat towards the city, capturing a standard,\* cutting up many of the enemy, and preventing the escape of his guns. This attack—probably the best executed manœuvre of that campaign—only cost us some twenty-four casualties, by which the enemy lost seven guns, and some sixty dead were counted at the batteries, which were carried at the point of the bayonet without a shot being fired, in the invariable style in those days of H.M. 10th Regiment—a gallant and highly disciplined corps of those wars.

Meanwhile, detached parties of cavalry, with two horse artillery guns in support on our extreme left, had also been engaged with parties of the enemy, who were endeavouring to turn our left flank. Intermediate between these two attacks, the left wings of regiments and heavy guns were drawn up in order of battle, covering camp, but were not engaged. The artillery, however, were enabled to pitch a few heavy shot, at long ranges, into certain "goles" of the enemy's horse, which evinced a disposition to advance across our front from their position on the canal. This action occupied a front of several miles, and formed a well-planned victory for us; it was in the official despatches of those days called "The action of Sooruj Khoond,"—Edwardes's camp being pitched at a place of that name on our flank; but, except that the 11th Bengal Cavalry recovered its number (2nd) in the army list for its conduct on this occasion,† no notice was ever taken of this really brilliant combat, though it was assuredly, tactically considered, about the best thing of the whole war; but I suppose there being no "butcher's bill"—the fashion in those days—it was regarded as a mere minor "affair," and ignored. The chief of the enemy's artillery, a huge Sikh colonel, Harrie Sing by name, was taken

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\* My gifted and valued friend, Edmund Vibart, lieutenant of the 11th (afterwards 2nd Bengal Cavalry, was credited with this exploit; he afterwards, poor fellow, fell a victim to the treachery of his own troopers during the mutiny of 1857. The charge was led by Major (afterwards Sir Francis) Wheeler, Bart., commanding 7th Bengal Cavalry, to whose sound advice I owed my resolve to accompany my corps on this service to Mooltan, instead of taking up an appointment offered me.

† It had previously forfeited its number at "Purwandurra" in Afghanistan for misconduct; on which occasion nearly all its officers charged alone and fell on the field.

prisoner, mortally wounded. He died in our field hospital next day. The loss of the enemy was about one hundred and fifty. The enemy professed to be very indignant at our departure from our ordinary practice of assaulting them in front and taking them in flank on this occasion! a sufficient testimony to its merit!

After this, "the Mooltan field force" had to sustain several weeks of inaction; and as the enemy showed no disposition to come beyond his strong ground after the lesson dealt him, as narrated above, we found it very difficult to kill time in camp, which, moreover, we could not leave for any distance with safety. I remember, however, on one occasion about this period, whilst taking a ride beyond the left flank of camp with a cavalry friend, that we suddenly found ourselves in presence of one of the enemy's pickets, consisting of five wild looking horsemen: my friend immediately drew his sword, ordered our two orderlies to close up, and we at once charged the picket as the safest thing to do. The fellows did not wait for us, and we had the proud satisfaction of chasing them off the field without exchanging blows. My *métier* in those days not being that of a *sabreur*—though afterwards pretty handy with my sword on horseback—I was not sorry thus to have obtained a bloodless victory over a *force majeure*.

Beyond an occasional game of "long-bowls" the enemy did not again attempt to disturb us, and the arrival of the Bombay column about Christmas, '48, enabled us to resume the offensive by driving him within his walls on the 27th December, preparatory to commencing the second (and successful) "Siege of Mooltan."

D. J. F. NEWALL.

## THE LAND OF THE BROADS.

ONCE, and perhaps but once, a year there comes to many a hard-worker in London and elsewhere, the long-looked for period of rest, when he can, for a time at least, exchange his town existence for the peaceful quiet of the country. How doubly pleasant to such a man is this country life; the very stillness has a charm of its own, and none can appreciate it more than they who have been quartered for probably twelve months amid the din and noise of a great city. The difficulty when such a period arrives is to decide where to go; one looks out for a place far from the busy haunts of men, and to most of us there arises another consideration, a question that probably gives us a good deal of anxiety at other times besides the holiday season—the great matter of cost. Where to spend an enjoyable holiday at a small outlay is certainly a problem worth the solving.

Most of us have, probably, our own ideas about enjoyment, and I must therefore confine my remarks to those who, like myself, find a keen pleasure in boats and boat-sailing. To others who fail to see where the fascination, which undoubtedly exists, in yachting comes in, and who tell you that sailing is a stupid and uninteresting pursuit, in which all a man does is to sit down in the stern of a boat and keep moving backwards and forwards a piece of wood called a tiller, to these I have nothing to say, and must leave them to cherish their own opinions on the subject. It has been said that at one time or another every Englishman has a desire to be a sailor, and I suppose that a love of the sea is inherited, to a certain extent, in most of the inhabitants of our island home. Whether, however, we inherit this feeling or no, at any rate all our hearts swell with pride when we look back on the glorious record of those who have served under the flag which has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze. There are still many who love the sea, and, although their knowledge may not be great, take much interest in any thing in the shape of a boat. Few,

probably, are able to give up much of their time to following those pursuits that give them the greatest pleasure; and although, in the case before us, we may not have it in our power to become good practical sailors, still one may pick up a fund of information, which will always be useful to us. An amateur, with but little time to gain much practical experience in the matter of yachting, can scarcely hope ever to be in such a position that he is competent to take complete control of a yacht, and go to sea in her, for he must then be well versed in navigation and seamanship. He can, however, always secure the services of a competent man, and in this way can have many an enjoyable cruise. There is, doubtless, a great charm in taking a boat and working it yourself, without the aid of a paid hand, and should any of my readers wish to try this, they will find the very spot within four hours of the Metropolis. Nearly everyone has heard of the Norfolk Rivers Broads, as much has been written about them during the past few years. Here is the very place for an amateur to try his hand, and here at any rate one discovers that even river sailing is not monotonous. The constant windings of the river keep one well employed. At short intervals you will find yourself running before the wind, then possibly going close-hauled, and soon afterwards beating up a foul reach. I presume that a man can find few ways more enjoyable than by getting one or two friends to take a yacht of about five or six tons between them, and working it themselves.

The Broad District contains about 5,000 acres of lakes, broads, and 200 miles of navigable rivers. The principal rivers are the Waveney, navigable for some distance above Beeches, and emptying itself into Breydon Water, the Yare, which runs from Norwich, the Bure, the Thurne, and the Ant. The Waveney is undoubtedly the best river for sailing, and from Thorpe to Coldham Hall the scenery is decidedly pleasing. The country is flat, and in some places you can see for miles, and to this open country is undoubtedly due the splendid facilities for sailing. There are innumerable cattle feeding on the pasture land, and by many the scenery has been compared to that of Holland. The best of the scenery is undoubtedly to be found on the Bure, or, as it is more frequently called, the North River. A few miles below Wroxham it constantly reminds one of the Thames.

All sorts and sizes of boats are to be found on these waters, from the stately twenty tonner to the small centre-board sailing gig. Cutters, yawls, sloops, wherries, wherry yachts, latern, and una boats are met with everywhere. The wherries are peculiar to this part of the country. They are



shapely looking craft, somewhat like a Thames sailing barge, drawing but little water, and some of them being 50 or 60 tons register. They have one large mast stepped well forward, heavily weighted at the foot, so that they can easily be lowered and raised. They carry but one sail of immense size, and have wonderful sailing powers. The sails are usually a rich brown, and sometimes almost black. The masts, blocks, and hull fittings are generally painted some bright colour, which makes them look very picturesque. The majority of these wherries are used for carrying merchandise, but many of them are fitted up as pleasure boats. These boats have a saloon and a ladies' cabin, and often carry a piano on board. Some of them accommodate as many as twelve people, and the cost of a large one, including the crew, would be about £12 to £14 a week. For small parties a cutter yacht would be preferable, and some of these can be obtained with accommodation for ladies. A decked cutter, with room for four persons, and including the services of a man, and every convenience for sleeping and cooking, could be procured for about £4 a week. I have myself just returned from a five-ton boat, in which I have been spending my holidays with a couple of friends, and we only paid £2 15s. per week, this of course being without any man. In nearly every case crockery and rugs are provided, and sometimes even the necessary linen. One peculiarity in the yachts is the long bowsprit that they have, in some cases almost as long as the boat itself. They differ from an ordinary cutter, as they carry a jib only, but this sail is of very considerable dimensions. Thorpe is a very good place to start from, as Norwich is within easy reach of London, but probably Oulton Broad, which is one of the principal yachting stations, would be the best place to get a yacht. Boats can also be procured at *Mutford*, *Yarmouth*, *Brundall*, and *Wroxham*.

The fishing, some years since, on this river was something extraordinary, and even now it is said to be remarkably good. Norfolk boasts some fine old churches, most of the registers dating from 1500 to 1600. Many of these churches have thatched roofs. The climate of Norfolk is exceedingly dry, the rainfall being about 24 inches, whereas the average for the whole of England is about 36 inches. Many of the broads are only navigable by small boats, and some of them are not connected with the rivers. Amongst the latter is *Fritton*, which is well worthy of a visit, and where one will find the "decoys" in which they capture the wild ducks.

Generally speaking, it is possible to replenish your larder as you go on, and you will come across villages every now and then, where you can ob-

tain supplies. It does not, however, do to rely too much on this, as more than once we have been unable to get meat or milk. Calling one day at Rewham, we went to find the butcher, and we were taken into the yard and shown a calf, which he said he was going to kill in a couple of days, and we could have some meat then, if we liked to wait.

I hope that some of my readers may feel inclined to try this pleasure ground, and before they do so, I should recommend them to get a book on the subject. Mr. E. R. Suffling has written a small work called "The Land of the Broads," the price of which is, I think, 1/-, and which can be obtained from L. Upcott Gill, 170 Strand, W.C. I would only add two words of advice; firstly, do not take a boat drawing much water, many of the yachts draw as much as four feet, but the less your boat draws the better; and secondly, do not get in the mud on an ebbing tide, otherwise you will have to wait some hours before you get off again.

GERALD BAZALGETTE-LUCAS.

## MR. COURTENAY-TRACY'S OTTER HOUNDS ON THE WILTSHIRE STREAMS.

I HAVE for the first time the pleasure of sending you an account of the doings of this now famous pack. Fortunately for me it frequently falls to my lot to put in a week or fortnight with Mr. Tracy, and it is not my intention to play the part of trumpeter, but simply to state plainly and concisely what I observe from time to time, and jot down a few incidents that may be interesting to the lovers of the noble craft who are readers of *The Grove*. Notwithstanding the cold, late spring, these hounds had a most successful spring hunting, in Wilts, Hants, and Surrey, and out of eight otters found, were able to bring seven to hand in 13 days hunting, and were only prevented from accounting for more by the forwardness of the grass and the near approach of haymaking; for it is not the wish of a true sportsman to do damage to the property of the good men and true, who give such loyal and hearty support to our sporting master, Mr. Tracy, than of whom there could not be a keener or truer sportsman. I am sure we owe the most sincere thanks to the owners and occupiers and all the millers, for the courtesy and kindness they are ever willing to extend; and like true Wiltshire men, are ever ready to do anything in their power to promote sport or do good to their neighbours.

Mr. Tracy commenced his autumn hunting on August 6th, bringing his hounds from Hollywall, his place in Hampshire, on the 5th, at the kind invitation of Mr. Walter Young, who kennelled them at Stratford Sub Castle; the great trouble of our hospitable host appearing to be that he could not stretch his house to the size of his kindly good heart. Right glad he was to see us, and took the best care of both hound and man.

Meeting at Mr. Young's on the morning of the 6th, Mr. Tracy moved

off with his pack to the stroke of the clock, at half-past seven, attended by a large field of sportsmen and women, of whom the latter are quite as keen and knowing as the men, and can often give the master the requisite information at the right moment.

Some two miles down stream, as the river runs, does the master walk before going to the water. Slowly and carefully does he then bring it up, taking great care to touch all the back carriers, trunks, and hatchways up to Stratford Bridge, but no sign of a trail, and fortunately too, as the water is quite unworkable, deep as a tank, and heavy.

On crossing the road, a short distance above the bridge, it was clear, by the manner of the hounds, that an otter had been down the river near about, and it was not long before one hound opened, then another, and another, till such a chorus of hound music greets our ears, setting us all on the go. One touch of the master's horn, one ringing cheer, and a fine musical cheer it is too, for few, after all, are the men that really know how to cheer hounds, and how they did score to cry. A beautiful cry indeed has this mixed pack; the deep chump-tongued and light-tongued foxhounds harmonising most beautifully with the deep note of the otter hound. As the trail gets hotter, hounds literally race at it, carrying such a head that we have to scramble along best pace we can over the great carriers in the meadows to live with them, the pace quickly finding out the arm-chair division and those short of condition. It is grand to watch the foxhounds as they drive ahead, and the otter hounds spread and try all the likely places of former acquaintance, and score to cry in turn. On they drive, making the valley ring again with their grand crash of music. Quickly we pass house and homestead, each one proffering kindly hospitality, which we could not spare a moment to partake of, for most hospitable are the good Wiltshire people, and to tarry meant being left behind. Forward they still drive along, the trail growing hotter and hotter every mile. Past the picturesque old Heale House, one of the hiding places of King Charles, past Mr. Duke's beautiful Elizabethan house at Lake, on for some two miles further to Normington hatches, where hounds were stopped, for within a quarter of a mile should we have been in the midst of the great sedge beds of Amesbury Manor, flourishing on the rather muddy banks of the deep dank river at this point. Not a shallow of any sort or description for some several miles; an utterly hopeless position for master and hounds. A magnificent trail of eight miles. A hunt that only needed a kill to make it a red-letter day of the highest order. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Newall, of

Wilsford House, most kindly put us up, and entertained us until the Saturday, the next hunting day, Mr. Sidford, of Lake, one of the best sportsmen living, kennelling the hounds and providing for them most kindly. Before finishing the account of this day, I feel that I ought to say a word as to the admirable and thoughtful way in which Mr. Arthur Newall had gone round before-hand and made all necessary arrangements for the day's hunting, seeing all the occupiers personally, and obtaining their kind co-operation. It is much to be wished that others, more or less in office, would take a leaf out of Mr. Arthur Newall's book, and not take for granted things that ought to be seen to personally. There is not the slightest fear of not meeting with hearty co-operation, if owners and occupiers are only approached in the right manner, and the right spirit.

August 8th. Met at Amesbury Bridge, morning bright and fine, with a warm westerly wind. Very soon after going to water hounds got a stroke, and for some distance a very weak trail, so much so that the master quite thought that our otter was behind us. Going on for some two miles up stream, with little or no variation of scent, to Bulford, the master spied him down stream. But to return was out of the question, as we should have been beset with the difficulties of the sedge beds and heavy water of Amesbury. So up stream was the order, and try for another, for I must tell you that there is always a good show of otters on these rivers. They are "not taken care of," as a keeper once told a huntsman of note he did by the foxes on a certain estate, but are allowed to take care of themselves, which is generally the better method. Drawing on up stream hounds get another stroke, but the scent is very catching till we get nearly to Bridgewater, where matters seemed to improve, and hounds begin to run the trail more like business, until reaching the fishing bridge just below Syroncott, with one grand crash of music they lay hold of the trail, and drive along, as if the otter had been lying out sunning himself, right straight into the withy beds above. Very soon hounds make it too hot for him, and he takes to the water, and for two hours do these good hounds keep him continuously on the move, sometimes by water and by land, until at last fairly worn out he died on the land, a fine dog otter, 18 pounds.

Another otter had been disturbed and seen, so the master went a bit higher up and very soon got on to him, but he was a faint-hearted customer, and came to hand pretty easily after forty minutes. A small otter of 12 pounds.

August 10th. Netheravon, a lowering, drizzling morning, after a night

of heavy rains, wind south-west, water heavy and thick in consequence of the heavy rain of the night. Did not get a stroke until near Compton, very faint and weak, and hounds could only just hang on to it. Carrying it on to Upavon hounds worked close to the bridge. A bitch with cubs laid down a month old. Unfortunately old Gaylad got hold of one cub and cracked him up, but the bitch and other cub were saved. An unfortunate day. We are much indebted to Mr. Wakeley for his kindness in entertaining us and kennelling the hounds. It seemed that he could not do enough for everyone, and all comers, in the way of luncheon on the Monday. The hounds were kennelled at the Antelope Inn, Upavon, and Mr. and Mrs. Alexander had a most sumptuous lunch provided to which they most kindly invited everyone. Both Mr. and Mrs. Alexander are very kind, and are never so happy as when an opportunity arises of ministering to the needs and necessities of the hunters, either by way of bed or board.

August 12th. Upavon, a fine bright morning, wind south-west. The river in a flood from heavy thunderstorms, perfectly hopeless, but Mr. Tracy, nothing daunted, threw off, and a long dragging blank day was the result. On the Wednesday we changed our quarters, and took up our abode at Mr. Whitis' comfortable little hostlery, the Bell Inn at Wylye, and right well he did us. I can strongly recommend the house to anyone fishing on the river.

August 14th. Wishford Bridge, a glorious morning, wind high, west. At the wish of the fishing keepers, Mr. Tracy walked down the road to Wilton Station about two miles before going to water. No trail, but the unmistakable signs of an otter having been thereabouts recently. Working on up stream we did little or nothing till we got to Langford, the scene of our great hunt of last year. There we found, funny enough, without having worked up to him by a trail, no doubt owing to his having come down stream and lain up in a withy bed, from whence he was speedily ejected. He was a game otter and for two long hours did he do his level best to evade his ruthless pursuers, but the hounds were not to be denied and finally taking to the land they killed him. A fine hunt of two hours in very heavy water, a bitch otter about 20 lbs.

We are much indebted to Mr. Collins and the other members of the Fishing Club on this excellent trout stream, for their kindness in always having otters for us to hunt. As usual our kind and obliging friend the miller at Langford Mill, ministered to our appetite and thirst, which was

great at the time, our inclination being to drink cider out of stable buckets instead of tumblers, so hot was the day.

August 17th. Wylle, a fine morning, but cold and threatening. Wind westerly, a very large field of some eighty ladies and gentlemen, and a heterogeneous collection of multi alii, who ran about aimlessly hollowing for no rhyme or reason, making new hay of the whole show. It was not until the Riot Act had been read that they would be wheeled into line, in some shape. Mr. Tracy went down as far as Bathampton and brought it up before him. Getting a stroke about half a mile above Wylle bridge they settled to the trail, and beautifully they took it all up the meadows. Such a cry, every hound throwing his tongue, oh!! it was beautiful. On they drive right into Messrs. Parray's Cleave at Fisherton, a natural home for otters, where the worthy proprietors permit them to take care of themselves. How the valley did ring again with this grand crash of hound music. Pushing their otter off, he boldly headed up stream to seal his own doom, as after a most exciting hunt of one hour, he died gallantly, as he was crossing one of the big bend to regain the stream, and doubtless go down from whence he came. Hounds catch a view, as an hard bitten old Tyke, cap in hand, who learned in the days of his youth, that one look back is often worth forty forward, gives them a lusty cheer, and this game otter yields up his life in the open. A fine dog otter 18 lbs.

After a short rest, drawing on up stream, hounds get another stroke, a very hot one, driving along on the trail literally raving at him, up to his holt in the river's bank, by Mr. Tom Harding's withy bed near Cadford Station. The game little Oar speedily ejects him and he takes to the water deep and heavy. An awfully strong place, almost unworkable, the undergrowth being so thick that hounds would hardly force their way through it. After a tremendous hunt of three hours and a half Mr. Tracy was able to kill his otter, much is he indebted to his field for the patient and untiring look-out they kept at all the different places, which was most important, and so one more fine dog otter of 24½ lbs. yields up his life to this killing pack. I can only say that other masters will have to look sharp this round to excel Mr. Tracy in sport drawn or the number of otters accounted for.

Mr. Whitick most kindly gave us a most excellent luncheon, to which we all did ample justice after our fine day's sport; for I must tell you the otter hunter's breakfast is for the most part a very light meal, partaken of

at the small hours of the morning of four or five, and quite forgotten by the later hours.

Long may Mr. Courtenay-Tracy keep hounds, and be blessed with health and strength to hunt them, is the sincere wish of your humble scribe.

FINGER POST.



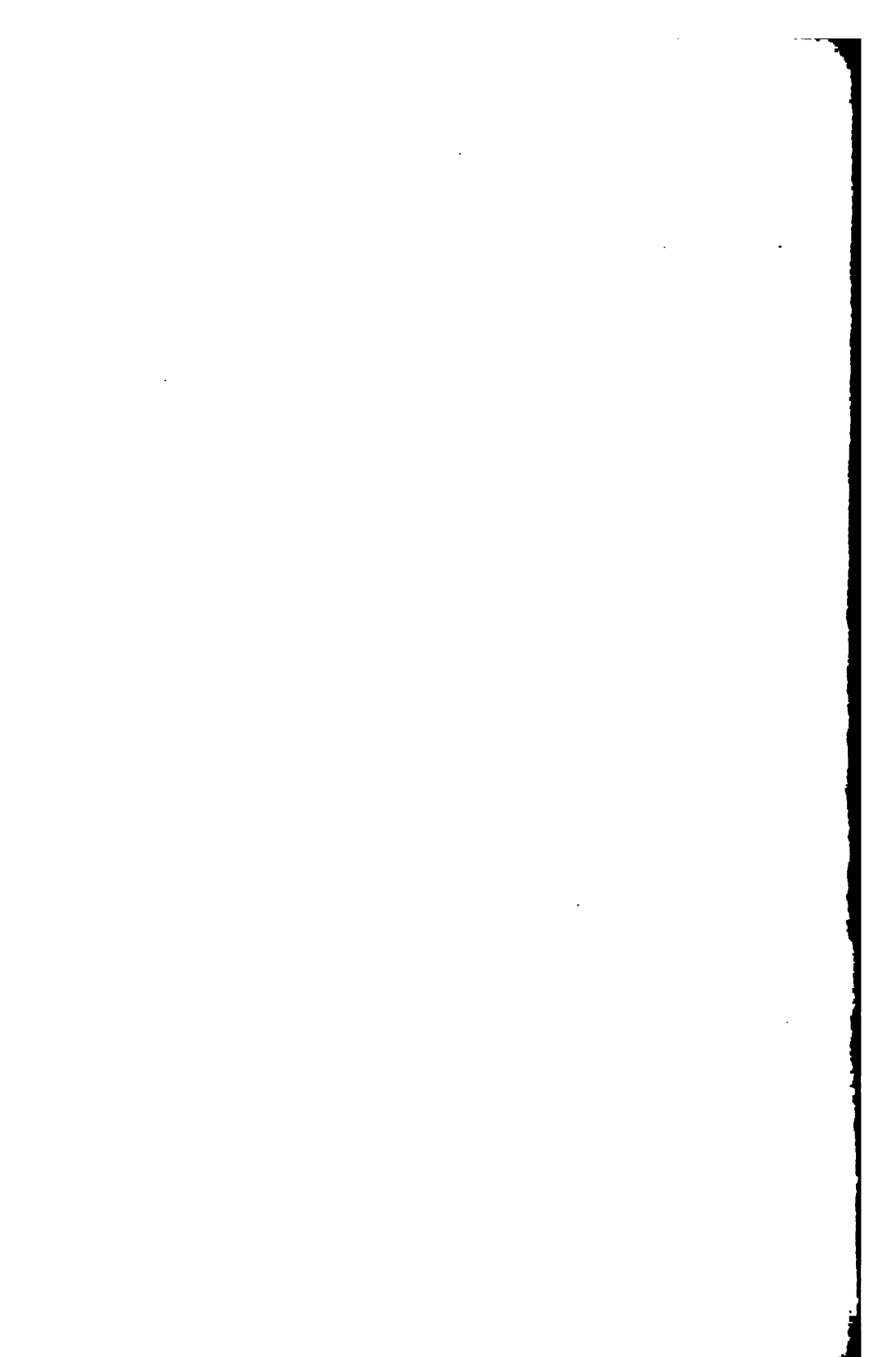
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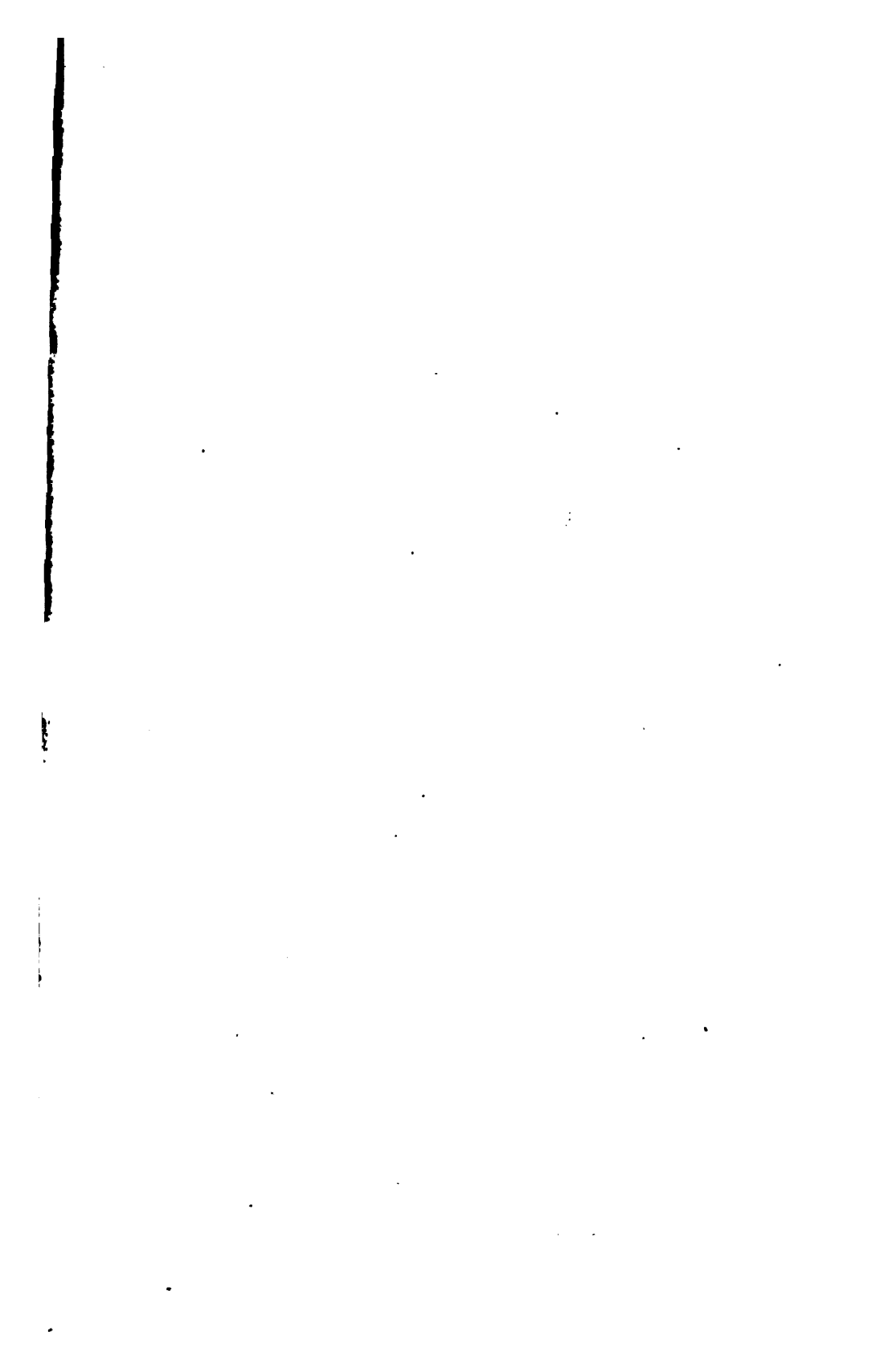
Most verse of a love-story kind,  
That in various volumes I've met,  
Conveys little else to the mind  
Than delay, disappointment, regret.  
So let's hope a few prosy affairs  
In that province, too dull to indite,  
For whose details no novelist cares,  
May have had the good luck to go right.

As for instance,—young Master and Miss  
Were smit with a mutual affection ;  
No foes interfered with their bliss,  
And their friends made no sort of objection.  
So they married, had children, and died,  
As their parents had all done before ;  
And there's nothing to tell you beside,  
As I never heard anything more.

For it's things the least talked of, you see,  
Take up the best part of our time ;  
'Twould be terrible always to be  
Transcendental, heroic, sublime.  
So here's to the featureless past,  
Unwritten, forgotten, occult,  
Of which most of us, while we last,  
Are the happy go lucky result.

J. W. PRESTON.





*Christmas Season, 1891.*

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INSPECTION SOLICITED.

# THE GROVE.

## A MONTHLY MISCELLANY,

EDITED BY R. HANBURY MIERS.

No. VIII. DECEMBER, 1891.

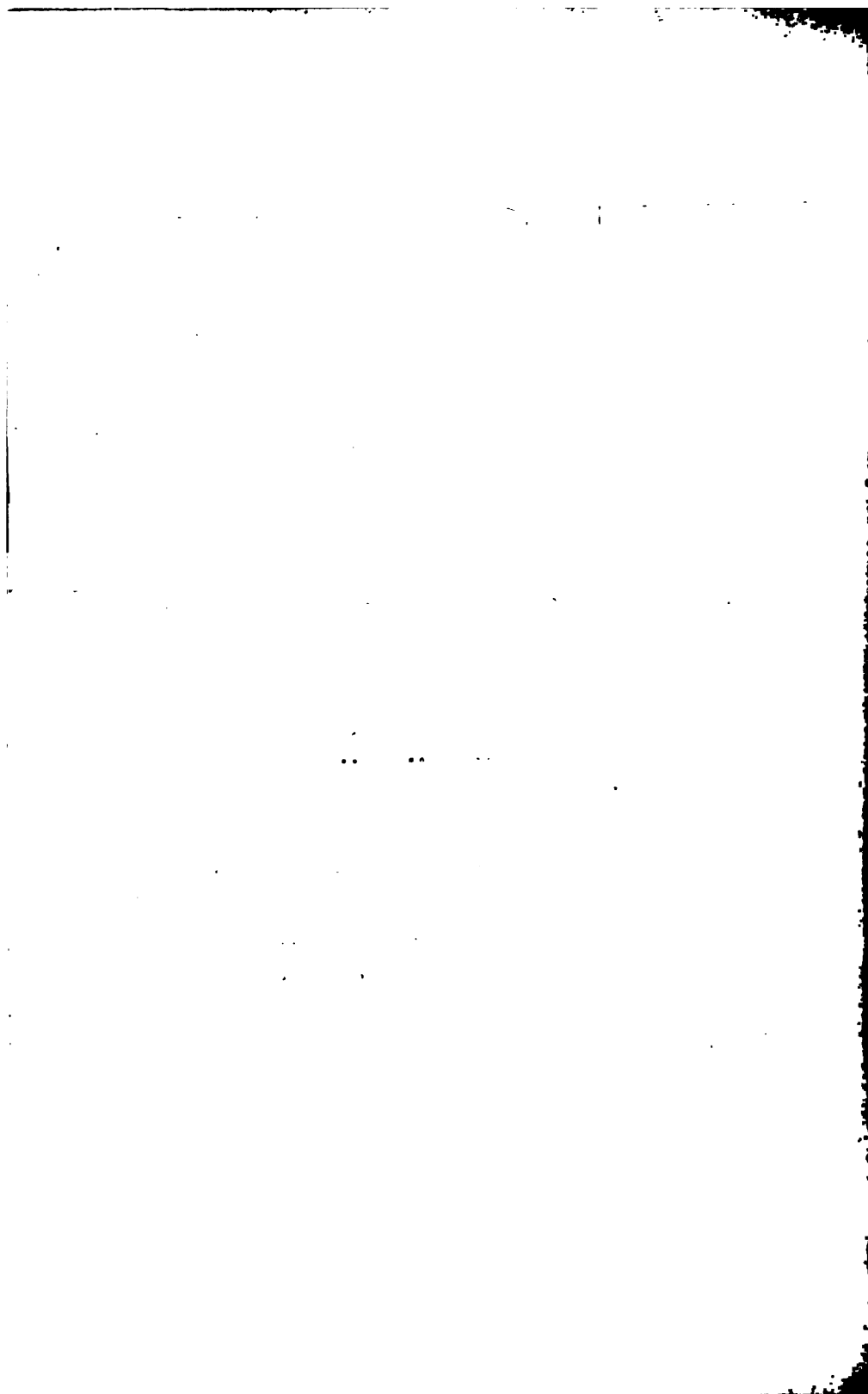
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PUBLISHED BY F. DUNSTER, BROAD STREET,  
LYME REGIS.

1891.

*Price One Shilling.*

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# THE GROVE.

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No. 8.

DECEMBER, 1891.

VOL. II.

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## MY SISTER CECILIA.

### CHAPTER VII.

BUT what could explain what looked like bewilderment in Cecilia, or her strange half-confession on her own character? She was as little given to speak, as to think of herself; always intelligible, I had thought, wise, and deliberate; and so free from guile and artifice, even the most innocent, that I did not believe she could have reserved a trifle from me, far less feelings such as these. What was the voice half hinted at?—this haste and apparent abdication of liberty, so perplexing in one who thought far too highly of all that affection implied, ever to give it (and this for life) by mere impulse. There was leisure for these questions, for Cecilia's parents were naturally, after her, Robert's first interest for the time, and my presence was by no means urgently required. I saw him walking between them on the lawn; yet the conversation not so engrossing that my mother (and Robert when he saw where her eyes were directed, but timidly) could not cast occasional upward glances towards Cecilia's jessamine window. Nothing that I could remember, since her early days of childish passion, resembled or seemed to account for my sister's words; I could finally ascribe them only to the novelty of the moment, the force of many feelings, the imperial excitement of Love, bringing out this dear child's whole character,—what had appeared past and forgotten, with the dawning sense of responsibility to come,—

together. As when earth is trenched more deeply than usual, strange plants and flowers unknown in the neighbourhood are said to spring up side by side with the accustomed growths, so the new stirring of the heart, I thought, acted on Cecilia. Perhaps this was mainly correct; only I did not then recognise how little *any* portion of character is ever absolutely effaced; how, after seemingly laid aside in the nursery drawer with our broken toys, the child's heart *must* reappear when the house is searched in preparation for some new tenant. There was something in it that vaguely vexed me; yet something of delightful interest also from the conviction thus brought that *all* my sister's character was not yet known to me. Often the sketches of great artists charm more than the finished work; the first seem still part of themselves; the complete creation, it has been truly remarked, has separated itself from the artist. Thus Cecilia too might not yet have concluded her mind's growth; and ah! how much indeed remained, hard for those who most loved her to decipher, but when deciphered, that made them love her with an even more tender touch of tenderness.

I need go no further into the details of the period of betrothal. One or two of the conversations however, amongst the thousand, grave and serious, that arose from this event, I shall try to write out. They will be no doubt poor, flat, and unconversational; in many ways dissimilar from what was really said. All written conversations are such; the straggling ends are cut off, the gestures omitted, the happy half sentences completed. A unity of texture and of aim is given, which in actual life can be discovered only in the best talk of the best talkers. Did not Dr. Johnson say more and less than the photographer of that day has told us? I wish others bestowed the care and love on their conversation which he gave; there could hardly be a more refined compliment to their hearers: his most random words appear perfect, fit for type, and as good to-day as sixty years since: and yet I am convinced if we had his whole conversation that evening when his voice seemed to echo and rebound from Temple Bar to Cheapside—Well, well; Mr. Johnson did roar, no doubt; but it must have been in a leonine and truly noble style of roaring.

"I am sure you wondered" Robert said two days after the declaration, as he put his arm in mine to lead me towards Fountainhall, "why I said nothing to you of—all this at College."



"There have been so many things altogether to wonder at, that I had nearly forgotten it, although at first certainly such a thought passed through my mind."

"It is indeed so wonderful ; so strange and sweet to me," he went on as if in reverie and looking on the ground, "so very strange and sweet that—it may seem as strange to you to say so—I feel as if nothing equal can recur in life."

"Not at all" I said with some improper inclination to laugh : "most people, I fancy, in such circumstances feel much as you do."

"Often one thinks a thing original, only because one is conscious of it for the first time" Robert answered gently ; "excuse my commonplace : I know the genius will not be on my side ! What I meant, or thought I meant, was—This to me is the great entrance on the realities of life, even more than even ordination, for example, in my own case, will be. It is a change such as in boyhood one thought must be accompanied with some great outward signs, and accomplished in a solemn manner ; with a kind of Roman dignity."

"And now Robert is a little disappointed that proposing is not such an affair of "crossing bayonets" as some one calls it, as you had fancied :—that it all came to pass without flourish of trumpets, or fiery swords in the sky :—that you saw, and asked, and were accepted."

"Oh your unfair ironical ways" he cried "now you are like your mother when she frightens me ! only Eleanor would not let me say so."

"She would think it the highest compliment you could pay, and probably undeserved. Women have a peculiar power, I think, in reconciling seriousness with gaiety ; a light, healthy, cheerful wisdom beyond us ; a kind of flower of common sense. But indeed, Robert, you must forgive me ; no one can more heartily congratulate you than I ; as no one knows better the depth of your happy fortune : only I did not quite feel certain what just now you were aiming at."

"It is that I know the immensity of the blessing given me, and that I can neither understand how I have deserved or how with such facility I have won it—Now I hope I am clear ! I am astonished that the greatest event of life should overtake me "like a summer's cloud" ; just now, when you are all so gay and affectionate, and so you will be always,—do not interrupt me—instead of the greatest responsibility of life, I appear to have taken on me one of the least ; to be welcomed to

a child's feast, and put at the top of the table, and crowned with flowers, and a primrose path open before her and me . . . And in the midst of all I think—I am henceforth to be everything to her—to supply all that parents and brother have been for so many years. I am to create and to sustain the new life into which I lead her."

"No one can blame you for thoughts so serious; certainly not her brother; and yet if you will bear the suggestion, perhaps you are inclined to—what shall I say?—to alarm yourself too much about all this. Of course it will be a new life to both; newest to Cecilia: still not so far separated from the old, I hope, either in character or place," I said: "Look, there is Fountainhall! and that peculiarly unclassical Grecian Lodge of yours—not so new, in a word, as you think it. Our dear Cecilia at least, as I know her well, will carry the same sweet completeness of character, "the reason firm, the temperate will" to that house, as she would to the deserts of Arabia."

"It is a great blessing" I continued, for Robert was silent—I noticed often at this time that the sight of his own home silenced him—"a very great to a family like ours, that so little—no disruption, in fact, can arise from this. We have been indeed so much bound together, so individual I might say in our little world, that *how* Cecilia could part from her mother has always been a perplexity to me—I should rather say, would have been, Robert, if you had left me time for such considerations."

Robert said seriously, in place of smiling as he ought, "Well, I am very sorry if you can think her precipitate."

"Cecilia! no."

"But you *did* think her so" he answered "she told me as much."

"Indeed, indeed I said nothing; how could you fancy I could have spoken implying that to her."

"I am sure she knows your thoughts often when quite unuttered," (smiling) "and mine too, perhaps, you may be adding—Well! it was sudden at last—and this brings me back to what I began with: of course I had cared for her long, but I said nothing to you, dear friend, from the simplest of all reasons—the weakest, you may think."

"I was afraid."

"Exactly, I was afraid; one dislikes the phrase; perhaps another cowardice! I thought she loved her mother so that no one else could—"

ought, may be—to ask a greater affection. That is why it seems so strange to me that my little deserts should have gained it—a proper commonplace to end my sermon!” he said “we will go in now, or my own mother will wonder what incantation we are throwing round the house; this is our third circuit.”

As I remarked before, I felt a traitor to Robert as he spoke, and reluctantly followed him into Fountainhall. The houses immediately interested in an engagement are generally animated with a great liveliness and decided *couleur de rose* in the sky; but they are not precisely “Palaces of Truth.” On the contrary, engagements are flourishing epochs of a certain not ungracious or unnecessary insincerity. What charming qualities are then discovered among the *in laws* on both sides, which never will exist,—and never did exist! There had been something of this in one of my compliments to Robert. And it did seem strange to me, almost incredible, that Cecilia should be willing to exchange that house for Ardeley.

## CHAPTER VIII.

If, however, I did not at this time judge Mrs. Therfield fairly, there was some reason besides the folly and the haste of youth for error. I did not then know how true and loving a wife she had always proved herself; how tender a mother to the maiden I was afterwards to receive from her hands, and moulded by her care to the same pattern of excellence. She wanted, and it now struck me most, that buoyancy and health of mind, that firm and easy spirit which so marked my own mother; in one word that explains all, I knew she was capable of a “scene.” This difference, defect perhaps, showed itself, of course, conspicuously in her manner, often in her first address, and most especially when from any cause excited or shaken from her propriety. I have known since how few women, comparatively at least, unite frank and happy courage (a wisdom in itself) to judgment and power of thought in that degree with which I was at home familiar, and can never hope to see again. But without these rarer qualities (and “all tenderness” such as women like her only have, was in my mother combined with them), a truly feminine and estimable character may

exist. "I am very happy, dear Edmund, when I think of the mother you will have," my own said during one of the days when happiness seemed to me a thing beyond any future possibility—"I daresay, judging by myself and my own frequent idle fancies, you have imagined Mrs. Therfield a little wanting in strength of mind: but you may trust me no one could have reared such a daughter who had not such a truly sweet and holy disposition. You will be very kind to dear Eleanor, will you not? I am sure from her cradle she has never heard from her own mother one syllable that was not tender and loving."—We often hear it said that insight into futurity has been mercifully kept back from man; yet if on the day of that visit these words had been conveyed to me by prophecy, how many foolish and fretful thoughts would they not have charmed away!

Mrs. Therfield received us, we met her in the hall, with all manner of affectionate incoherences—she begged us to excuse her—was really ashamed to run away—how happy dear Robert looks, does he not?—had some important commission to give her daughter—should be back in a moment, it was a trifle, only a trifle.

"Never mind us, dear Mother," cried Robert.

"And how have you left dearest Cecilia, as pretty and gay as usual, no, much more so, no doubt? Come into the drawing room for a moment Robert, and Mr. Marlowe; there are some old friends here to congratulate you," and she led us to the door.

"Will you send us Eleanor, when you have done."

"What about Eleanor, dear Robert? I daresay she is upstairs. I think you know them, Mr. Marlowe, Edmund may I call you now? Lady F—, an excellent friend of your parents."—The prospect was not cheering when I had walked to Fountainhall in hopes of learning more from Robert of his hopes, and success, and intentions than time had yet allowed him to tell me; but I could not help smiling at his mother's eagerness. While she spoke she turned the door handle several times, and must still find time to take her son's hands and give him a hearty kiss, and then wipe her own eyes before leading us in to the visitors.

There was something of a sarcastic smile on the Lady's face and her two eldest daughters' as we entered. Their congratulations in due form

may, of course, be omitted, as I suppose they were scarcely heard ; but there was one remark which, as I had anticipated, I was not to escape.

"So delightfully rapid too, Mr. Marlowe ; I had always held your sister up to my daughters as a model of prudence, and I am sure she has acted prudently now, most prudently in every respect ; but I must give Mr. Robert Therfield also joy on his powers of conquest. My husband said it was quite like Augustus Caesar—he came, and saw, and was overcome."

I do not suppose that Mrs. Therfield observed the silence with which Robert and I received these remarks ; but she kindly endeavoured to give the conversation another turn by speaking of the marriage day, which she appeared to have fixed already. This brought on from Lady F—, a repetition of the same compliments, in hope that her satire would not go quite unrewarded,—but I was replying now to the thousand enquiries of the young ladies, and heard only Mrs. Therfield's observation "Yes, poor thing, I am afraid she will feel the separation terribly, she is quite sad with the thought of it now, Mr. Therfield was just telling me."

"If any one is in fault for precipitation, it is I," Robert said, when the visitors had left the house and his mother the room to summon Eleanor, "I wish people would not make such remarks."

"A useless wish : and besides I am certain you do not quite wish it. At least I am sure such a triumph would not be so decided an annoyance to me ; although now perhaps . . ."

"Perhaps you were surprised too ? I had best tell you all ; you are her brother." He lowered his voice. "Dear Cecilia, my dear Cecilia, said a strange thing after—when all was arranged—that she had before seen in a dream what had happened or heard it told her, I could not understand which, in some mysterious manner. You are not vexed with me, dear Edmund, for speaking to you of this ?

I reassured him with an indefinite feeling of awe as he continued, that Cecilia had mentioned this that morning with many tears, but saying it was right he should know all. She remembered nothing similar in her life, except perhaps when she was a child and under the influence of babyish fancies, "not much wiser than my doll." Yet she could not doubt that this was something real, something inexplicable,—almost, awful. "Did he think her not too foolish ? Did he forgive her ?"

She had dried her first tears, Robert said, when she spoke thus, and looked so sad, so earnest and resigned that he could not express the force of his admiration for a mind so unusually constituted. It was one of those conjunctures that most raise Love, when the Beloved displays a character more gifted than ours, at the moment she appeals to our protection. "There was more too; she would tell him afterwards; it did not immediately touch him; when you have a right to ask, dear Robert—but prayed it might not be true; that it might be a mere fancy—a girlish weakness and delusion. She did not know she was subject to such imaginations; she was ashamed when she thought of this, and of the promise she had so lately made him; but it was best that he should at once hear the whole truth—"before it was too late too," he said she added:—as if Cecilia were not indefinitely more endeared to him by the confession, or the confession itself not a sign of love, the most precious and touchingly convincing.

I thanked Robert heartily for his confidence, and said that my long knowledge of Cecilia could not assist me to explain the mystery. I remembered strange fancies that had fallen on her when a child, some already noticed here; but all connected with her mother, who seemed without share in this. Nor although in her rare depth of feeling Cecilia resembled her father, could his character then afford me any light. Probably it was the excitement of the moment; at least a matter we had best speak of no more. Her "hereafter would be the most convincing of proofs."

My suggestion was so thoroughly followed that for many months, I believe, neither thought of the matter again. I think we acted wisely. If the secrets of all hearts were laid bare, few perhaps would deny that there have been times when, however sane in general tenour of mind, they had been taken in some measure out of themselves, to pass a period,—who should measure how long?—in a new region, which they could think of afterwards only as of a dream when one awaketh. Every one, like Socrates, has, if not his Daemon, yet his daemonic moments. Those are unhappy who have no friend near enough for *one* confession of such a state—for one reassurance that others have experienced what alarms us so by appearing to prove that we are exceptional;—those not less pitiable, who dwell too often on the wonders within them, and, with an immoderate and too curious interest, retrace the Soul's spectral

desert, or explore the secret terrors of our spiritual anatomy. Much passes there, that the wisest could not solve, or the bravest witness unterrified. There is another self in self, which, like the skull behind the child's fair features, is providentially placed so near us that we are saved the terror of looking on what we could perhaps not behold, and live.

A portion of these thoughts (for part is probably due to my own later experience) was in my mind then, when Eleanor joined us with Mrs. Therfield's message, that she desired a few minutes' conversation with her son. "You will have much to talk over with this child," Robert said as he went out.—But Eleanor was a child to me no longer, in the secret places of the heart, when I left Fountainhall.

## CHAPTER IX.

My dear mother's womanly tact felt the change at once. "You say *Eleanor* much oftener than you used, Edmund," she observed with a smile that evening as I described the visit. And as I was silent she came up without another word, kissed me, and went upstairs; and presently, from Cecilia's room I heard eager voices, and gentle laughter, and quiet pauses, perhaps for sighs—"as when snow," to borrow Dante's phrase, "falls mingled with soft rain." It was true that perhaps their feeling for me outran, at the moment, mine that caused it. But the reader has seen already that there is no romance about me; that I am a commonplace person in a house full of unusual characters. All I ask him is to remark, at the same time, that I am not the hero of my story.

As azure seas deepen azure skies by reflection, so love acts on love. In the half-hour of that evening which remained, before my father, having concluded for the night his study of some great human thinker, came ordinarily for a few minutes' talk with me; interposing this break between Plato or Homer and the chapter from Prophet or Evangelist, which formed his last study, I thought over the morning's interview with Eleanor. Those who love, as I might say, by pure instinct,—love, as they say, at once and for ever, have no room for such conscious retrospection. Memory with such is, I suppose, only a passage from

sweetness to sweetness; from the absorbing sense of present love, to the remembrance of the last words and the features of the beloved, a state in which there is almost neither past nor future. I am ashamed of myself; but perhaps I was not capable of such passion. She, in a word, loved more than I—the true prologue to such marriages as are “made in Heaven.” What had effected the difference between the Eleanor of to-day and any day for the last many years preceding was, I recognised, not so much that I loved her more, as that circumstances had led me to conceive the possibility, the desirability of a new relation between us, in which I should have more perfect and undivided right to love her; in which (a further privilege) her maidenly reserve might no longer restrain an affection for me which I had never doubted, and till that day had never thought of fathoming. But this difference was everything. Like Corporal Trim, “it was on a Sunday in the afternoon when I fell in love” (or, rather, knew that I was so) “all at once with a *sisserrara*.—It burst upon me, an’ please your honour, like a bomb,—scarce giving one time to say “God bless me!” “I was in the way of it;” and yet, like the Corporal’s master, I was certainly only “as much in love as any man usually is.”

External circumstance as frequently appears imperative in directing man, as the very best and timeliest counsel. No one is quite such a creature of pure reason as he fancies himself. The two families had hitherto lived together without further thought, as it seemed, than neighbourly friendship. Robert and Eleanor had been children a week before with Cecilia and me. But my sister’s engagement had raised her and Robert to the higher rank, if higher, of the mature life; and I was to share it. Eleanor was now the only person as it were untransformed. With what pretty archness she had talked of her brother and Cecilia! how “rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty” in her allusions to the newly aroused attention he had given to his accomplishments—to his appearance—even, in some degree, to her! When I spoke of what lay dimly beneath all the joy of the event,—how Cecilia *could* leave her mother—she had pleaded the dear duties, the higher demands that belong to wifehood with assurance as decided as if herself a wife, instead of being true maid, timid and unforecasting, to whose mind the idea of separation from home had never consciously presented itself.



Her absolute unsuspicion of any future of her own had aided me, when once I had admitted the gracious hope, materially to anticipate it. Had Eleanor been the most skilful of flirts, she could not have revealed her own confiding affection for me, dear child, more winningly.

"Now we shall be so nearly connected, dear Edmund," she said "I shall look for your help more in many things—may I not? You will be here a great deal more, and help me on in that horrid German, and, I may bring the accounts of the Society" (some village charity) "to you when—whenever Robert is away." Then she told how glad for Robert's sake her father was that he should have me for a brother; and how Mrs. Therfield, "who you know was always a little afraid of your dear mamma, I don't know why" (with a slight consciousness of *inaccuracy* in this remark), "had been quite reassured by her in the first important interview;" ending with "what a nice thing a marriage was," as she ran to fetch a great labour of the needle, a mighty secret, she was preparing already for the future sister, laughing out like a child with overflowing gaiety. Her unreserve and frank affectionateness would, I thought, have astonished my own dear mother, whose presence always rather frightened Eleanor also through an inherited timidity which led my mother, I remember well, to say more than once when comparing her with Cecilia, "dear child, she is fearfully as well as wonderfully made"—and then look grave at her own want of gravity.

"I am something of a prophet, but not altogether a perfect one," my father began as he entered—words from which I, fresh from University Studies, inferred that Plato's "Phaedrus" had been his evening's study. My prophetic power being, as I supposed, fairly equal with his, I was about to prove it by confessing the subject of my thoughts, when with what appeared an abrupt transition (after Cecilia's manner) he began to talk of the village and of his parishioners. My father was, as I have perhaps already indicated, a clergyman not altogether by vocation. Parochial affairs were not, as with some, always in his path, or before his thought. He was admitted to communion with the Greek Church also, he once said laughingly, after quoting a line from Sophocles, and calling it Scripture.—But something that seemed important in quiet Ardeley had now occurred.

A certain Richard Morden, a labouring man about my own age, after several months' tyrannous warfare with his wife, he said, had disappeared,

and left her and her little girl to what resources a poor woman might create from the stray requirements or find from the charities of the village. "Such things make one's heart sick," he said, "and this poor young man too" (smiling) "who was so like you when a child that I made the mistake and kissed him late one evening at the kitchen door to your mother's great amusement." He must try and discover some employment for Mrs Morden, and meanwhile she might return for a few days, "and though not much of a prophet, I foresee the days may likely enough prove months," to our house, where she had been in service before her marriage, which (as happens so frequently in rural courtships that it does not provoke serious blame on the part of sensible and kind hearted employers) had not too long preceded the child's birth.

He was glad to think, he said, after rapidly discussing these details, that the man in his last savage fit had spared the little one, towards which he had never, to his knowledge, showed a father's love. "But how much do we know of the feelings of the poor on these matters? Their affections are to me the most inscrutable thing about them: so coloured by circumstances which with us rarely, except by downright folly or selfishness, touch our inner life and home relations—But your "doppelganger," as Cecilia called him once, does no particular credit to his likeness! I must find myself a curate, or the parish will suffer, he concluded.

"Why not Robert? he will take orders before the marriage" I said; "Eleanor told me to day."

"Ah indeed" he cried, smiling, and I expected that my casual mention of her name would have recalled his thoughts to their probable current when he came in—but they were with one nearer his heart than Eleanor. "I might have fallen on that myself too; excellent! and then Robert will not leave Ardeley, and Cecilia will not have to part from her mother."

"Indeed how *that* separation could be—how it could ever be imagined—has been my one difficulty, the only blot on this great achievement of his."

"Yes, dear child, exactly," he answered; "I have trembled whenever I thought of it: if ever two persons could be said to have one individual life it is your dear sister and her mother. It is strange that Cecilia, in

all respects but this so independent, I may say so nobly self-sustained, should lean on her mother with the helpless reliance almost of a three year child. "Ah," he continued, warming as he spoke into an unaccustomed passion, "Cecilia loves her with a love truly without fear and without restraint. Most girls, in the first proud days at least of an engagement, would give that their prevailing thoughts, and pre-enact the marriage state in the betrothal. I see in her eyes how frankly she returns Robert's affection—yet towards her mother she is not ashamed to be the little one of the nursery still. However she may cleave to Robert, she will not leave *her*."

"Cecilia gives one sign of her affection" my father presently added (in this dear daughter unconsciously describing himself), "which I have always thought infallible in its depth, and so touching. Before her mother has expressed a wish I have often seen Cecilia anticipate it. Like Virgil in the poem when receiving the commands of Beatrice, she almost thinks her obedience tardy unless as her mother speaks she has already obeyed her. I do not mean to accuse Cecilia of second sight" he added, smiling "for it is only in little matters of course, and such desires as perhaps are guessed by woman's finer tact, or read in the eyes of those who are themselves quick-sighted; yet her anticipation has often charmed and startled me. Great love, I have thought, thus manifested, in the world's estimate must seem far nearer allied to madness than the wit or wisdom of the poet's proverbial couplet: but oh! how precious to other judges is this holy enthusiasm of passion! You will think your father, however, overcome himself by what I am praising in Cecilia."

"Not at all," I said, "I quite agree, and only to-day."—But as I hesitated how to lay Robert's strange communication before him my father bade me good-night. "We will not discuss her character, the dear child, now, or like Socrates when he praised Love, we shall find ourselves both 'talking in dithyrambs' together."

## CHAPTER X.

When there are love and easy circumstances, all homes may be held happy; but this happiness, as the shrewd preacher remarked to Boswell about Heaven, has its degree. Measured by their respective capacities,

Fountainhall was inferior to Ardeley. My home contained three persons (myself I have already excluded from this honourable distinction) capable each of passion, and intellectually gifted in a degree, which, partially as I may perhaps judge the blessings I shared so long, I am yet inclined to consider rare even amongst the many happy homes of England. Robert could not escape some consciousness of a difference which my dear mother's frequent and delicate praise of his own family—rather I should say the bright hue which her graceful attention threw over it with a woman's especial tact in these matters—may perhaps have only deepened. I had excellent reasons for silence on the topic, and cannot say whether the effect of the fact was to retard, or to increase Robert's wish for removing himself and Eleanor from Ardeley.

Looking back, however, now after so many years, I see that this was one of two causes I have to mention, by whose operation that marriage, and my own commencing courtship of Eleanor, were delayed to a period when matters we less dreamed of than the Lisbon of the thirty-first of October, 1755, dreamed of earthquake, threatened to disperse that *Fata Morgana* vision of love and happiness which we both now thought we saw before us on the near horizon.

Cecilia first—and it is her story which renders the detail of the previous chapters in my eyes at least excusable—Cecilia seemed to feel a daily increasing conviction that to part from her mother, even if the separation were but to take another name, and Fountainhall for a home in place of Ardeley, was for her a thing all but impossible. Loving Robert more for the manly patience and gentleness with which he moulded his mind and reined in his wishes to accept the workings of an affection so natural, that in the *Lady of his Love* he at least could not esteem it overstrained—she could not however, with all her courage, confront the change in its fullness. To love her mother less, if this, as it seemed, must be the duty,—the result,—of a wife's position, she could not bear it. Many tears long after, I am sure, Cecilia shed to expiate an irresolution or timidity which the common estimate that almost regards these qualities as female graces, will not think needed expiation. Perhaps she erred in excess of loving weakness: perhaps it was the secret prevision of hours when the allegiance of an undivided affection was to be required imperiously for the service of mortal

sickness: perhaps even the unacknowledged conviction that her allegiance would *then* be transferred elsewhere, and to one who would have bid her daughter sorrow no more for her, if such commands had been any longer possible.—Is not this strange, that we often, in words at least, seem to find our highest consolation after loss, in the belief that the lost are conscious of the survivors' existence? Many thousand mourners in Christendom are saying this to-day. We love to think them present, we speak of them as possessed already of an eternal blessedness: but how are these things reconcileable? Is the corpse itself more truly pitiable in its weakness than the Spirits of those who love us, and watch, and cannot speak? who foresee perhaps their children's fate with all the yearning of immortal affection, but may not warn, and cannot save them?

The second retarding cause, referable to the source of which I spoke above, was a certain shrinking back, a want of absolute sympathy between Eleanor and Cecilia, against which both strove in vain until Time, adding in the Latin poet's graceful phrase, the years to my sister which he took from Eleanor, had rendered possible an equal, an open, an unrestrained community of affection. I have spoken of years; but the disparity lay rather between character. When in middle girlhood, both had been true girls alike; but not only had Cecilia when passing into the woman grown enjoyed advantages at home far beyond my dear Eleanor, but she had also in childhood shown a thoughtfulness, a depth and peculiarity of disposition which might have authorized the anticipation that her childhood, so far as anything in it deserved to be put away, would pass sooner and, as often has been observed of men of genius, at once more and less completely than with those not so gifted. But I need not enlarge on a point so obvious.

From these, as I may call them, inward reasons, the open profession of my suit to Eleanor and Cecilia's marriage were delayed day by day, why, no one could exactly have said. We were as though every one was in silent expectation of some sign in the heavens—some auspicious omen—some morning in which the sun would rise as it were more brightly and before the almanack to point out the hour's arrival. And meanwhile a third impediment, different in kind, arose. My father's health so far failed that a few months' foreign journey were advised for

its restoration. Perhaps it was over closely pursued study; perhaps over anxious love for one whose health he watched with prescience happily denied to his children: I can now only conjecture. It was arranged at length that I should accompany him through Northern Europe and Austria, and leave him during a month at one of the Tyrolese baths, for a hasty Italian expedition. Robert meanwhile, who had just received Holy Orders, was to take charge of the parish, and watch over his home in our absence.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

*(To be continued.)*

## ATTACKS ON THE DRAMA.

THERE is a great outcry nowadays about the lack of the *literary* drama.

In other words, we are being continually told that from the majority, if not from all of the most recent productions of the contemporary stage, literature, or what is called literature, is essentially divorced.

By this is meant that however successful a modern play may be—however much it may serve its practical purpose in delighting audiences, and filling a manager's pockets—it is worth little or nothing, when considered from a "library" point of view, and analysed by the student outside the region of the theatre.

Hence it is that we hear with almost irritating frequency of the decadence of the drama from not a few of its so called critics, who while they lament with touching candour the actors of the past, deplore in captious fashion the incompetency of the play-wrights of to-day.

It is worth while considering whether or not there exist any grounds for this complaint which was urged with a vigorous emphasis a few weeks ago by one of the speakers at the interesting celebration of the Marlowe Memorial at Canterbury.

Canon Freemantle—who like a good many Broad Church clergymen professes a keen interest in things theatrical, then took occasion to observe that we had no really great dramatists—none in fact at the present time whose literary powers could be regarded as in any sense of the word worthy of distinction.

Considering that the reverend gentleman thus expressed himself in the presence of men like Pinero and Grundy, we may question for a moment his good taste in giving utterance to such a statement. But it is not our province to criticize his tact, or rather the want of it, but to examine—and if possible, to refute his indictment.

Our primary object, it will be conceded, in going to the Theatre is to

get—as Macready aptly put it—"intelligent recreation"—to be moved by pathos, thrilled by the power of tragedy, or amused by the cheery influence of comedy and farce.

Thus for the time being we are, so to speak, lifted out of ourselves and are, as a consequence, able in the vividly portrayed scenes of the mimic life before us to forget for awhile the cares and worries of the more prosaic—though not necessarily less dramatic surroundings of the workaday world outside.

Why then—it may be asked—need we care one jot—if we are told by the professional pessimist that a play which we have witnessed with pleasure and therefore with profit to ourselves, possesses in reality no lasting claim to be regarded as literature.

Still it is only fair to honestly put the question whether or not—after we have witnessed a play we find ourselves capable of treasuring some striking passage, or some brilliant epigram for its own sake as a piece of writing, and not from any merit in its rendition by the actor, or in other words whether we feel any gratitude at all to the *Author* for his work, apart from the efforts of the puppets by whom that work is represented. Certainly within the last nine years we have had the finest melodrama of modern times in the perennial "Silver King," the telling incidents of which, coupled with heart-stirring situations, have left a lasting impression on our minds.

But this is, not all—for surely the beautiful dream speech uttered from the very anguish of his sin-laden soul by the conscience-stricken Wilfred Denver—and his passionate outburst—echoed by many a repentant man—"Oh God, put back thy universe, and give me yesterday!"—retain a hold upon our memories, for we cannot but regard them as worthy of a place in what is generally understood as "literature."

Again Henry Arthur Jones has also given us in his one act play of "Chatterton" not only a glimpse, remarkable for its beauty and fidelity, of the "sleepless soul that perished in his pride," but in the fervour of the boy-poet's description of the undying power of poetry he has enriched our language with a gem that is without doubt no less literary than dramatic. In the "Dancing Girl" (by the same prolific playwright) now being performed at the Haymarket, there is no lack of the keenest satire and the most polished wit, though it must be admitted that Pinero is unequalled as past-master in the latter.



He showed this to perfection in his "Cabinet Minister," whilst in the "Times," produced a few weeks ago at Terry's Theatre, he has with a rare art and consummate skill blended the homely pathos of a Dickens with the cultured cynicism of a Thackeray in the artistic development of his clever and interesting story.

Mr. Pinero has published this last play of his, having followed the example of Mr. Jones, who brought out in September last for the benefit of the *reading* public his singularly unconventional play of "Saints and Sinners," which is affectionately regarded by its author as quite the best work yet done by him.

It cannot be expected that opinions on this point will be unanimous, but the fact remains—and it is worth recording—that "Saints and Sinners" won the hearty approval of Matthew Arnold by reason of both its literary excellence and minute analysis—almost equal in power of characterization to George Elliot—of certain types—not unfamiliar to us in English middle-class life.

It is a hopeful sign when we find authors publishing their plays, for it means that their aim—undeniably laudable if not uniformly successful—is to furnish the library not less than the theatre, to satisfy in fact the play-goer and the student at one and the same time.

Whilst then we have Jones, Pinero and Grundy, let us not listen to the parrot cry—to the querulous complaint, so often made around us, of the lack of literature on the stage.

Still, whilst closing one's ears to such captious criticism, it is obvious even to the most careless and superficial that the first requisite in a dramatist is a technical knowledge of stage-craft—for which literary excellence—however striking in its originality, can never be accepted as a satisfactory substitute.

Hence it not unfrequently happens that a novelist—whose works are essentially dramatic—fails as a writer for the stage.

As the latest instance of the truth of this we may take Miss Braddon, whose powerful book "Like and Unlike," experienced in theatrical parlance a "frost" when under the title of "For Better or Worse," it was presented to the exacting play-goer.

Again what writer of fiction was ever more thrillingly dramatic than Wilkie Collins? Yet there has seldom been a greater, and we are bound

to add a more deserved fiasco at any theatre than when he produced at the Adelphi his ill-fated drama of "Love and Riches."

To combine literary excellence with stage-craft is a rarity, but we maintain in spite of adverse croakings, that we have men amongst us at the present time who have proved unmistakably by their work that the possession of both gifts is by no means an impossibility.

It may be said "Yes—but you have only mentioned three names—Grundy, Jones, Pinero, hardly a lengthy list wherewith to prove your point!"

Our answer would be that we have designedly selected these three names as being essentially representative, though there is no need for us to stop, as though we had exhausted the number.

We have taken Pinero as the brilliant satirist of the stage, and when we read and witness his works together with those of Grundy, the kindly cynic, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that we have something not far distant from the genius that gives us a peep into "Vanity Fair."

Henry Arthur Jones, by his realistic studies of modern English life, comes at times within a measurable distance of the pen which gave to the world a "Middlemarch" and an "Adam Bede."

Then again we surely owe a debt of gratitude to Robert Buchanan for his masterly dramatization of Fielding, and we deny that we are guilty of hyperbole if we venture to express our belief that his skilful treatment of "Tom Jones" (under the attractive title of "Sophia") will hold the stage for years to come as a masterpiece and a classic.

Sims of late has not appeared so much as a dramatist, being a man who in his time plays many parts, of which journalist and philanthropist are not the least prominent and exacting.

When, however, he has treated play-goers to characteristic melodrama, he has shown by his intimate acquaintance with the seamy side of life, and his sympathy for the poor and suffering, that he is entitled no less than was Charles Dickens to be emphatically considered in spirit and in purpose as an "Apostle of the People"

His plays are replete with natural touches of homely pathos and kindly wit, and had the "Lights of London" (so inseparably associated with the brightest days of the Princess's) been his only play, he would by this alone have justified his claim to rank as both a successful playwright and a clever and fascinating writer.

There are coming men besides—to wit a Malcom Watson and a Haddon Chambers—the one deserving the most unstinted praise for his singularly impressive and emotional play entitled the “Pharisee,” and the other achieving no mean reputation at an early age by his “Idler,” and his “Captain Swift.”

We are most of us, however, only too apt to disparage the days in which our lot is cast, and this is especially the case so far as artistic matters are concerned.

Just now, however, the least sanguine may look forward with some degree of interest to the forthcoming comedy of the Poet Laureate who has based his scenario on the fanciful legend of “Maid Marian.”

In this instance he has with commendable prudence called in the collaboration of that master of stage technique—Augustin Daly—feeling doubtless that his former plays (notably his “Promise of May”) hardly displayed the practical acquaintance with the conditions of the theatre which is so essential a requisite to complete success.

If the poet then is not necessarily endowed with the instinctive methods of the play-wright, we may at least console ourselves with the fact that we still have play-wrights who are not wanting in poetic grace and feeling—notably Herman Merivale and W. G. Wills.

Who can forget the noble beauty of the former’s “White Pilgrim,” or the sympathetic charm of the latter’s “Charles I.”?

To tell us then that literature is divorced from the drama of to-day is to frame an indictment that can neither fairly nor logically be sustained.

It deserves as a consequence to be quashed, and the amusing part is that the very critics who prefer the charge tell us with amazing confidence to turn to another land, if we would see the welcome light dawn upon our benighted literature and our well nigh hopeless art.

The Norwegian Ibsen is, forsooth, held up to us as an idol and we are seriously and earnestly invited to regard him as the nonpareil in literary skill, and as deserving of all that is laudatory by reason of his subtle analysis of character and his grasp of dramatic construction.

But the fact—stubborn as facts proverbially are—remains that Ibsen is as dead as a door nail—for his plays have been impartially tried and indisputably found wanting. His “Ghosts” have vanished into the region of forgotten things and his “Doll’s House” has been knocked to pieces and no one so far seems anxious to build it up again.

Almost simultaneously with this collapse have the frantic efforts of the Managers and Promoters of the so called "Independent" Theatre to revive an interest in Zola's Works (notably by the recent production of *Thérèse Raquin*) proved equally disastrous.

In neither the one nor the other do we discover the smallest trace of "literature," but we do find, interspersed with here and there a powerful situation, depressingly morbid studies of misshapen character and distorted aspects of the darker and less cleanly side of human life.

To emphasize such to the exclusion of all else is neither wise nor artistic, and we are content to believe that, amongst our own writers, there are not wanting men of wider sympathies and larger intellects who realize that the claims of literature may be identical with the best and highest interests of the stage.

To such we may safely entrust the welfare of our country's drama, believing, and with reason for believing, that we, as Englishmen, if sometimes classified as vulgarly materialistic in our ideals, do in the main appreciate the good work of those who are daily striving with loyal zeal to raise the Theatre in the estimation not only of play-goers but of literary students. Let then the pessimist have his say—for it cannot injure him, nor cannot it influence us.

We are proud of the past of our dramatic history—we are grateful for the achievements of the present, and we are hopeful for the future.

In this age of feverish activity the Theatre has become a necessity—as a means of indispensable recreation.

It is no longer a luxury—but in whatever light it may be viewed it is beyond all doubt an institution that claims alike, as regards the author and the actor, our sympathetic support, which we can hardly be said to accord if we give heed to the petulant pessimist or listen for a moment to the cynical croakings of captious critics.

JOHN HOLT.

## SICILIAN SKETCHES, IV.

THOUGH the softness of the climate, and the natural loveliness of Sicily, have not changed with the flight of ages, yet—setting aside Palermo—the beauty for which the island towns and cities were once famous, seems to have left them for ever.

Hard indeed is it to recognise in the dirty collection of hovels and decayed churches now known as Girgenti, the proud Acragas that Pindar calls “the most beautiful city of mortals.”—For over a hundred years Acragas stood in the foremost rank among those licentious and magnificent Greek States, which set up their splendid tyrannies and blazed in the war-like world of the times, as if their power would last for ever. Humbled and razed to the ground by Carthage, the city was not restored to its ancient splendour, until Timoleon arose many years after,—and modelled the state anew under the name of Agrigentum. But the Second Punic War saw the final extinction of its independence. The brief spell of prosperity under Saracen rule, soon passed away when the town was taken by a Christian Monarch, and since that epoch, Girgenti has languished through the centuries with no hope of better days to come.

As usual, there are traces of massive city walls extending through the vineyards and olive groves for miles. The old Acragas sloped down the hill on the sea side, and was guarded by wonderful forts and defensive works. Below the great walls is a yellow cliff, and then comes a stretch of pleasant meadow land reaching away to the shore. Upon the rampart cliff rises up a glorious group of Greek Temples, built in the pure simple Doric of which so little remains. The rugged grandeur of their fluted columns is unimpaired by Age, and the lapse of Time has clothed their tawny sandstone with a mellow glory that goes far to hide the ravages of storm and decay.

At Girgenti, as at Paestum, the feeling of sadness and desolation which comes over one, is very striking.

Of all the Gods to whom such fanes were vowed, Melancholy now alone holds sway, and she had no temple here in the olden time. Nations have passed away, the busy streets and squares are sweet silent meadows, and where the smoke from a hundred sacrifices ascended with the morning dews, now rises naught but the fresh steamy smell of the wet red earth.

And yet these old temple columns still rear their impassive fronts in mute protest to the stars, the only friends of their long-dead youth that remain unchanged.

The Temples are five in number: that of Concord is one of the best preserved in existence, doubtless owing to the fact that in the middle ages it was converted into a church, of which, however, no trace is now to be seen with the exception of some extra window openings. The Temples of Juno Lacinia, of Hercules, and the lovely fragment that is all that remains of the fane devoted to the great twin brothers, Castor and Pollux, lie within a stone's throw of each other. The greatest work of all is the huge unfinished temple of Zeus, of which mention is made in the writings of Polybius and Diodorus. Its size may be gathered from the fact that a man can stand in the flutings of the columns, which measure no less than twenty feet in circumference. One of the gigantic statues of the Telamones has been reconstructed from its shattered fragments, and would stand, if re-erected, over twenty-five feet in height.

Many interesting rock tombs and Early Christian Catacombs of circular form, are scattered along the cliff, some of them still strewn with skulls and skeletons. The grand stretch of sea view seen from the temples is very lovely; the coast-line is unbroken except for the magnificent mole of Porto Empedocle, constructed by the present Government to remedy the want of a natural harbour on the southern coast of the island.

A tiresome and tedious railway journey has to be undergone in order to reach Catania, the third town in Sicily in point of importance, and ranking second in population. The line climbs the mountains, and affords wonderful glimpses now and again of sea and forest. It passes through the centre of the sulphur districts,

and a most curious country it is: the mine shafts dotted over the stony ground look like so many beehives, the dusty rocks glitter in places like gold, and over everything is a thin tawny deposit of sulphur.

On leaving the higher ground, the train passes a number of dirty picturesque little towns, perched like eagles' nests among the hills. The only one which merits more than a passing word is Castrogiovanni, the ancient Enna, once impregnable as a fortress, and the home of many a classic myth and fantastic legend. The soil all round is now very impoverished, and the forests have almost disappeared, so that it is hard to recognise the grassy dells, where an old fable tells us the hounds used to lose the scent of their game through the fragrance of the flowers.

A long melancholy stretch of marshland with a gloomy view of Etna leads to Catania: a town of which much boast is made by the Sicilians. Anything more dull and uninteresting than the spectacle it presents to the casual traveller, it is difficult to imagine. The native beauty of Sicily seems to have deserted the cities built on the base of Etna, and the desolation of the mountain seems to have entered into their life. Overwhelmed again and again by the lava, each time Catania has risen phoenix-like from its ashes, and has rebuilt its squares and palaces from the very material that caused their destruction.

The effect of the long straight dirty streets, and the gloomy colour of both houses and pavements is displeasing in the extreme. The Cathedral has a striking exterior, but is very poor internally. It was built by King Roger, who procured most of his materials from the ancient theatre; but owing to earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, but little of the original structure now remains.

Its principal treasure is the veil of Santa Agata, the patron saint of the place, which is kept in a tasteless and tawdry shrine in a chapel near the high altar. For hundreds of years it has been the custom for the Bishop of Catania to solemnly display the veil before the approaching lava streams, on the occasions when the eruptions threaten any of the towns or villages which lie on the mountain slope.

Here one stumbles across one of those strange links with English history which are so frequently found in Sicily, for the crown of the Saint was presented by Richard Cœur de Lion. There is an enormous

Benedictine monastery, one of the largest in the world, but like all the sights of Catania, it is bare and uninteresting. The presiding genius of the town appears to be Bellini, who was a native of the place, and whose body was brought here from Paris after his death. He is honoured with a fine statue, the base of which is supported by well-executed groups of figures representing his four chief operas; and the public gardens and many of the streets and squares are named after him in one form or another.

There is a very quaint old lava elephant bearing an obelisk of Egyptian granite on his back, supposed to have been one of the goals in the old theatre, which now stands before the Cathedral gates: the other embellishments of the city are unimportant. The one redeeming feature of Catania, *mirabile dictu*, is its astounding number of gas lamps: it is, without exception, the best lighted town—for its size—in the world: handsome lamps line all the chief streets at intervals of ten yards, and the citizens are justly proud of their nightly illuminations. There is nothing else worthy of praise in the city.

J. D. ERRINGTON LOVELAND.



## DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI AS PREACHER.

PAINTER as well as Poet, born a British subject, yet, to his inmost being, of the fervid sunny south; mediævalist in thought and art and at the same time possessed of all the breadth, and in the best and highest sense of the word, the rationalism of this present day, Dante Gabriel Rossetti stands forth not only as one of the most remarkable figures of the latter half of the 19th Century, but even more as one of the greatest and most influential teachers that has ever lived and loved and worked.

Art with him was, as it used to be with the men of old, a very sacred thing indeed, and the rationalism which runs through all the teaching hidden within his loveliest poems was ever tempered and held in due bounds by the veneration he felt and never lost sight of, even for a moment, for the dim religious light of a long forgotten past.

So curiously, so gracefully, so skilfully does he weave into his writings the religious fervour of the middle ages, the mysticism of Roman Italy, the Madonna worship of the superstitious sunny south, that almost unconsciously, and quite naturally, we have assigned him more the position of religious recluse than that of the worker, the thinker in the present day, the prophet of all that is highest and widest and purest and most God-like in the near future. No mystic he, in any other light than that of his tender love for the mystic past, though around his name has somehow grown a halo of mystery, which melts away as the clear calm sunshine of his teaching enters into the heart and mind of the thoughtful, intelligent reader and student of his poems. And between his pictorial art and his poems there lies a curious likeness, and withal there is a great unlikeness. Like, in that the same mystic religious mediævalism

pervades the spirit, the germ, the central *motif* of each, and yet unlike, wholly and entirely unlike, in the fact that whilst only mysticism, sometimes almost of an irritating and far-fetched nature, is the entire characteristic of his paintings, yet the poems are full of that modernity of thought, if I may so express myself, as renders them easily and alike intelligible and delightful to the cloistered student, the *dilettante* frequenter of the *salons* of culture, of refinement, of sweetness and light, and the every day practical hard-headed toiler who at night would fain lose himself and his surroundings in the dreamings of the graceful past. In short, as it has been truly said, his teaching in a most remarkable manner is a cross betwixt Italian Tradition and English Fact, a mingling of the old and of the new, of the foreign and of the home influence, which has for all sorts and conditions of men an indefinable but none the less a very definite charm. There are reserve forces, there are potentialities and possibilities hidden within the daintiness of his lines that have for many an indescribable attraction, as being, in a far off mystic manner but the expression of their own thoughts, long buried in the depths of their own hearts and almost unrealised, unrecognised, till, as it seems to them, they are met with for the first time in his heart-stirring tender melodies. The unknown, the half-guessed-at, the somewhat incomprehensible is ever new, ever delightful, ever sought after, and it is in this sense that Rossetti is a teacher of his kind, beloved by all thoughtful reverent beings, because he draws out of them all the latent poetry of their nature, he puts into words their best and purest thoughts, he shows them what they are and what they can be, he tells them what is in them, and, as it were, he holds up to them the looking-glass in which they are able to see the noblest workings of their inward mind and spirit.

What teaching there is for instance in those lines of his upon "A Young Fir-Wood":—

"These little firs to-day are things  
To clasp into a giant's cap,  
Or fans to suit his lady's lap,  
From many winters, many springs  
Shall cherish them in strength and sap,  
Till they be marked upon the map,  
A wood for the mind's wanderings.

" All seed is in the sower's hands,  
And what at first was trained to spread  
Its shelter for some single head,—  
Yea, even such fellowship of wands,—  
May hide the sunset, and the shade  
Of its great multitude be laid  
Upon the earth and elder sands."

It is in lines as these that one seems to hear not only "the roll of the ages," but one discerns somewhat of the possibilities and the potentialities that lie hidden in the dim remote undreamed-of future.

And again how exactly, and yet how delicately, is indicated in his "Sudden Light" that curious sense of pre-existence, as Sir Walter Scott used to term it, that now and again comes over us, frequently only to pass away almost before we are conscious of having experienced it. In the lines I am about to quote Rossetti has for ever fixed the fleeting fancy :—

" I have been here before,  
But how or when I cannot tell :  
I know the grass beyond the door,  
The sweet keen smell,  
The sighing sound, the lights around the shore.  
  
You have been mine before,—  
How long ago I may not know :  
But just when at that swallow's soar  
Your neck turned so,  
Some veil did fall,—I knew it all of yore."

What teaching of grandest, solemnest import he conveys to the soul in "Lost Days" :—

The lost days of my life until to-day,  
What were they, could I see them on the street  
Lie as they fell ? Would they be ears of wheat  
Sown once for food, but trodden into clay ?  
Or golden coins squandered and still to pay ?  
Or drops of blood dabbling the guilty feet ?  
Or such spilt water as in dreams must cheat  
The undying throats of Hell, athirst alway ?

I do not see them here ; but after death  
God knows I know the faces I shall see,  
Each one a murdered self, with low last breath,  
“ I am thyself,—what has thou done to me ? ”  
“ And I—and I—thyself,” (lo ! each one saith,)  
“ And thou thyself to all eternity ! ”

In these strong lines there is but little of the mysticism of the middle ages, though there is all of the Greek teaching of the inevitable Nemesis that stalks behind those whom Ruskin so well terms the destroyers rather than the makers of that which is good and blessed. This is the strong direct teaching that appeals so powerfully to the mind and intellect of the energetic and the bravely persevering of the ever present Now. And in so many of his other poems, which space forbids that I should quote, he gives his students all the hope and all the inspiration that lies contained within the doctrine that Eternal Right shall ever conquer Passing Wrong, and Love shall triumph over spiteful transient Hate.

RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.

## MY HOME.

Ah me ! ah me ! I think I see thee now  
 Oh ! home of happy childhood's years !  
 And all my heart is full of longing,  
 And my eyes are wet with tears,  
 When o'er me sweeps the wave of memory,  
 Drowning present hopes and fears.

A little red-brick, ivy-covered house,  
 With windows opening on the lawn,  
 While roses, climbing round their casements deep,  
 Nod sweetly to the rooms " Good morn,"  
 And from the quaint old garden, odours sweet  
 Upon the summer breeze are borne.

Slow, 'neath the shady trees the cows do pass,  
 Where chequered shadows softly lie,  
 While wood-doves coo their drowsy notes and low  
 Amid the spreading beeches high ;  
 And rabbits sport them in the long green grass,  
 Or swiftly to their burrows fly.

Harebells do bloom upon the mossy banks,  
 And down their dewy heads bend low,  
 While every leaf and every flower  
 Hangs quiv'ring in the summer glow,  
 And scarce across the long hay-meadows  
 Breezes faintest, softest, blow.

*THE GROVE.*

So does it come to me once, once again,  
And I dream of the long, long past,  
While still I shall keep in my heart of hearts  
The friends that I loved so fast,  
'Till the day is o'er and the morn breaks fair,  
And I meet them all at last.

M.T.

## ON THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF LYME.

### PART III.

THE 5th year of Edward III. marks another important era in the history of the borough. The king granted to the burgesses the town at a fee-farm rent of 32 marks, as has been already stated. That meant the entire control of the local revenue subject only to this payment, and was a distinct step in advance. The city of Oxford was let in the same reign at a rent of 60 marks. It has been calculated on what seem to be good grounds, that at a period not much later, the population of Oxford amounted to between 5,000 and 6,000 souls. If these figures are accepted and the proportion holds good, we may infer that the population of Lyme was at least as numerous then as now, and its relative wealth and trade much greater. In fact Lyme was the port of supply and exportation for all the country at its back as far at least as Sherborne and Taunton. The chief commerce was with Gascony, the principal import Bordeaux wines, the principal export wool.

In the 14th year of Edward III. the burgesses petitioned for and obtained a grant licensing them to build a Water Mill in the Mulle-hulle or Mill hollow, the aptness of which name must strike everyone who knows the site, and to make a trench to convey the water to drive the Mill. The basement of the Mill, which is very massive and solid, is apparently the work of this time; and the watercourse running for a long way parallel to the river with its intermediate causeway and little stone bridges is among the remarkable features of the town. As the name Mulle-hulle is older than the grant, a Mill must have existed at some earlier date upon the same spot, and at the time of Domesday

there was a Mill upon the Belet Manor. The king did not make this grant without receiving some valuable consideration. The Mulle-hulle had been previously rated in the king's rent-roll at 2s. out of the whole rent-charge for the town of 32 marks or £21 6s. 8d. In return for the privilege it was stipulated that the burgesses should thenceforth pay an additional 7s. yearly to the crown. This payment to the exchequer is still made by the Corporation, though the Town Mill has ceased in this century to be corporate property.

In their Petition for the Mill, the burgesses had stated *that they were oppressed with so many continually increasing causes and adversities*. This was no figure of speech or rhetorical embellishment, for in this year, 1340, as appears from an inquisition held at the time by the king's commissioners, a very considerable portion of the town was grievously damaged or destroyed by a great storm and sudden irruption of the sea. *Item maxima pars terræ et ten' ville de Lym attract' est et destructa p. tempestatem et super undacom maris*. It took Lyme some time to recover from that blow. Though 30 burgesses are stated here to have paid their ninths and only 22 at Weymouth, the latter port sent 15 ships to the siege of Calais and this place only 4. Sidmouth sent 3 and Seaton 2 to the same siege. The usual proportion of Lyme ships was very much greater.

According to a tradition, which I believe however is apocryphal, a mound in the churchyard marks the burying place of the victims of the terrible Black Death. Dorset was the first county in England where the plague broke out, it having been imported as supposed from France. The scared survivors began to convert their property into money and sought to flee the contagion-smitten country. This brought down a peremptory order from the Court to the bailiffs of Lyme. *Vobis mandamus, districtius injungentes, quod homines ad arma, vel peregrinos, aut aliquos alios de dicto regno nostro, vel aliunde, cujuscumque status vel conditionis fuerit, nisi fuerit mercator, notarius, aut nuncius notus, in dicto portu, clam vel palam, ex nunc nullatenus transire permittatis, sine mandato nostro speciali; talem et tantam diligentiam in hac parte apponentes, ne de facto gestu vestro inde coram nobis puniri debeatis in futurum*. They were to suffer none to cross the sea without a special permit from the king, except merchants, notaries and accredited messengers. The bailiffs were to see to this at their peril.



Towards the clouded close of the Victor of Crecy's glorious reign the French landed and set fire to Lyme, an act which afterwards they repeated more than once. Many of the burgesses in consequence of this abandoned the town for safer homes elsewhere. But worse misfortune was in store. Edward III. died in June, 1377, and in the November of the same year occurred a terrible storm upon this coast, which totally destroyed the Cobb and swept away 77 tenements belonging (as is stated in the Inquisition, which mentions all the proprietors by name) to rich and able merchants inhabiting in the town. Most of these persons are distinctly said to have perished with their houses. Fifteen large and great ships and forty boats, whereof twenty were for fishing were also carried away and altogether destroyed. Seventy-one other tenements (the names of the owners of which are also given) are described as wasted, void, or altogether destroyed owing to the death or driving away of the merchants in consequence of the intolerable burdens incident to the town. There remained no more than eight burgesses and twenty-one poor tenants within the liberty. The cost of restoring the Cobb was estimated at £300 and upwards. Lyme very slowly recovered from this fearful blow, but it did recover. It must be remembered that most of our information about the place between the reigns of Edward I. and Henry VIII. is derived from the petitions of the townsmen for some abatement of their rents and taxes and the steps consequently taken. In times of prosperity they went on their own way and kept no record.

It would be monotonous to tell of every accident of storm and tempest (there were many such) or of every act of damage done by the king's enemies. The Wars of the Roses did not roll this way, and as has been said already Lyme shared in the general advance and development of the Western Counties during the Tudor period.

Leland visited the town, and this is what he says about it:—"From Axmouth to Lime, about four miles by meatly good ground, but no plenty of wood. Lime is a praty market town, set in the rootes of a high rockky hill down to the hard shore. This town hath good shippes, and usith fishing and marchauntice. Marchaunts of Morleys in Britaine much haunt this town. There cummith a shalow broke from the hilles, about a thre miles by north, and cummith fleting on great stones, through a stone bridge in the botom. The tounsemen commonly

call this water the Buddel." He speaks also of the Cobb and mentions that there is but one *paroch church*.

I have spoken of the Charter granted by Queen Mary in her first year. She did not always continue in the same favourable mind towards her Lyme subjects. Henry VIII., for ten years before his death, had given an annual grant of £20 for the maintenance of the Cobb, to be charged upon the customs of the town. Edward VI. continued this grant, but Mary afterwards withdrew it in her displeasure at the obstinate attachment of the burgesses to the principles of the Reformation. The frugal-minded Elizabeth renewed it at the beginning of her reign, paid it for two years and then quietly let it drop. In the winter of 1585-6 the Cobb had once again suffered severe damage from the violence of the waves, and a memorial was sent to Walsingham praying for relief. The mischief done was estimated at above £2,000. According to this Memorial or Remembrance, as it was termed, there were at that time belonging to the Cobb 23 barks and pinnaces engaged in foreign trade, manned by over 200 able mariners. The Royal Grant was not renewed, but an Act of Parliament was passed, 27 Eliz., authorising the Mayor to charge as dues *on every pack of woollen cloth brought into or carried from the town, 3d. ; on every fardell of linen cloth, 3d. ; on every ton of sweet wine, oil and sack, 8d. ; on other wines, 6d. ; on every ton of merchandise, 4d. ; and 6d. keelage on every vessel*. These imposts were granted first for five years, afterwards continued by successive renewals, and made permanent by 3 Car. I., c. 4. It appears from the Act of Elizabeth that much of the mischief had been occasioned by the worm called *artas*, better known to modern readers as the *teredo*. To complete the history of this grant of £20, it was afterwards revived by Charles I. in 1634 and continued to be paid until the outbreak of the Civil War. In 1684 it was increased to £100, paid out of the Civil List by each sovereign in succession till 1806, when the allowance was doubled and remained at £200 down to the passing of the Great Reform Act, after which it altogether ceased. Besides these fixed annuities, other sums were occasionally given, sometimes to a large amount, either of the Royal bounty or by Grant from Parliament for a similar purpose from the year 1644 to 1825. But there is little likelihood that either King or Parliament will ever act again towards us the part of such a fairy godmother.

To return to Elizabeth's reign, in the spring of 1588 a careful survey was made of all the landing places in Dorsetshire in anticipation of the coming of the Great Armada. It was made the more carefully, perhaps, because of the share which Chideock Tichborne had had in Babington's conspiracy. This was the result of the inspection of the coast on this side Bridport:

"Chidioke and Charmouth are two beaches to lande boates, but it must be verie flayre wether, and the wind northerly. Lym. A cobbe or peere, wherein shyppes may aryve, having fayre wynde and bringing the tyde with them, and no danger." This "view" of the coast was made by the celebrated soldier, Sir John Norris, accompanied by some of the County Justices, Sir Henry Ashley, ancestor of the Shaftesbury family, George Trenchard, Esq., and others. The Lyme Corporation entertained the party at supper at a cost to the town of £4 6s. 4d. Some may remember the saying of Sir John Norris, how he wondered he could see no man in the kingdom afraid but himself.

Lyme was regarded as not very defensible, but a detachment of 60 men from Blandford was told off to garrison it, "twenty shot, twenty bows, the rest bylles." The general force of the county was to muster at Weymouth.

But the Lyme men who had arms and knew how to use them were doing better service elsewhere. Out of the 43 ships with the Lord High Admiral Howard of Effingham, 3 went forth from the Cobb at Lyme, and there were 2 Lyme ships among the 33 of Drake.

Lyme ships with the Admiral :—

|                                       |    |                          |
|---------------------------------------|----|--------------------------|
| Revenge, 60 tons, 30 men              | .. | Richard Bedford, master. |
| Jacob, 90 tons, 40 men                | .. | Master's name not known. |
| Thomas Bonadventure, 60 tons, 30 men, |    | John Pentire, master.    |

Ditto with Sir Francis Drake :—

|                                  |    |                            |
|----------------------------------|----|----------------------------|
| Elizabeth Drake, 60 tons, 30 men |    | Thomas Seelye, master.     |
| Bear, 140 tons, 60 men           | .. | John Yonge, Gent., master. |

It may interest some of your readers to know the cost to the Government of naval operations at that date. They paid for each merchant vessel taken into the service 6d. per ton per week. The charge for victualling was 4d. per man daily.

Here is the bill as sent for the Revenge, Jacob, and Thomas Bonadventure :—

|  | £           | s.       | d.       |
|--|-------------|----------|----------|
| The Revenge of Lyme, 2 months' wages for 30 men .. | 42          | 0        | 0        |
| Jacob of Lyme, 2 months' wages for 60 men ..       | 70          | 0        | 0        |
| Tonnage of the two ships, being 160 tons ..        | 32          | 0        | 0        |
| Victualling of the two ships, 2 months ..          | 112         | 0        | 0        |
| Thomas Bonadventure, of Lyme, 30 men, 6 weeks ..   | 31          | 0        | 0        |
| One month's victual .. .. .                        | 21          | 0        | 0        |
| Tonnage of the same, 60 tons .. .. .               | 9           | 0        | 0        |
|  | <u>£317</u> | <u>0</u> | <u>0</u> |

The rate of pay was as follows:—

|                                | £  | s. | d. |
|--------------------------------|----|----|----|
| Lieutenant, per Mensem .. .. . | 15 | 0  | 0  |
| Naval Surgeon .. .. .          | 1  | 10 | 0  |
| Pilot .. .. .                  | 2  | 0  | 0  |
| Trumpeter .. .. .              | 1  | 5  | 0  |
| Halberdier .. .. .             | 1  | 0  | 0  |
| Ordinary Seaman .. .. .        | 14 | 0  | 0  |

The John Yonge above mentioned as master and owner of the Bear, was afterwards knighted for his services. He was one of the first to engage in the Barbary Trade, or as we should call it now the Slave Trade, and was connected also with the Massachusetts Bay Company. But of all the Elizabethan mariners connected with the port of Lyme, the greatest by far was Sir George Somers, or as the name was anciently spelt Summers, the discoverer of the Bermudas, or Somers' Islands as they used to be sometimes called. He died in Bermuda 1610, and his heart was buried there, but his body brought back to England by his nephew Captain Matthew Summers and interred at Whitchurch Canonieorum. He had been one of the Parliamentary representatives for Lyme and the question had been raised in the House the previous year, whether by his absence on the king's service abroad his seat was vacated. The Commons appear to have decided after much hesitation that it was, and that a new writ must be issued. Fuller, with one of the quaint touches which make his work such delightful reading, gives Sir George this character: 'A lamb on the land, so patient that few could anger him, and, as if on entering a ship he had assumed a new nature, a lion at sea, so passionate that few could please him.'

Elizabeth, in the 33rd year of her reign, granted Lyme a new charter, which continued in force, with little alteration, until the Municipal Reform Act of 1835. Previous to the charter of Elizabeth we know very little about the actual details of the borough administration. We are only told vaguely of burgesses and freemen, of bailiffs and of the

Mayor and his brethren. The tendency of the new charter, as usual with those granted by the Tudors, seems to have been rather to limit than to extend the municipal rights of the burgesses and to create an imperium in imperio, which perhaps had already prevailed in fact, but was now recognised by law. There was to be a Common Council of *six of the most honest and discreet burgesses*, a recorder, a common clerk, some inferior officers, such as hayward, &c., and *two sergeants at the club*, one appointed by the Mayor alone and the other by the Mayor and capital burgesses. These capital burgesses were the principal innovation. William Ellesdon was appointed by name to be the first Mayor under the new order of things, and eleven of the principal residents, John Hassard the elder, John Bellamy, Walter Harvey, John Davey, Richard Davy, Robert Barnes, John Hayes and Richard Norris were named the first capital burgesses and were to constitute a higher and more privileged class than the ordinary burgesses, who seem to have been held of small account. These twelve persons, including the Mayor, were empowered to choose out four other burgesses. The office was for life, but might be forfeited by misconduct, and any vacancy in the number was always to be filled up by co-optation. Future Mayors were to be elected by the capital burgesses on the Monday after St. Bartholomew's Day and to enter upon office on the Monday after the feast of St. Michael. The Mayor was to be a justice *so long as he continue in office*, but with no power to deal with questions of *treason or felony touching the loss of life or limb*. This was the constitution of the unreformed Corporation of Lyme, nearly as it stood at the time of the siege and of the Monmouth rebellion and for 150 years after that event.

By the Charter of James I. (9th Jac. I.) the Mayor was continued in office as a Justice of the Peace for the two years immediately succeeding his Mayoralty (provided he remained a capital burgess) and the Recorder and Coroner, the last a new officer of the borough to be elected by the Mayor and Capital Burgesses, were also raised to the bench. These justices were empowered to hold "*a general sessions of the peace* for all matters and causes within the borough in as ample a manner as any county or city, except for treason, misprision of treason, murder, or felony, or matters touching the loss of life or limb." This charter first limits the general right of taking stone for building or

other purposes from the sea or shore. By a subsequent charter of Charles I. (10 Car. I.) the Mayor was appointed Clerk of the Market.

Notwithstanding some occasional annoyance from Barbary corsairs and pirates in general, the trade of Lyme flourished exceedingly during the Stuart period. The customs duties amounted in some years to more than £5,000. Following the example which Sir John Yonge had set, her merchants traded with Guinea for gold dust and ivory white and black, with the Plantations in the West Indies or Virginia, with the Iberian Peninsula and the ports of the Levant.

We have now come down to the two great historical events with which Lyme is most intimately connected in the minds of most, the siege by Prince Maurice and the Monmouth rebellion. With these I hope to deal in your next number.

Z. EDWARDS.

*(To be Concluded.)*

## CONCLUSION OF MR. COURTENAY TRACEY'S SEASON.

MR. COURTENAY TRACEY finished his season's hunting at Seend on the 24th, and a very successful season it has been. A good show of Otters on most of the streams; and out of twenty seven days' hunting, eighteen Otters were brought to hand. A very good record indeed, considering the great difficulties a huntsman has to contend with in the way of heavy water and dearth of shallows alone on streams these hounds hunt.

Mr. Courtenay Tracey brought his hounds from Hollywell, his place in Hampshire, on the 23rd to Devizes, putting up at the Bear Hotel and meeting at Baldham Mill on Wednesday, 24th.

A dull gray morning and a keen air; notwithstanding, a large field had turned out to see what they could and enjoy the fun. Going to water close by the Mill, it was at once evident that an Otter had been about there in his night's ramble, and, after making it all good on that side of the stream, the hounds swam across to the opposite bank. Immediately they hit it off, and in a crack they lay hold of the trail and stream away over the big grass field that adjoins with such a cry as to lead many to think it must be a fox, but Mr. Tracey knows his hounds and trusts them. Right to the big thick fence the other side, where they checked, and for a few seconds things looked serious, as an infuriated old cow fearing harm to her infant calf, charged pell mell for the hounds; but not liking the look of two Otter poles, retired without doing any harm. Old Governor has found a smeuse and is through the hedge. As he throws his tongue in the road the rest are to him in a twinkling, and once more they are at it ding dong. How excited some did get, and how they did run, expecting, no doubt, they would see the Otter every moment. Over the road they take it, up a broad green

lane, through a hedge into a large field and across to a pond, where, no doubt, the Otter had been frogging by way of change of diet, and it was plain that this was the outside point to which he had been. It was very pretty to watch the hounds as they spread and cast themselves naturally to recover the trail, allowed to do it all themselves, the huntsman not endeavouring to make people believe that he knew better than his hounds. Again they hit off the trail and take it right back to the river, and almost immediately get a mark some little way up the stream, a very strong place indeed. The next thing to be done was to get a stickle somewhere, for without a base of operations it is utterly hopeless to try and kill an Otter in such water. At last a rather shallower place was found, low down at the Bridge by Baldham Mill, here there was a ledge of mason work that ran across the bottom of the stream, on which one could stand up to the waist in the water of this dark filthy stream, and if you incautiously stepped too far forward or backwards were in danger of being held fast in mud up to the hips. One old blade promptly refused to go in until it was absolutely necessary,—that his help was needed, and very pointed indeed were the gibes and raileries of the young bloods, proud of their prowess at seeking bubble reputation in a stickle.

Up and down the stream the Otter swims, the hounds hunting him by the wash, hounds on the swim also. Several times he tried the stickle, but it is no go. Apparently, he has no wish to go up stream; there is nothing to prevent him, but he always turns back at a certain point, and, after an exciting hunt of one hour-and-a-quarter, the hounds kill him in the water. A fine dog Otter of 18lb.

Another Otter has been seen, so after a glass of Mr. Hampton's sherry, hounds are taken up stream to try down, so as to get off the foiled ground. In a piece of sedge they find him, and down stream he points to try the old holts, but hounds keep him continually on the move, the only sign of him his chain of bubbles, and after 45 minutes hounds score their last blood of the season.

Every one was much pleased with the day's sport, and many were the laments that the Master was unable to give the good people in the Devizes country the pleasure of another day's sport, with whom he is so justly popular, as indeed he is with every one he comes in contact with. A man possessed of such charm of manner is rarely found, a true



*CONCLUSION OF MR. COURTENAY TRACEY'S SEASON. 97*

sportsman and staunch friend. A move was made to Mr. White's house, the Bulckington Miller, who most kindly gave us an excellent lunch, which did not come amiss after a five o'clock breakfast and a long morning's sport.

We owe the sincerest thanks to every one in the neighbourhood for the loyal support they all unite in giving Mr. Courtenay Tracey, for however good a man may be, it is quite impossible for him to show sport unless he has the support of the owners and occupiers. May we all meet again next May is the sincere wish of

FINGER POST.

## A QUARTER OF A CENTURY IN THE PUNJAUB.

### CHAPTER V.

#### *The Second Siege of Mooltan, 1848-9.*

OUR new chief engineer—Colonel (afterwards Sir John) Cheape—had now joined us, who certainly infused renewed energy into the siege operations; and the whole of the Bombay column having arrived on the 26th December, and about 5,000 gabions and fascines having been brought up from the Engineer dépôt at Shújábad, operations were commenced on the 27th by a concerted attack in force, whereby the enemy's positions *outside* the walls were stormed and carried, the enemy driven within his walls, and siege operations renewed. The total casualties in this attack exceeded two hundred, including several officers. We this time changed our tactics and attacked the citadel as well as the city. At nightfall mortar batteries were established within seven hundred to one thousand yards of the citadel. They opened at daylight the following morning. The trenches and sap approaches were also opened; in short "ground was broken," and the siege commenced in form.

Being on the regimental staff of the siege train, I kept a regular journal of the siege operations with ample details; it is now before me, but it were tedious to enter over minutely into the daily steps of these operations. A slight sketch of the general progress of the siege may, however, be given for the information of my military readers; to others—non-combatants—I recommend the closing of the chapter at this point; but towards the end a few lines on the "picturesque" aspect of the siege may, perhaps, be found. Suffice, then, to say that by degrees the ordnance was got into position and the artillery fire developed. On

the 30th there were twenty-seven pieces in battery playing on the citadel and city walls. About 9.30 a.m. the principal powder magazine of the fortress exploded with terrific violence. A stately column of smoke and débris first appeared to rise, which, gradually expanding into a palm-like canopy, enveloped the fort, and gradually descending like a vast pall on the doomed fortress, involved the entire works in smoke and dust. The shell which caused the explosion was fired from No. 2 8in. mortar of the "Blue Mosque" Battery.\* The General commanding the force (Whish) and Colonel (afterwards Sir Henry) Lawrence, the Resident of Lahore—who was passing up country on his way from England—were both standing close in rear of my battery watching the practice, and when the explosion took place they came in and warmly congratulated me. Sir Henry left camp next day, and was in time for the battle of Chillianwalla, fought by Lord Gough's army on the 13th of January, whilst we were still in the trenches before Mooltan. By the evening of this day a practicable breach in the city wall at the south east or Koonie-Boorj bastion had been opened by the Bengal Artillery, with the loss of fifteen gunners killed or wounded.

The breach at the Delhi gate, opened by the sailors of the Indus flotilla, under the Bombay Artillery, was reported ready the next day, but proved impracticable when assaulted on the 2nd January by the Bengal Column, led by the grenadiers of the 32nd Regiment, as there

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\* Besides my journal, the *Punjab Blue Book* for that eventful period—1847-8-9—is before me, and is itself a most interesting history of most of the details of these wars. I may just quote Letter No. 44, Enclosure 21, as containing a report on the subject:

"From Major-Genl. Whish to the Adjnt.-Genl. of the Army.

"Camp, Mooltan, Dec. 30, 1848.

"I was in hopes yesterday of being able to forward a complete casualty list in reference to our attacks of the 27th instant, and trust nothing will prevent my doing so to-morrow.

"I have the gratification now of reporting to you for the information of his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, that by a shell from one of the mortars of the battery mentioned in my letter of the 28th instant (laid on the occasion by Lieutenant Newall, Bengal Artillery) the enemy's principal magazine in the citadel was blown up at 9 a.m., and the Grand Musjid, so appropriated, destroyed, with many houses and buildings in its vicinity. The sight was awfully grand, and precisely similar to that at the Siege of Hattaras, on the 1st March, 1817. I hope the consequences may be the same, in which case the enemy would abandon the fort to-night; otherwise I contemplate assaulting the city to-morrow."

And in my opinion *this should have been done*—and the fort as well—as was, indeed, suggested and volunteered for by Colonel Franks, H.M. 10th Regiment, a most able officer of those wars, though a terrible martinet.

was found a drop of 12ft. or more of the wall unbreached, and the column had to retire under cover. The Bombay column on the other hand, led by the stormers of the 1st Bombay Fusiliers—by a strange inconsistency told off to assault the Bengal breach—succeeded in carrying the city of Mooltan in the most gallant manner, and acquired all honour thereby, somewhat at the expense of the troops of the rival Presidency of Bengal; but let it be remembered that the old Bengal Artillery opened the road for them on that occasion! The total loss in storming the city amounted to two hundred and forty-nine casualties—chiefly amongst the Bombay troops.

From this date the siege went steadily on: the city was occupied by our troops, and breaching batteries were established on the city side as well as at the north-east angle of the citadel, so that two distinct attacks were thus established. I see that on the 8th there were thirty-six pieces in battery. On the 9th a Bombay battery manned by sailors caught fire and was burned to the ground. On the 11th a sortie by the enemy on the head of the sap met with some success, owing to the guard of the trenches not being well placed, but after a short fight in the trenches the enemy was repulsed. On the 15th I found myself on duty at the city breaching battery, the guns of which I had the job of bringing through the tortuous streets of the city. On the 17th three mines, each of nine hundred pounds, were tamped and ready for explosion to blow in the counterscarp of the ditch. They were exploded on the 18th, when also the city breaching battery (where I again found myself on duty with the heavy 8in. howitzers) opened fire, and in the course of that day effected a practicable breach on the city face of the citadel; the walls—shaken by the 18-pounders—falling in great masses under the fire of the howitzer shells.

During the night I recollect having to keep open the breach by grape, as the enemy made many efforts to retrench it. My poor old servant—a classie—whilst bringing me my cloak from the rear, was shot through the head near these guns this day.\* On the 20th we heard of the battle of Chillianwála; and with us also all was ready for

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\* It was bruited about camp that I had myself been killed, and I recollect meeting friends for several days afterwards who seemed surprised to see me; one especially, who exclaimed, "Hullo, old fellow, alive still! We heard you had got a cropper long ago, and were under the *muties* (ground)!" I suppose the pace was too good to enquire.

the assault; but it was not till the 21st that the garrison came to terms. On that date or next day, after much negotiation and attempts at cajolery, Moolraj, with the remainder of his garrison—3,500 men—surrendered unconditionally; leaving fifty guns in position on the walls: some of them, especially those flanking the breaches, were found loaded up to the very muzzle with bags of nails, &c.

The fort inside was a mass of débris and a mere ruin, scarcely a square foot of ground on which a shell, or fragment of a shell, had not fallen; and it speaks well for the energy of the defence that the surrender was so long delayed. Both breaches were found perfectly practicable, though some slight attempts at retrenchment were observable.

Thus ended the *Siege of Mooltan* in a bloodless manner at last—the troops being spared the additional loss of an assault—but our losses during the siege were, all told, 1,191 casualties. The artillery practice throughout the siege was excellent, and slightly in advance of the sapping and engineering operations, than which, however, nothing could have been better performed; and when we consider that after so long a peace this was the first considerable siege that had been undertaken either in India (or indeed Europe) by the British Army for years past, I think it may on the whole be pronounced creditable to the scientific corps engaged.

The Bengal Artillery had only 170 British and 84 native gunners to man their 32 siege pieces, with about 90 gun lascars. Their casualties during the siege were over 80 all told: two officers, two non-commissioned officers, and ten men killed; four officers, three non-commissioned officers and 62 men wounded. The total expenditure of ammunition (Bengal and Bombay) amounted to 39,479 rounds! an enormous expenditure, and to which the results obtained must be considered disproportionate.

On the 26th of January, 1849, the bodies of Messrs. Agnew and Anderson—our envoys at Mooltan, who had been treacherously murdered by Moolraj's soldiery in April—were disinterred and carried up the grand breach by our troops and buried with due solemnities on the highest part of the citadel, which pious act terminated this eventful episode of the second Sikh war. On the 27th, the leading brigade of the Mooltan field force commenced its march to reinforce the army of the commander-in-chief—Sir H. Gough—on the Chenâb, which was

somewhat pressed to hold its own in face of the great united Sikh army opposed to it.

A few words on the picturesque aspects of the Mooltan expedition may, perhaps, here be given, and the subject finally dismissed. Could I here reproduce them, the illustrative sketches, which I found time to make from time to time, would, in themselves, afford glimpses of the current course of events. The turbid, rolling Sutlej, and the river scenes of the water journey; the hot night marches across the arid jungle of the Bári Doāb; the wild irregular fighting of the September's siege and times intermediate till the resumption of operations; the *spectacle* of the January's siege, are all incidentally depicted; but it would require the graphic pen of a Napier or of the military novelist to eloquently depict "camp life on service," and the incidents of the "war of the trenches." Many of these were grotesque and amusing, as well as sometimes sad—the lights and shades of warfare! The rush of the shot,\* the flight of the mortar shells—especially at night, were subjects of interest and even of beauty. The orbits of these last intersecting each other at night in brilliant curves, chasing each other as it were like fiery serpents through the air, presented a singularly beautiful sight, and we contrived to fire salvoes of mortar partly with the above object in view, a thing not often done in mortar practice. The starlit heavens, under which we lay so many nights in open trenches, were, of course, always a glorious canopy, except when—as occurred during the latter portion of the second siege—rain set in, and then the trenches became a slough of despond. The flashes of the bursting shell lighting up the dark walls of Mooltan, and bringing them into bold relief for a moment as they fell within the works, was a fine sight, and the explosion of the enemy's great magazine on the 30th of December, 1848, was a sight of awful grandeur never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

I will borrow the words of a writer of those days, a non-combatant, and of another who, being in the allies' camp, four miles off, beheld it at

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\* It is usually considered "bad form" to narrate one's *narrow escapes*, but I cannot forbear remembering the rush of a certain round shot which—fired from the walls of the fortress of Mooltan as I was presenting a document for signature to my commanding officer on my sabretache—passed exactly betwixt us! Another, following it immediately, struck a gabion, the withes of which cut the brave old major's hand. The rush of a shot is "shaky," but the idea that the *wind* of a round shot hurts must, I think, be considered a popular fallacy.

the best effective distance, and could describe it more perfectly than I, from whose battery the destructive shell was launched.

"Yesterday the magazine of the fort was blown up, having been ignited by a shell from our batteries. I happened to be on my way to the battery at the time—about a mile from the city—and saw the explosion just at a proper distance, and it was the most awfully sublime sight I have ever seen. The whole earth shook for miles around the fort, and the atmosphere was darkened for hours by a dense cloud, which hung like a mantle over the city."

Another eye-witness says—"At first we felt a slight shock like an earthquake, then a second or two afterwards such a tremendous and prolonged report that it was like an awful clap of thunder. I hardly know what to liken it to, it was so inconceivably grand. Then a mass of dust rose to the very clouds; yet so perfectly distinct was its outline, and it was so dense and thick, that nobody at first could tell what it was; it looked like an immense solid brown tree suddenly grown up to the skies, and then it gradually expanded and slowly sailed away. The shock at four miles distance knocked bottles off the table, so terrific was the report."

And still another witness described it as "Like an enormous tree shooting up to the height of nearly a thousand feet. It seemed as if the army would be buried under the drooping canopy."

Moolraj had been collecting the shell and powder it contained for five years, and the latter was stated to be sixteen thousand pounds in weight, but must have been much more. It was stored in the Great Jumma Musjid of Mooltan, which was hurled into the air by the explosion; and it is a consolatory thought that, as compensation for the destruction caused, the army was probably saved the loss of an assault, the enemy's resources being so crippled thereby.

With these extracts I will conclude the chapter, and get on to Sir Hugh Gough's camp and the *Army of the Punjab*.

D. J. F. NEWALL.

## SONG.

I woo'd a maiden proud and fair,  
Whose face my life was haunting,  
But she would drive me to despair  
With cruel words and taunting.  
At last, I hotly press'd my court ;  
She look'd at me demurely,  
And answer'd me in sentence short,  
" In Spring I'll tell you surely."

The Spring-time came with bud and song,  
I bless'd the glad new comer,  
But when again I urged her long,  
She whisper'd " Wait till Summer."  
I waited, tho' mad grief and pain  
My inmost soul were galling,  
And got for answer once again,  
" When Autumn leaves are falling."

How shall I tell it ? Half afraid,  
In loving words and glowing,  
I asked her yet once more, she said  
" When Winter's winds are blowing."  
Again I waited, for I knew  
She must have had a reason.  
This time she said " I'll marry you,  
When — there's *another* season."

W. MALING WYNCH, Jun.

Buxton, 18th October, 1891.



## THE WRITINGS OF ALTHEA SWARTHMOOR.

A portrait of Althea Swarthmoor hangs in the library of the House with Eleven Staircases. She is depicted (by Kneller's brush) as a tall, thin woman of thirty, somewhat sallow in the matter of complexion, and with deerhound eyes. "Her crisp black hair is drawn plainly from an admirably arched brow, and there is a perplexed look about her lips

Doctor Marston's miniature hangs beside;—the presentment of a corpulent, thick-necked divine with a fair skin, pallid eyes and full lips. Herrickian curls lie flat on the temples; a suave grace is manifest in the dimpled chin and complacent cheeks.

The literary remains of the first are confined in sheepskin on the topmost shelf of the bookcase. The Swarthmoors have a certain objection to this volume being opened, for the episode of their seven times great-aunt is supposed to reflect no honour on the family. However, a few specimens of those fantastic letters, culled at random, will harm neither them nor the reader.

*Althea Swarthmoor to Dr. Marston.*

The House with Eleven Staircases,

19th May, 1709.

Do not fear, good Doctor, that I shall ever lose the remembrance of those tender words you spoke in the maze the other evening. It is unnecessary to copy them down for me, for they seem part of some rich painting wherein the hanging moon and the stars form but the background,—such a picture as shall ever remain before my view. Yet I thank you for your kind proffer, and whilst I forbid you, entreat you

to know that I am depriving myself of what would be a most valued souvenir. Commend me to madam your wife, and understand that I am most cordially, your ever faithful friend to serve you. •

*Dr. Marston to Alihea Swarthmoor.\**

Baltcomb in Lancashire, 20th May, 1709.

Honoured Madam. I was writing my discourse for the Sunday when the messenger brought your most gracious epistle. Truly a great happiness hath fallen to me! When I declared myself as one whom the power of your presence and the fascination of your glances conquered I felt the same spirit as is described by the lover in the Canticles,—“*Turn away thine eyes, for they have overcome me.*” In the pulpit I shall hold forth next on the Shulamite and her would-be spouse. A fig for those who fondly believe the Church is meant! ’Tis an idyllic cry of passion betwixt real man and real woman; the preparative for as rich a marriage song as the world ever imagined. Yet, Madam, to you alone dare I acknowledge this idea. We are both freed (in mind) from the conventual, but the world is apt to be censorious with those who have strength enough to think apart from the multitude. Therefore my treatment of the old love-song must be in the usual veil of supposed prophecy. How rarely does it befall a man to have such a friend (if I dare think you my friend) as you! Let me see you soon: I have a thousand thoughts to elaborate,—a thousand religious fears to overcome, which you must help me with. My poor wife is at present sunning herself among the herbs; she is again threatened with plethora. I am, with the truest sense of gratitude and respect possible, your most humble, most obedient and most obliged servant.

*Alihea Swarthmoor to Dr. Marston.*

The House with Eleven Staircases,

30th July, 1709.

Were it not that I had promised to write whene’er I had leisure, I might perchance, choose rather to loiter about the pleasaunce with my brother’s children, and to sit by the water basins, watching the gold fish and paddling my fingers. But the strange impatience that has filled me of late, forces me to take pen in hand and to write all the wild thoughts

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\* This letter is given as the only one preserved of the worthy priest.

that fleet through my brain. If only the sound of thy voice came, the mid-day heat would roll away and I should be refreshed as by soft, pattering fountains. Tell me of Love, not in the few words that almost make me swoon with their power ; but in one long, uninterrupted recital. Fear not the censure of other folk (for the speech shall sink secret in my bosom,) but drag it out of thy very heart,—one drop of blood for each word. Thy miniature rests on my table. Alas, my Bible hath grown dusty with neglect ! May we not meet and talk of Passion and of Death, and of how they often walk hand-in-hand together. Your most loyal and ever devoted Althea.

*The Same to the Same.*

Aug. 5th, 1709.

A trifle I have written I enclose. One at dinner chid me for never having loved. The verses were born of fevered heat during a restless night. I have named them *The Secret Priestess of the Amorous Deities*.

Nymphs and Shepherds, forthwith sing  
To Dan Cupid, Friend and King,  
Gam'sters with our wav'ring hearts,  
Giver both of joys and smarts.  
Hail to Cupid ! Hail !

Hail to Venus ! Mother-Queen,  
Who, with eyes of glist'ning sheen,  
Sports him on, our souls to cheat,  
Laughs and sings at every feat.  
Hail to Venus ! Hail !

But the Love which dwelt inside  
My heart's core had liefer died,  
Than be praised and sung aloud,  
For 'twas secret, wild and proud.

*The Same to the Same.*

Sept. 20th, 1709.

That you should truly admire what you are good enough to praise, gives me pure joy. In my girlhood I had dreams of helping another by throwing my whole life in with theirs. Am I really of service to you—assure me that you did not flatter ! Doubting is delicious only when one is certain that the doubts must be resolved. Another walk in the

coppice, now the nights are so sweet and so misty. Another of those fatal, delicious hours wherein Love comes at the flood. Dear Marston, best and noblest of friends, believe me ever to be your devoted and very attached servant.

*A Manuscript of Althea Swarthmoor, suggested by some Dread.*

Written about January, 1710.

There is nothing in the world more sad than a Love that's dying. Profoundest melancholy comes when the gaudily-hued leaves drop from their parent boughs in Autumn and leave the trunk gaunt, bare and unlovely. Those trees are beautifullest whose fruit hangs bright and cheering through the winter, but, alas, they are rare indeed.

How the groaning branches weep when they see their offspring, yellow, crimson, and death-colour lying beneath them, or carried off, dancing blithely, by every little breeze, to shrivel and decay as Nature demands, on some alien soil. The fairest lineaments of Devotion depart thus from us, and though we grasp a withered Tenderness with such a palsied hold as an age-worn oak clutches its leaves, the unwilling thing passes away, floats through the thin air and leaves us tearful.

We force ourselves to exact those little attentions given by the beloved one, and take an unhealthy gratification in such, believing, or striving to believe, that there is no gold and nought but baser metal in the world. But this cannot last. The passions of some are destined to die quickly. To warm a corse on the hearth brings back no life. Bury the dead deeply, water its grave with streaming eyes, and in Spring-tide pluck a withered violet or some other sweet-scented blossom from the green sod. Whilst cherishing the token in thy bosom, laugh and be merry in the knowledge that there is no attendant Spirit from that pined creature hovering near.

First desire is ever immature, and worthless with that which comes in after life. It is not true that the nature understood to be the largest is capable of the grandest thoughts, for often the most selfish soul is lifted to the highest ecstasy. The strength given to one by powerful feeling is almost Divine;—the sun warms and ripens one's life; earth is no longer earth; existence is a glorious gift. Love that's true lasts for ever,—Death cannot end it. My certain hope, nay, belief, is that, whether the

Afterwards be cast in a wondrous lovely country, or an arid desert, a hand will rest in mine, and feet pace at my side whose owner shares all my joy and all my pain.

*Althea Swarthmoor to Dr. Marston.*

1st February, 1710.

Day after day of wearisome snow ! Interminable workings with my needle and discoursings on my sister's spinet ! No interview in private to enable me to forget the staleness of life. When you come I needs must sit with hands folded, and listen to the mouldy apothegms my brother repeats, and admire the quiet courtesy wherewith you reply. A woman must think of nought but her still-room, her table and the fashions. Even as it is they look upon me as a hawk amongst sparrows.

Ay, me, to live with a squire who knows nought but Bacon, and knows him, alas, insufficiently, and a lady whose highest inspiration is to work tent-stitch better than her neighbour at Thundercliffe ! Lord, how the children are bred ! Barbary, who is now twenty, still sits demure and fancies she was brought out of a parsley plot !

Send me those writings of yours, that speak so curiously of happiness. Also those volumes of Suckling and Rochester you mentioned. "Pigmalion's Statue" I have read with delight ; it is a picture of such vivid, fruit-like loveliness as no modern poet could invent. Almost the reader believes in its truth,—for me, my breath came quick and my cheeks grew hot as the Sculptor's desire was granted. Is there no other poem told in so sweet a fashion ? Have you not quoted one "Hero and Leander" by Kit Marlowe ;—the story of a lover who swam the sea ? Pray, if thou canst procure it, do so, for I am enamoured of verse.

To-morrow night we go to the Assembly Ball. I have prepared a surprise for you. Such a gown as you swore would become me most has been devised, and you will see me in light green with laces of dead-leaf colour. Let not scruples hinder your coming.

Lastly, for I was fain to finish with the taste of this, I am sending you a cravat, wrought by my own hands, of admirable point, of the kind Antonio More loved to paint. It has been all done in my chamber and none knows of it save myself. Honour me by wearing it to-morrow, and understand me as ever your loving friend.

*The Same to the Same.*

June 24th, 1710.

Since your removal to Bath, life here has been trebly stagnant. I trust the waters are improving the health of madam your wife, to whom pray commend me.

My godmother, Lady Combermede, is staying near you. She wrote the other day to bid me come over, but—I cannot. You would be less for me, I less to you in the midst of a crowd of intellectual and fashionable folk. So I must endure the sweltering summer at home, but truly beg for all possible alleviation of the dulness by what letters your kindness may prompt you to send. As you ask, I have writ no more poetry. In a sardonic mood, such as I suffer at present, I am inclined to think all my past work neither rhyme nor reason.

This day I have been over all the walks we affected, plucking flowers for our favourite seat, and kissing the lavender tree that grows at the vista by the mere. It was a solemn pleasure to revisit these places; a pleasure illumined with the glad certainty that ere long you will be my companion again. Write to me soon and tell me a thousand things of yourself.

Have you met the great wits? Have you played and won, or alack, lost? What said you in your sermon before the Prince? BUT ABOVE ALL HAVE YOU MISSED ME?

Last night I could not sleep. The heat was great, my imagination tortured. Ever and anon I fancied you were near, so, rising from my bed at last, I sat looking down the terrace, each moment anticipating your presence. By some miracle you were to arrive and to tell me that by the strength of my affection I had drawn you. Dawn tore the east to tatters, Phoebus shook himself and leaped out golden. One by one the birds awoke. Yet my dream did not die until Hieronimo (for so I have named the young peacock), shrieked harshly beneath my window. Only then did I understand that you were still in Bath, and with the knowledge of the eight score miles of separating hill and plain, came the bitterest of tears from a lonely woman's eyes.

So, genius and divine, wipe out their remembrance with the tenderest, loveliest letter you ever wrote, and earn the everlasting gratitude of thy Bedeswoman Althea.

*Althea Swarthmoor to Dr. Marston.*

Sept. 1, 1710.

Since you chide me for my melancholy, dear, good Marston, tell me how I may avoid it. Stay, do not write. Your protracted absence will soon be over—'tis but a week to your return; a week of leaden hours whose passing I shall count one by one, and enjoy them in the same way that one enjoys crab-apples before a feast. The rapture of seeing you again, of hearing your voice, ay, of breathing the same air, must come in one overpowering excess. Because you love me I am crowned amongst women! What glorious, mad words were those ending your last letter: "There may be no real happiness for us in this sphere, but in the next, whatever betide, all my joy shall be with you." Oh fools that we be, not to pluck the good which lies in our power! Forgive me now, for I am a coward and need assuring. Art thou sure that after death thou wilt be mine? Nay, I could not live under suspicion of having yielded to the sweetest temptation. Rest content then, dear heart. There is a particular Paradise for those denied joy here. Addio, I have kissed the spot of my signature.

*Fragment of a didactic sermon by the worthy Dr. Marston.*

Conquer them, I say, conquer the lusts of the flesh; trample them beneath the feet, crush them as men crush venomous snakes! Live loftily and purely; admit no evil thought; do what good thou canst and thou shall inherit God's kingdom. To the righteous evil desires never come, and the most lovely career is that which, like the sun, unswerves in its path and sinks to rest among the peaks of the country of Beulah, The only perfect man is he whose life is calm and passionless, &c., &c.

*Althea Swarthmoor to Dr. Marston.*

Nov. 15th, 1710.

It is harder than I dreamed to live without you, in the now half uncertain hope of a meeting after this world. Yet when you ask me to meet you again in the firwood for a long and sweet discourse, such as we were wont to have, I cannot but say nay, for my brother's eyes have been oft set upon me lately and he has questioned me in strange fashion concerning my abstraction and frequent absences. Dearest, I lied to

him, and said to him, with all the blood of my body rushing to my heart, that I was much engaged in meditating and writing. I dare not meet you to-night, but if you rise betimes in the morning I will be in the *Long Spinney*. Till sunbreak then, Yours,—*ALTHEA*.

*From the Same to the Same.*

Nov. 16th, 1710.

Let it be now, my lover, let us not wait until age or disease brings us together ! To die in the full expectation of joy, without one thought of the gloomy past, with its lurid clouds and too-scorching light—to die in strongest appreciation, uncaring for men's calumny, is my hope and heart's desire. And even if there be no future but eternal sleep, 'tis eternal sleep by thy side. What more could a loving woman wish for than rest by the man she loved ? But there is another country—of that I am assured. So we will have it together, seize Death at the height of Life and enter, with unwarped Souls, a new existence.

I have been for the last time to gaze upon our old trysting-places. Shall we be permitted to visit them when, existing for each other alone, we pass hand in hand through the air ? At midnight *Althea Swarthmoor* will be enrolled amongst the dead. She calls thee—she bids thee welcome !

---

Tradition is silent as to the precise manner of the lady's end. Suffice it to say that she died violently at the appointed time. Doctor Marston survived her by forty years ; becoming in turn Dean of *Barnchester* and Bishop of *Norbarry*. Besides twelve volumes of sermons he contributed to literature a "Dissertation on the Human Feeling," which is still notorious as the quintessence of triteness.

R. MURRAY GILCHRIST.



**VE.**

him, and said to  
heart, that I was  
meet you to-  
the Long

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# THE GROVE.

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A MONTHLY MISCELLANY,  
EDITED BY R. HANBURY MIERS.

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PUBLISHED BY F. DUNSTER, BROAD STREET,  
LYME REGIS.

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1892.

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# THE GROVE.

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No. 9.

JANUARY, 1892.

VOL. II.

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## MY SISTER CECILIA.

### CHAPTER XI.

I HAVE given warning already that my story, as separated from Cecilia's, was altogether unromantic. There is no further secret, implied or not, lying in this journey: Except to record an hour's landscape and conversation, I should not have noticed it. Like most, it was without adventure; like many, the melancholy anticipation of lookers-on, (like Mr. Therfield's in this instance), were forgotten in the success of its object. My father returned after four months' absence restored in health, and I more than carried out my first scheme for visiting Italy. Lombardy, Tuscany, the Roman States—these are sights memorable for ever in human recollections:—but the region that I now explored most and with highest pleasure was one far different. The best point of my journey was an acquaintance with my own dear father's mind closer and deeper than, in the strange ways of life, is permitted to most children.

Our route had taken us by Hamburgh and Northern Prussia into Saxony. We had seen the great Church and old central quarter of the Seaport, since desolated by fire; the many-windowed and gabled houses ranged in dowager-decorum along the formal streets of pretty Hanover; the noble *places* of Leipsic, where the exiles of Louis XIV appear to have created a city, rivalling in stateliness the capital of their persec-

tor. But the level region of this old Slavonian territory vexed my father's eyes and mine by what was less resemblance than contrast with the plains of our own Hertfordshire. Perhaps an Englishman is rarely alive to the nobleness of widely extended landscape, and a prospect of fields little broken by wood, or separated by the peculiarly English grace of hedgerows. At least we were not in sympathy with our road, and my father, whose forgetfulness of ordinary geographical facts often amused me, appeared half annoyed when the Elbe, of which he was well weary, presented once more its broad equable current in Dresden. Arriving one July afternoon, he insisted on leaving the city at evenfall, and passing through the rocky chain of "Saxon Switzerland" valley, (he had decided that it was not worth the seeing), we were both a little disturbed by the discovery at Riesenheim that we had reached the Austrian frontier, and must wait the Custom House Officers' leisure—three, four, or six hours—(it was then not long past midnight), before we should be set free for Prague and Vienna.

The shelter of a little inn was offered; but my father preferred climbing a hundred feet or so above the village, and awaiting the dawn on a turf-bank within a small enclosure to which we had felt our way through a wicket. By a slight shuffling sound, followed by the tingle of a bell, a lamb's stifled cry, and one or two heavy bounds receding into unseen distance (for it was still utterly dark) we were made conscious that sheep were feeding near us. A faint smell of withering or neglected flowers breathed low along the ground: a large dim mass, near or distant we could not discern, as our eyes grew familiar with the landscape, came out from the blank:—we were sitting, I felt, in the village churchyard. I perceived the moment when my father became aware of this, by his sudden turn from anticipation that the journey would fail of profit or pleasure, to bright allusions to sweet household matters and the "phrases of the hearth;" how proud Robert must be, left in charge of Cecilia; and whether I could reckon with any cheerful confidence on Eleanor's inconsolability. I answered gaily, and we said that when we returned there must be a general arrangement, and the marriage no further delayed, and we should not find Eleanor a child any longer, and he would add sufficient room for us to the house, and "we are to live all our days together, and form a family State more perfect than any dreamed of by Plato." And as we spoke, and drew

out these plans of a new life into a thousand happy details, we were conscious that the steps of dawning had stolen upon us. The stars, that had seemed to crowd-in more closely at midnight, withdrawing their keener glances, were retreating heavenwards; the black sky was dimly lighted to the north by a low crescent moon of vapourous brilliancy. Before and around, where we had been as yet ignorant of any landscape, lay the noble outline of the Bohemian hills, flat and dark against a faintly gleaming horizon. Below, the moonlight fell in changeful streaks on the swiftly flowing Elbe, and pencilled on its surface the forms of its distant mountain cradle. But the Church, standing on the left before us, with its vast basement rock, was now the darkest mass within the landscape, and seemed to gather the fading blackness of night beneath its deep eaves and windows, or within the hollows of the rock far down below, rich in purple gloom and vague mysteriousness.

Then came the earliest chirp from awakening nests, and eastwards the pearly light of day began to diffuse itself. Orange tints mingled with wannish blue of the horizon; lines and gradations of gray rose along the mountain-sides to the north, and along their summits now ran fringes of spear-like pine; those below the east glowed into purple, and trees in the obscure valley, no longer one monotony of forest, marshalled themselves into masses. The whitening moon swam higher, followed no longer by the one attendant planet that thus far survived her companions; the stream became clear in all its windings, and caught here and there the glow and warmth of day. Many details came into view, and gave the scene an almost ideal perfection. Down the wide Elbe valley lay an endless succession of field and tree, graduating into the pine forest of its mountain boundaries; towards the north a rude stone-bridge lifted its pale arch across some tributary streamlet; westward an English-looking village clustered round two white Church spires piercing into the warmer light through the haze that slept over the cottages. The colourless period of the dawning, as I might call it, had arrived; a half-hour intermediate between the rosy orange in which the ancients saw the footsteps and fingers of Aurora, and the golden beams that shot from the hair and the quiver of Hyperion. The sky shone with light even more and more diffused and faint amber; the moon gleamed like a galley of chased silver; pearly mists, half cloud, half vapour, folded themselves slowly over the bristling hillsides, and filled

the further valley with a second stream. Where the Elbe lay clear and broad I now saw the mist breathed forth in thin filmy columns, which seemed to move in waves perpetually crossing the current, and drifted on into the hillside vapour wreaths. These exhalations were the living answer that earth appeared to give the summons of sky and sun; the signs of re-awakening; the recognition that a new day was born to the world. And with them rose the first smoke from human habitations. There was a trembling in the sky; a precipitate and anxious movement on the landscape; nature seemed hurrying on, and looking eastward for some great decision. Then the fierce glory of the sun blazing out in a moment over the hill-top cut from sight that whole quarter of the prospect, effacing the Church before us in a circular cloud of rays, and threading the tree-tops, from summit to base of the valley side, with golden shafts, which fell again at due distance on the pale meadows; and at last touching the river surface threw upwards a radiance dazzling almost as his own, as he impatiently mounted the heavens.

## CHAPTER XII.

Neither of us had, I believe, spoken during the three hours evolution of this glorious spectacle. I do not think we felt so much overmastered as identified with it; diffused into its atmosphere, and if I may so attempt to express feeling perhaps inexpressible, *immanent* almost, without thought remaining, in the great landscape before us, in earth and air and sunbeams; entranced for the short space of that "high hour" in pure harmony and what was almost union with nature. The world seemed to be with us again as the Church bells broke out into a sweet, keen, impatient cry; to me at least it was like a summons into our restricted human life, from worship in the temple of some vaster religion. I felt as if the soul was recalled and imprisoned again within the narrow local bonds of flesh; I was conscious of the body. We looked at each other and smiled: another change; we were father and child again; no longer absorbed in that vast landscape, our spirits were now in thought among the quiet fields and hedgerows of Hertfordshire, in the little circle of a single English village, with the "dear dear faces" of Ardeley and Fountainhall.



"They are all asleep at home, so trustingly asleep," my father said: and then after a minute's silence:—"I used to think it one of the pleasures and privileges of love when I was young, to be awake and to think of my own dear Cecilia as sleeping. It is a happy thing, dear boy, in one sense, that we so rarely see the summer's dawn; the greatest spectacle of God's glory that He gives earth is fresher to us and more impressive; the 'mighty ravishment' is mightier when not exhausted by too frequent presentation to our feeble and soon sated nature. Perhaps from this unusualness it was that a strange impression always accompanied the thought I was speaking of. She was there in the old house near Salfleet (your dear sister had the room when we were there long since; you were not with us then), and I thought of her in her little room so absolutely helpless; the whole household too asleep; and all as it were exposed without protection to the unresting wakefulness of evil. I could see the place in my fancy; the dim room, the cold light from without on the clouded panes, the dewdrops glittering over the open lawn, or the low palisades of the shrubbery;—here and there a window or door below left open, perhaps, in the full confidence of the country,—everything trusted to the 'innocent sleep':—there seemed nothing between that dear child and any conceivable injury of accident or wrong of violence.—And then perhaps I fell asleep myself with the thought that this scene, so strange and perilous as I had chosen to represent it, was one of daily repetition; how merrily your dear mother would laugh if I told her of my fancies;—how archly she would enquire whether I had for myself the same fears that I paid her the compliment of professing to entertain for her!"

I thanked my dear father and tried to express the interest these little reminiscences and relics of his own youth gave me; observing how rarely men made similar confidences; "less rare perhaps for an old man like himself," he said; "he hoped not childish however." And then our thoughts returned to the view before us; and as at any moment we might now be summoned to renew the journey, we endeavoured to stamp its features more clearly on our remembrance. "I was telling you of my younger fancies just now," my father said at last; "that was about your age. When you have reached mine, perhaps your feeling before a landscape so profuse in beauty as this will be one, as mine is, not of unalloyed happiness. I hope the thought is not wrong, but I

could desire an eternity to enjoy such scenes! I have heard your dear mother express the same wish. It is perhaps foolish, but I am sad when the long duration of these natural elements, these 'eternal hills' and ancient river and trees that so long outlive man, contrast themselves with our fleeting enjoyment of their beauty. 'Like the generations of leaves,' in Homer's pathetic language, 'are man's'; but the oak of which he was perhaps thinking, the plane-tree beneath which he sat—it appears strange that *these* should so much overpass utmost human longevity. How peculiar a pathos there is again in the thought," my father continued, for I was unwilling to break in upon him "that the words of this human creature—this ancient poet—this Homer whom we almost think of as we do of his own Achilles or Athene"—he did not trouble himself with German unpoetical speculation—"should equally survive the lips from which in his own phrase they came 'on wings.' How utterly past! yet how absolutely present!

"In one sense this life is all commonplace—is it not?—in another, I often feel that mystery and miracle far exceed its ordinary events and those that, as people say, follow the laws of nature. The marvels of science or of legend,—alchemy, mesmerism, prophesy, vision, second-sight,—even the powers eastern romance commits to man, the scenes through which Celtic or Teutonic fancy leads him—these are all as Time to Eternity, if we compare them, in calmness, with the common facts of our own existence. The life of the meanest street-sweeper, of the poorest servant, of the workhouse infant that dies before any one has cared to christen it—is a marvel far transcending the legends of Arabia or of Brittany. That at a certain finite moment a spirit, henceforth to be absolutely eternal, should cry itself into being as if out of nothingness; that, so born, it should then pass away, it may be, at once from all human consciousness for ever; that after a few years I who have eaten and drunk and clothed myself and born a part in a thousand petty acts and duties, should disappear, divorced from the body which has not only been my impassable boundary, but the actual partner or controller of my thoughts—these wonders are such, that we must in general close our minds to them, or sink beneath the weight of their mysteriousness.

"So enormous is the change implied in Death, those five letters, that I have often asked myself how Death can exist, and the idea of it and

the fear of it not overshadow every moment of conscious life. When I have knelt by the cradle-side of some dying infant, and the last breath has been drawn, and the mother recalling amongst sobs the words of scripture consolation or the prayer just read,—again and again, dear Edmund, my mind has gone to the one thought above all others at such moments irresistible and overwhelming :—this baby knows already that mighty Secret, that ‘most real reality’ which Plato could seize only by conjecture, or St. Paul shadow forth by metaphor. This feeble soul whose only language seemed a cry, and only desire the mother’s breast, whose lips had not yet learned smiles, or eyes direction, has become an Immortal Intelligence. It has exchanged the arms of the sister nurse-child, who caressed it yesterday and will play on the turf-mound that covered it next week, for the embraces of Seraphim ; for the smiles of the Everlasting Love. Since the hand touched the hour, and the cottage clock last struck, it has left Time for Eternity. Oh think of that change ! it has passed from the cradle and the swaddling clothes to the World unseen, to the visible Presence of Power almighty.”

My father spoke with such calm intensity, such conviction and feeling, that I almost started with momentary terror. He smiled, took my hand, and said “we should walk round this ‘field of God’ and then down to the village ; the *Douane* must be open ; and how long it now appears since we first sat down on this turf in perfect darkness ! How many other miracles remain, of which I have not spoken ! It is an enjoyment to me, a privilege perhaps I may say, dear Edmund, to talk openly now and then on these deeper matters ; it is an ease to the mind ; but I would not have spoken so except to you, or your dear mother ; certainly not to Cecilia.” “With her imaginative nature I should have been sorry indeed if she had heard you,” I answered.

The whole enclosure and the Church, I noticed, looked far smaller now than in the period of early dawn. We had soon paced round it, examining with interest, for our journey had not before led us through any country places, the rude grave-crosses, each with its R.I.P. or R.I.F. (*Ruhe in Frieden*) carved beside a crucifix, often gilt and coloured ; some bearing hands crossed over a burning heart, where husband and wife lay together, beneath poppy and marigold, pinks and heartsease, set and tended no doubt by the survivors. Little cups lay by from which they had sprinkled, or blessed the turf and the flowers.

"The care given is however less than we see in their own cottage-gardens" my father remarked: "and observe this," he added with a little smile, stopping before a stone placed close to the Church wall. A Latin inscription, with chalice and wafer carved where the crucifix was placed upon other crosses, commemorated the Pastor who had died in 1812 after thirty years cure. But his grave was utterly weed grown and neglected, the footstone broken, and a vast thistle overtopping the cross itself.

"An ower true symbol of pastoral neglect, it may be" my father said "for me at least"—checking himself lest he should think uncharitably of the dead:—"Suppose some forty years past, and in what condition I wonder will the grave stone of the present Rector of Ardeley be? But dear hands will be there; hands to whose services this poor Pastor of a Church sometimes, as it may seem to us, too hard upon human nature, could lay no claim;—two at least, Edmund, wherever Providence may disperse you and Cecilia, from whom in God's good will and ways the spot where I lie will not want affectionate ministrations." With an idle and cowardly wish to divert his thoughts, I pointed out to my father a stone at a few feet distance, darkened with an inscription longer than any we had yet examined.

Wir, die wir an den Sarcophage  
Der hingeschied 'nen Mutter stehn,  
Und mit der Wehmut banger Klage  
Ihr nach in's Grause Dunkel sehn,  
Wir hemmen die gerechten Thränen,  
Wir heben den gesenkten Blick,  
Es bringt ja unser heisses Sehnen  
Nie die entschlummerte zurück.

Hier

ruhet die Catherina Pauly, Ge-  
borne Licht, Geborn den 11<sup>ten</sup> Novemb. 1778,  
und AUS der Erde Pilgerland, ging sie  
hin zum Vaterland, den 24 Decemb. 1839.  
Wo wir sie einst wieder seh'n.

Before I had copied the words, given here in all their rudeness, my father had read them through, and turned his face away westward in

silence. "Poor man," he said as he walked towards the gate, "so lately! and whole years it may be to bear before he is "*wo wir sie einst wieder seh'n*. Perhaps it is a selfish pleasure, yet it has often pleased me to think my age so far surpasses *hers*, that in natural course I shall be spared that one calamity after which even to God's holiest saint I think the days can have no pleasure in them. I shall be very glad when they are married," he continued, going on in thought, I saw, from my mother to her precious child; "there will be some one else there, more than one perhaps, whom she will love so that she can lean for support on their love."

"I am glad Cecilia cannot hear what you have been saying" I answered: "It is a matter on which I feel thankful to be convinced, almost convinced, she has hitherto been spared any thought."

"She would not find such comfort in '*sie einst wiedersehen*,'" my father continued, seemingly unconscious of my remark; "how often she has said she felt no absolute assurance, could find no definite promise of reunion; how often that if it were His will indeed to take the dear mother from her, even if assured of meeting by an angel from Heaven, she feared that during life the loss would be no less, and the night of separation not brightened in its gloom by the hope of that day, or diminished in its duration by the prospect of eternity. My poor lamb," he cried, "how *shall* I comfort her!"

My father's voice was like Cecilia's as he spoke, and an inward light in his eyes, that recalled her look once or twice during childhood. I took his hand with a vague inexplicable alarm; a something that seemed to realize those fearful words, "the terror by night, and the arrow that flieth by day." But as from Christabel in the story, "The touch, the sight had passed away"; I think he was not even aware of it. A horn sounded sharply below; we heard the detonations of a postillion's whip; Franz in heavy boots and yellow tassels was summoning the *Herren* to the *Douane*. In a moment we are in the noisy, healthy, busy world: paying, explaining, and at last rolling off on our way; three little streets are threaded in an instant; we see the white Church on its rock glitter in the sunlight; we have left Riesenheim:—"Fort aus Prag."

## CHAPTER XIII.

I have made no mention of any cloud in heaven, describing what we saw from the hillside at Riesenheim. There was none on that glorious morning; none in another sense during the rest of our journey; none, but a brightness far beyond the dawn when, two months later, the wanderers were welcomed in at Ardeley. And after this a year and more passed, while the deep peace that had settled over our home, more and more deepening, when the son's return from completed University life and the daughter's passage from the engaging fitfulness of childhood to the settled beauty of perfect maidenhood, allowed the time to be now definitely fixed for Cecilia's marriage,—whilst for mine,—to which all meanwhile was fashioning itself sweetly, calmly, and uneventfully,—a date began silently to assert itself in my heart. For the desire of two families nothing appeared now left, but a to-morrow like to-day, and the eternity of a happiness that seemed past all increasing.

Such at least it appeared to us, the children; and I now look back upon it, knowing what was the end, with thankfulness, as a season permitted for our acquirement of strength and health; the spontaneous fruits of natural happiness, provided to sustain us in the days of darkness, and against that storm which was not less quietly piling itself up meanwhile within the “storehouses and thunder-lofts” of destiny.

But somehow, though how and why we could not tell, at the expiration of these thirteen months a sense of disquiet, intermittent at first, and first consciously recognized through that intermittence, gathered over Cecilia and myself, as if foreboding evil to what was dearest to us on earth. It was some time before each became aware of the other's feelings. And even then there was an intervening space of tremulous uncertainty; while each anxiously endeavoured, looking into our own consciences, or vaguely anywhere through the circumstances of our life, to find some other cause, any but one, for a disheartenment so exquisitely foreign from the atmosphere of Ardeley.

Goethe, it is said, when he lay dying, prayed for light; a rash prayer! but without such, light was soon granted us,—for the illumination of coming darkness. One autumn evening, as we stood within the summer-house already mentioned, to water its plants after the sun had fallen, Cecilia's eyes met mine with an expression that at once by

some inexplicable magnetism brought the remembrance of her childhood before me. And following the direction of hers, mine fell now on a pair of garden-gloves, with garden-scissors lying across them, both our mother's property. For it had been her habit, every day at evening, to perform those little offices of care and affection towards her flowers, unwillingly surrendered by women to other hands than their own — "Yes!" I said, for there are conjunctures when some overbearing force, compelling the instantaneous embodiment of an indefinite fear, makes our lips the channel of its inauspicious omens;—"since she used those last, it is now a full month."

And, driven on by the same power, Cecilia then enquired how I could so exactly calculate the period of our mother's absence. I tried to explain. "She has not been here, because she wishes to complete her copy from Prout's Italian sketch in time for papa's birthday" said she at last, when mutual confessions proved that each had noticed this withdrawal from the slight accustomed task, and each ascribed it to some increasing want of bodily power. But, willing to be deceived, and ah! could we but have been deceived but for ever!—we gladly let the reason suffice, "and did she not still, as of old, visit the poor?"—I took Cecilia's hands in mine as she turned to quit the greenhouse; there were no more words *then*; although scarcely a week had passed when successive instances, the more striking from the significance of *any* surrender of usual duties in one so active and self-unsparing, making us aware that some power, more insidious and terrible than open-handed disease, was undermining life, compelled each to break through the tacit decision each I suppose had formed, to put aside all other feelings but those of old habitual confidence, and the expected restoration to our hearts of a peace, which in Heaven alone can be unbroken.

Several months later, when the last hope of that peace was fading, it was strange and sad that I should discover by some casual words that in the cause she assigned for our mother's absence on that evening, the accuracy of my sister's penetration had not failed her. The desire to gratify her husband *had* been, as my mother accidentally expressed, the reason of that withdrawal from one of her lesser occupations. But through error her children had reached the truth; and after we had once spoken, silence and that uncertainty I had just before disesteemed as wretchedness, became possible no longer, and were

deplored in their impossibility. When ignorant, we wished to know, and when we knew, we wished we had not known. How dreadful a conjuncture in life is revealed, when we confess that truth is more terrible than uncertainty ! And what price would we then not give, to think as we thought yesterday, when suspense appeared the greatest experienced calamity ?

Yet even now, when we taxed memory to the uttermost, no one moment could be discovered, from which the days and the change could be dated ; no one incident, however trivial, marking the commencement of that decline in the dear health of our mother, which every month as it went by signalized by some retirement from her wonted activity. Like the beginnings of life, the beginnings of death have also their own obscurity : but that first autumn hurried on, and winter, and no mitigation ; and spring came again—In that common phrase, ah how much of hidden hope is concentrated ! But spring, that wakened earth with expectation, and summer that dyed the valley with the colours of promise, and autumn, bowed beneath the weight of golden fulfilment ; these all went by, and kept no faith with us. Rather, indeed, the close of that autumn was marked at Ardeley by a warning and a sign, bearing conviction as absolute as any that will be written in the heavens, of impending judgment, and the desolation of human love.

Hitherto, by some portion of the day, passed on a couch within an upper sitting-room that we had in former times generally employed, our mother had maintained one link between herself and daily life ; some apparent continuity between her present and her former existence. This was indeed little : and yet so suggestive of hope, so eminently precious in itself was her appearance amongst us, accompanied ever by some cheerful word, and the faint smiles with which patience masks pain and beguiles effort, that when one long day went by, and her place was vacant, and yet no palpably perceptible increase of the decline that consumed her life gave occupation to thought by added requirements of attendance—the vacancy which we name death first presented itself to Cecilia and to me, with the assertion of a conscious and irresistible supremacy. That was Wednesday ; a morning on which the Church service, in accordance with village tradition, was weekly celebrated by my father ; and we thought, (not indeed at first, but by an after-reflection)—that, so long cut off from what she had esteemed a



privilege, our mother had felt right to mark its recurrence by additional hours set apart for prayer and meditation.—And so consecrated, I doubt not, they were ;—but by one who recognized, with her undimmed lucidity of mind, and that courage for which truth had no terrors, that she had now, within the walls of one narrow chamber, taken up her last *human* habitation and resting-place. . . . For her next couch was indeed one prepared by hands unrecognized and unheeded ; and the words of Heaven, prayer and promise, were read there—and those she had loved, knelt, and heard, and would not be comforted ; for she was not.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

“ I anticipated it from that moment,” we often hear men say after the occurrence of some calamity. In case of minor misfortunes, this may no doubt be true ; I think such divination fails when the evil touches the root of life ; that we can no more grasp the idea of its occurrence, than recall it in its particulars. What we seem to remember, are but a few of the thousand details of suffering ; when we seem to anticipate, we picture only some lesser deprivation, some trivial circumstance rather of discomfort than of despair. Coming death may cast a shadow before, but this is faint when confronted with the truth of that absolute and overwhelming vacancy.

And thus Cecilia and myself, who imagined that from this moment we gave up all hope, learned afterwards that on earth there is but one Power, capable of Hope’s annihilation. Friends of youth may be parted by hatred through manhood, and reunite in age ; love, rejected long, triumph over what seemed fate, till it was overcome by constancy ; the soul may return from the opened gates of hell, and nature repair her losses :—but “ Death alone is the great divorcer for ever.”

Henceforth however a change followed in the balance of our minds. Cheerfulness hitherto and light-hearted youth had been held down as if by the temporary clog and pressure of anxiety : it became now a desire and an effort to preserve the disguise of cheerfulness in *her* presence, whose mind, face to face through the long hours with fear and with suffering, far alas ! beyond the experience of those who were by her.

dying bed, as beyond their relief—maintained itself yet unimpaired in all its original brightness.

I have used the word *disguise*; and yet so strangely is the soul passive to the influence of its own mechanism, so impossible the entire abolition of nature, that when, as once it happened, at her desire I had read some passages from one of Lamb's most perfect essays (the exquisitely humorous "Imperfect Sympathies")—even though I saw Cecilia look away when her mother too smiled, I remember I laughed aloud. And when during a hurried meal my father took my place at the bedside above, as the remembrance of that charming and unappreciated humourist returned, I laughed again, and Cecilia burst into irrepressible tears; but even then I could only confess it was past my control; I *could* not act, without feeling, the cheerfulness we had each agreed on the duty of assuming: Whether to be ashamed or not of this influence I could not tell; I knew only it was beyond resistance. And Cecilia then collected herself and said "You are *her* child, dearest; when all is over, she will live again for me in you"—with a firmness and a forecasting so beyond her years, so animating to the confident expectation of love through the long future, that, even with the conviction her words expressed, they gave me a momentary access of comfort, almost immeasurably sweet in the certainty of its promise.

It was, however, only in the bitter retrospect that we were fully conscious of this altered aspect of hope, this change in our own hearts, and all it signified. For even beyond the common blindness of humanity, the horizon of sorrow is narrowed by necessary concentration on the passing moment, and clouded by what, without more than seeming paradox, I might call the comforting nature of sorrow itself. Many were the circumstances of those hours, that distracted the mind from its central object. To pass by more obvious consolations, I may especially notice the very *novelty* of our life, compelled now to surrender even the appearances hitherto carefully maintained, of that old habitual existence, so happy in the infinite depths of its assured and uneventful tranquility:—Life henceforth concentrated on the interest of one room alone; the ultimate point, as I have observed already, in that withdrawal from her earthly haunts which was to prepare our mother for the other dwelling-place.—The dreadful excitement of such an anxiety leaves space for none of a calm more appalling still: deepened by the

sight of vacant chambers, and a house wanting in the sweet disarrangements of life. Alone, at such moments, each of us, our Father, Cecilia, and myself, could not fail to recount in memory the unintermittent advances of that desolation, whose inscrutable decree was banishing us from our Eden: while at each step, the question might half unconsciously arise, what were our sins, to deserve such an exile?

The retrospect might be alas! of many months; for so long had this illness, whose course I have now briefly indicated, already maintained its desolating progress. In the preceding chapter I might have told the successive steps; but I insert them here, as before this crisis arrived we did not entirely recognise, or would fain refuse altogether the recognition that they were all steps downward.

The village first knew her absence. The cottagers missed the acts of a charity, tender at once and systematic:—and by its providence so contrasted with their own rude and unforeseeing negligence, that to them it might have appeared the ordinance of some being above Humanity. But gratitude is emphatically one of the finer feelings, nay perhaps of all the finest, and the most evanescent before the coarse requirements of daily labour. And the poor, in their virtues as in their sins, are essentially limited:—although they had been truly grateful, yet Cecilia, taking her mother's place as best she could find opportunity, returned home too often additionally saddened by the general temper of those amongst whom her youth looked for qualities perhaps not less beyond their reach than riches.—Some regarded almost with satisfaction the removal of an eye, more acute than any other to detect wastefulness or worse offences: others, above such fear, found consolation, and thought they gave it, in the proverbial reflections of a religious faith, superficial in its rude simplicity. “All flesh is grass” and “Life is short” or to me “You know, master, all must die”:—as if such knowledge were in itself so lofty and precious, that its certainty could to the survivors sweeten the bitterness of separation: as if the discovery of the law of Death mitigated the severities of its infliction! —“Ah, poor Lady, Miss:—as my husband says” (naming such a one, a sober and honest man) “he often says you will be happy when she is taken, and gone among the Angels”:—as though the gain in Heaven were not balanced to us, despite all efforts at reverential resignation, by a far deeper loss on earth, or a mother here what we cried for to

the Eternal Love, not a glorified Spirit even in Paradise :—or, last irony and worst, as Cecilia afterwards, and with repentance for want of faith, want of wisdom, want of love, confessed she felt it, those words hastily appropriated, and severed, (she thought), from their historical significance,—the “God gave, and God takes away”—“Oh Edmund can those who use it think of the meaning they thus give the text ! As if the fact of the gift in itself justified its withdrawal ! Ah, dear, are such words any relief ?”

Not in these, not in these, indeed, can any human sufferer, I think, find consolation : but in the larger religious faith, in the hope and reliance of the whole heart :—and with such words and texts, (and there are many), as best I could, I comforted her : and that “we must not wonder if in the perplexity of expressing sympathy, others resorted to words powerless, or only pain added to our pain ; this is natural : and for the poor—she who is taken served them for their own and their Master’s sake, and never asked the reward on earth she was now to receive in Heaven.”

Not thus, however, was it with the tenderer conscience and unsophisticated instincts of the children of her village school. They missed the visit of each alternate morning : on the closing day of every week prolonged whilst she told some simple story from the Scripture records, set forth in words whose bright and homely character contrasted with her tone of earnest and reverential faith, more forcible than any words could convey,—and heard in what silence ! Or it was some familiar sacred song, in which all joined—so to harmonise these young minds to a spirit of quiet and of solemnity, and prepare them for the gentle, happy restraint, as even the wilder-natured village children feel it, of the English Sunday. They missed the visit and the smiles of love, and the words of wisdom, and the fingers ready for their assistance to fasten the little frock, or untie the hat, or smooth the play-disordered hair, in happy service on the pathetically engaging helplessness of childhood. Their friend was now taken : but to their grateful remembrance also, and to their grief, Nature had appointed the merciful limits wherewith she has bounded childhood’s memory.

Last of all, beyond the limits of our garden, last, yet less regretfully than the school or cottages, as more of a purely personal privilege, the

Church visited before on Sundays twice, and twice in each week, was abandoned in uncomplaining compliance with the mandates of disease and enfeeblement. It was a cessation from the fixed arrangements of life, so conscious, that this, so far as I am aware, first impressed my father with a sense of the inevitable conclusion. Nor could the deprivation of attendance have borne less heavily on our mother. For, served by her own husband with that decorous love and reverential reserve congenial to Englishmen, and so deeply congruous with her own native good sense and horror of all exaggeration,—that ancient House of Prayer seemed her's by a double right; and as a wife not less than a Christian it appeared doubtless bitter that she must now leave it, though the parting were but for awhile, and the return within the shelter of its walls to be co-existent with earth's endurance.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

## JARGON.

I do not know that I am right in selecting the word "Jargon" to express the curiosities of diction to which I propose to call attention. I find in the dictionary that Jargon is defined to be "gibberish, gabble, unintelligible talk." Now though terms used in trade, sport, and elsewhere,—such as are hereafter referred to—may be unintelligible talk to those not conversant or connected with such, they can hardly be described as "gibberish."

Slang does not express my meaning; neither does the old word "Lingo" seem appropriate to convey what is meant; so I have let the word Jargon stand, as best representing what I can find no other to interpret.

Jargon, in the sense in which I use it, may be said to pervade everything. The terms in vogue in one department, as signifying certain conditions and requirements, may express a totally different meaning in another. As an example of what I mean. A dry Champagne if a good brand is a very meritorious liquid, like other well-known things—grateful and comforting. A dry crust of bread, however, is an article which, although wholesome, and not without its merits, is not endowed with the same attractiveness, or indeed, with the same elements of "dryness" as the Champagne. In fact, the word dry, has in each, a totally distinct significance. To talk of dry liquor seems a singular misappropriation of terms; but so it is, and being in common use, has shed its own special value.

Jargon I dare but touch on in the feeblest way, and simply as force brought within the scope of my remarks. I have not the space to enlarge on it. "How pretty of you!" to do this or that, is a phrase one frequently heard not long ago. Why should it

not be "How beautiful" or "How lovely"? It used to be "How nice." A man, with the appearance of a gorilla, may thus have prettiness imputed to him.

What used to be "a dress" is now "a frock." To the obtuse but humble enquirer, who can look back forty or fifty years, it has a curious, even a startling effect, to hear a lady of mature years refer to her "frock." He pictures to himself the garment represented by that term in the days of his youth; and half expects to see the mature lady prance out with the abbreviated skirt and the other belongings of the little girl of that period.

I dare not pursue further this portion of my theme. Fashion and dress are subjects so profound, so enigmatical, and if I may add sometimes so unintelligible, that the male mind recoils from the effort of investigation, and retires. I fear I shall be getting out of my depth, and flounder into those waters which become too hot for the ordinary man.

Each profession, trade, sport, and occupation of every description, is, more or less, permeated by a Lingo of its own. Some being technical, it will not be necessary to examine; and I shall confine myself to such as present peculiar and marked characteristics, and are of every-day occurrence.

Let us look into sport. The hunting field, the race course, the moor, the river, has each its own peculiar diction. You do not hunt with dogs. That is quite heterodox. A pack of fox dogs would be excruciating. No, the noble animal who hunts is a hound. But on the moor, or in the turnips you will not tell your keeper to couple up the hounds, but the dogs, and a dog it is who finds you game or partridge. In America it is a smell-dog. The animal hunted—the fox—hasn't got a head, or tail, or feet; but is endowed with mask, brush and pads. A fox-hound is not in possession of a tail to wag, like humbler creatures, but has a stern to feather.

The "Yoick forward" to hounds would hardly be understood on the moor; when "hold up," or some such term to your setters or pointers is much more appropriate.

The fisherman is "into a fish" or "fast in a fish" when he hooks a salmon. The salmon is "a fish" in the same way that a partridge is

"a bird." "He has killed three fish, and a dozen trout," a fisherman will say; while the gunner intimates that he has bagged five brace of birds, a hare, a brace of pheasants and a couple of snipe. Woodcock and snipe go by couples instead of braces. The term "leash" seems to be nearly obsolete.

The race-course affords some still more singular specimens of the curious adaptation of words. Indeed its sporting phraseology may sometimes lapse into the academical definition of Jargon, and be called "gibberish." A horse is "turned loose" when favourably handicapped, and perhaps having the race well in hand, and is said to come "romping home" in front of the others. He "wins cleverly," while his opponent "hangs" in the last few strides. Perhaps he does more than this, and "cuts it," or "curls up"; in which case no doubt he will be dubbed "a jade." It is "real jam" for a horse to be favourably regarded: It must be a source of wonder to the reader of the racing prophets—whether major or minor—what resources they have in language; and how varied is their employment of singular terms to avoid the monotonous repetition of ordinary words.

The intelligent foreigner of ordinary linguistic attainments must feel considerably puzzled at times when reading notices in the shop windows. He will see that among teas, that denominated "good household," and sold at the very reasonable charge of 1/6 per lb., is described as "strong and brisk." He looks up "brisk" in his dictionary and finds it to mean "quick, lively." Lively tea, he thinks must be something to try, and probably invests in a pound. He doesn't find that coffee or cocoa is brisk. "Middling to bold" he ascertains, is quoted at a certain rate; also "rather bold grey" is referred to as a "good market." What it means, in all probability he knows not, and there are possibly many who, not connected with the markets, are in a similar condition of ignorance.

The definitions of the wine merchant have come to be pretty well understood at the dinner table. I have already referred to "dry" wine. If the intelligent foreigner aforesaid, finding this to mean bitter or unsweetened, and were to ask for a "wet wine," as its converse, he might be misunderstood. "Heavy wet" is indeed a fluid not unknown in certain circles; but that is quite a different thing. Beer is bitter, not dry; but even such wines as Manzanilla are "dry," not bitter.



Then we have a "poor" or "rich" wine. Some are "silky," "clean on the palate," "full in the mouth." This last has nothing to do with a mouth full. Terms of solidity seem hardly applicable to fluids, yet so it is. A wine can be "thin" or "stout" as the case may be. It has its moral attributes also, inasmuch as it can have "great character." All these, and other terms, well known to the connoisseur, must puzzle those less happily situated in point of acquaintance with good wine.

To those connected with the Stock Exchange, the money market, or any of those trades, which are daily reported on in the newspapers, the terms in use respectively would not convey any bewilderment, or seem other than appropriate. But to the lay reader, glancing down his paper, the terms in use are sometimes very perplexing.

To the uninitiated outsider it is a matter of wonder how money can become "dear" or "cheap"; or why the market should arrive at that condition which is denominated "tight." He mentally compares this state with that of one of the visitors, after the banquet to the winning team of his district at cricket, and wonders what affinity there may be between the two. Bulls and bears are admirable animals in their proper places; but, rampant on the Stock Exchange, seem, to his ignorance, as calculated to disturb the serenity of its members. When he finds that so and so was "heavily bulled," that "small bulls were plentiful," and how "bears had it all their own way," he considers that there must be considerable danger,—and no doubt he is right—in speculating where such things abound.

"Billingsgate" has become a term of reproach in respect of the vigour of the language said to be in use in that locality. I don't know why fish should arouse such. It is not, however, my intention to call special attention to this peculiarity, but to point out another regarding the varied measures by which its products are sold.

Turbot is disposed of by the "stone" or "trunk." Haddock and soles by the "box." Mackerel by the "pad." This would seem to be more applicable to the trade in "soles"; but I cannot find that that measure, whatever it may be, is ever so used. Eels are disposed of by the "draft." A draught of fishes is another thing altogether. Smelts are concentrated in "baskets." Kippers find purchasers by the "round." One hears of a round dozen, but a "round" of kippers, does not

necessarily include that amount. Escallops go by the bag; and the much-prized,—and, alas! much-prized—oyster passes to the happy purchaser in groups of 100. Lucky the man who can so invest!

From fish let us turn to flesh, for fowl presents nothing very remarkable.

Beef “dropped” and mutton was “depressed.” The question occurs, when these sad events take place, who is the gainer, and who the loser. The gainer certainly is not the purchaser at the butchers’ shops.

“Ribs,” however, opened firmer. Spare ribs sometimes have a knack of being a trifle too firm. “Light and heavy hogs were two points down.” This points to their lowered price, not to their lowered weight or shortened stature, and hogs are believed to be ovine not porcine. “Pieces ruled steady,” while “rounds were flat.” A flat round seems to be very desirable.

The live meat market offers but few problems. Beasts “moved off slowly” and were “quiet,” which must be gratifying to nervous people present on the occasion. In some papers it is not unusual to read of “hogs in wool.” One has heard of hogs in armour. Is there any affinity? Wool is a great protective agent.

I glance down the market column of my daily paper, my eye catches an announcement which looks like the heading of a sensational story—“East Indian hides in the hair.” For a minute I was perplexed at this mysterious statement. It not unnaturally occurred to me to ask—“Who is the East Indian who hides in the hair? In whose hair does he hide? Why does he find it necessary to hide at all, and why in hair?”

A little further investigation of the section of the market in which appeared this startling announcement, solved the mystery. I ascertained that it did not refer to any poor Indian refugee, but to the condition of hides, animals’ hides. “In the hair,” I take it, representing the undressed article. But then what is “Bombay mellow stretched,” which, it is said, “brought full sales”? A stretched hide, one can appreciate; but what has that to do with being mellow? A mellow peach or pear is a desirable fruit; and I have heard of a gentleman being described as “mellow,” when in that condition which has been referred to in connection with the money market. Perhaps that is the interpretation; and for “Bombay mellow stretched,” we may read “Bombay tight stretched.”

From hides I turn to tallows. "Russia will come in with her tallows" said the civic dignitary in "Dombey and Son." In my brief investigation I do not find any reference to Russian tallows. All seems to be of home growth, to judge by such descriptions as "town tallow and rough fat" which are "lower." All my researches fail to ascertain the condition of country tallow. I presume there is such an article or why is one sort denominated "town"? What is described as "stuff" may represent this; or do "inferior greases" do so? Perhaps that is it, the town article being superior to the country. These are a "stiff market" or "firm," which, I conceive, does not imply that their condition is changed from their normal state of plastic softness.

With cottons and worsteds I will conclude my observations on market terms as revealed by a perusal of the column devoted to the markets in any ordinary daily paper. Some rather singular complications of language are to be met with in this department.

"Worsted is more cheerful" is a pleasant announcement calculated to keep up the spirits of either buyer or seller, but I am sure I can't say which. "Cloth is languid." Poor thing! A good many are in a similar condition this enervating weather. "Odds and pieces," however, are "firm," which seems strange when cloth is in the opposite condition. "Yarns are lively and strong." I know a good many yarns that come under this definition, though they have nothing to do with either worsted or cotton. Strange to say "Gauze is heavy." This seems a paradox. "Mardopollams are looking up." It does not state if they ever look down, but "trouserings" do, at least they are described as "down." "Shirtings are stiff," which is a very unpleasant condition, one would think, in which to purchase that very necessary article.

Now I come to a definition which is very mysterious. "Spot is quieter." Is he? But who or what is Spot? It can't be a dog. Dogs are not quoted in the cotton market. Are we to infer that spot has something to do with those pretty dresses, which were so fashionable not long ago; and that its being "quieter" refers to the lower tone of colour in demand? Or does it mean that there exists the same lassitude about the article, whatever it may be, which we found to be the case with cloth? I know not. I leave it to the discernment of my readers.

There yet remains a quotation or two which I cannot rightly account for. "Futures are inactive." Then how about "Pasts" and "Presents"? The last seems, indeed, but little adapted to enter into the sphere of mercantile transactions, but "Pasts" might surely secure equal attention with "Futures," yet I can find nothing about them.

This subject, on the special adoption of terms, is so extensive, that remarks might be multiplied indefinitely. I have only ventured to touch on a few of those which occur to me, or are brought under notice by a cursory perusal of my newspaper. My paper is intended to be suggestive rather than exhaustive.

J. T. NEWALL.

## SICILIAN SKETCHES V.

Within the shadow of Etna lies a series of dull quaint little towns, fringing the coast line almost to Messina. Near Aci Castello, the seven Scogli di Ciclopi rise in twisted shapelessness from the blue sea water. Who is there who does not know the old-world legend of Polyphemus and the wily Odysseus? A legend which would fain declare these to be the self-same rocks hurled by the blinded giant after his crafty foe. *Chi lo sa?* The Gods have long departed in wrath from Trinacria, and a perverse and unbelieving generation understandeth not the signs and wonders of other days.

Beyond these tiny islets, in a sweep of sandy bay backed by rising tiers of olives, lies Giardini, a dirty and uninteresting village; whence a wearisome road winds up to the city wall of Taormina, passing some curious rock catacombs on the way.

The mount accomplished, fatigue is forgotten in the glorious prospect that bursts suddenly into sight. So many lovers of Nature have sung or written of the beauties of Taormina, that one feels beforehand that realization must fail to reach one's previous expectation. How wrong an estimate! No language of laudation could adequately paint Taormina. In summer or in winter, in sunshine or in tempest, by day or by night, it is equally and differently lovely. One of our modern writers on Sicily classes the view from the Greek Theatre with the panorama of the harbour of Rio, and one other—I forget which—as the three most beautiful natural scenes in the world.

The Theatre is one of the best preserved in existence, and its stage is unsurpassed save by the famous remains at Aspendos in Pamphilia.

Let me try and describe the view from the upper corridors, a very harmony of subdued colour and varied effect. In the immediate foreground are the mossy blocks that once formed rows of seats; then a

large space where the orchestra sat, flanked on each side by halls whence issued the festal processions ; and beyond, the rich warm red brick of the stage with its many columns and altars. Between and above these ruddy pillars rise the quaint twisted roofs, and mediæval gables of the town, and the decayed towers of its crumbling fortifications. Sharp to the right is the abrupt castle rock, above which again in middle distance looms the stately height of Monte Venere. A glimpse of a Gothic arch, set in a frame of golden oranges and dark green foliage, comes in at the side. Below, the broad sweep of the bay—its white sandy shore contrasting vividly with the silvery gray of the olives and the sapphire hue of the shimmering wavelets—gleams in the clear distance like a jewelled belt. Far away in towering grandeur looms the vast mass of Etna, its lava-riven sides softened into beauty by a purple haze, and crowned with a snowy veil of glistening white, above which a thin curl of pearly smoke faintly indicates the destructive forces raging unceasingly within the fiery mountain.

Even more lovely is the moonlight view ; all the features of the landscape stand out clear and distinct, wrapped in a translucent mantle of brilliant varying blue and silver, while the snow round the distant crater gleams white, and an occasional flame shoots a momentary light towards the host of stars that are powdered over the whole clear heaven.

At sunrise all is changed as if by the magic of an enchanter's wand : the sun rising above the distant mountains of Calabria seems to warm the sea as it glints off the sails of the fishing boats, and imparts a rosy flush to the far-off snows, and a touch of gold to every twisted olive.

*Vedi Napoli, e poi mori !* but the beauties of the Bay of Naples and the fires of Vesuvius seem petty and insignificant before the breadth of the grandeur of Taormina.

The town itself boasts a hundred subjects for the painter's brush : now it is a Gothic palace, long fallen from its high estate, and no longer anything but a heap of dirt and ruin ; now it is a Romanesque window which peeps behind a palm tree above a tangled garden. Through a trellis of vines, part of a Greek Temple of purest architecture is discernible under the mouldering rococo adornments of a little neglected chapel ; and a quaint fountain fills the little square by the Cathedral, surmounted by a crowned female figure with the body of an animal, and ornamented at each corner with columns whose capitals bear rude effigies

of pigs and dolphins. All down the narrow winding little Corso are bits like these.

Descending from Taormina to the sea level, the road winds along the coast amid gardens of lemon and orange, scattered over the undulating country almost to the shore. Now and again comes a village or little town, forgotten and unknown to-day, though with many a page of closed history belonging to it: the sea seems to narrow on the horizon; and at length Messina comes into sight, with the Straits clearly defined beyond it.

Though it is one of the greatest ports of Italy, Messina has fewer historical remains and points of interest, than almost any other town of similar importance in the kingdom. Plague and earthquake, bombardment and cholera, have played havoc with the town during several centuries, and to day it is no longer either imposing or interesting except from a distance.

Seen from the sea, the prospect is grand and charming: and the form of the harbour still perpetuates the memory of the ancient city of Zancle, for it is the shape of a perfect sickle. A long line of stately palaces extends along the shore, now alas! converted into stores and shops: above them rises the dome of the Cathedral, to the right of which is the quaint spire of San Gregorio—crowned with the Papal tiara and keys.—and massive rows of forts and convents: high over all tower the purple mountains, their lower spurs clothed with a wealth of dark foliage.

The interior of the town is dismal and disappointing: much lava is employed in the buildings, which adds to the gloomy effect of the whole, and the grass grown squares and unkempt gardens do not add to the cheerfulness of the scene.

The Cathedral has a rich façade with good Gothic sculpture surrounding the doors, but the interior is, on the whole, cold and unpleasing. The granite pillars of the nave with handsome Byzantine capitals, were removed hither from an early Temple of Neptune. The great treasure of the Church, the possession of which is the proud boast of the citizens, is the Letter of the Virgin, which the Madonna is said to have sent to the city by the hands of St. Paul in the year 42. The Epistle is only asserted to be a copy of the original, which was destroyed in early times; but the strong probability is that the whole document is a forgery of the

notorious Constantine Lascario in the fifteenth century. A column which supports one of the holy water fonts, bears an interesting Greek inscription proving it to have come from a Temple of Æsculapius and Hygeia, the tutelary deities of the city.

Some seven miles to the westward of the town lies the little fishing village of Faro, where a lighthouse guards the narrowest part of the straits. From this point is the best view of the famous rock of Scylla, and the flow of conflicting currents which the ancients magnified into the voracious whirlpool of Charybdis. It was here that in the reign of Frederick II. took place the touching incident of the diver Cola Pesce, woven by Schiller into the lovely ballad which everyone knows.

Far to seaward lies the rugged group of the Lipari Islands, with their smoking peaks of Stromboli and barren Volcano. Across the straits rise the mountains of Calabria, clad with vineyards, and intersected by the white stony beds of many a river and hill torrent.

On the coast facing Messina, but rather to the eastward, is the ancient city of Rhegium, with its tiny harbour: still bearing its classic name modernised into Reggio. It is a clean old-fashioned looking little place, with wide streets and a square adorned with the inevitable statue of Garibaldi, who was taken prisoner on the neighbouring heights of Aspromonte in 1862.

The present town is in reality little more than a hundred years old, for a great earthquake in the last century almost annihilated the city. The Cathedral bears an inscription taken from the passage in the Acts of the Apostles, where St. Paul in describing his voyage relates how "we fetched a compass and came to Rhegium."

Looking over the straits at eventide from the chestnut wooded hills above the town, one casts a lingering glance of farewell upon the "island beautiful," set in the dying sunset like an opal in the midst of a crimson sea. The Angelus is ringing from a tower among the trees, the hush of evening has fallen over the haunts of men below, but the seal is set upon many a happy memory of Sicily in the heart of the writer; nor do these reminiscences fly with the stilling of the bell, or the passing of the twilight, but remain enshrined therein for many a day in loving recollection.

J. D. ERRINGTON-LOVELAND.

*Finis.*



## STUDIES IN SHAKESPEARE.

(CONTINUED).

*Julius Cæsar.*

A feature of this play which has been found fault with is its lack of dramatic unity. It is really two plays in one, the first comprising the assassination of Cæsar; the second, the avenging of that deed. The ghost is a connecting link between the two.

The story of the drama is taken very literally from a translation of Plutarch's Lives; but the conception of the characters is Shakespeare's own. And the problem to be solved is how to interpret it aright.

Julius Cæsar, though giving his name to the play, is not really its chief hero; his part is little more than to die, and that half-way. Moreover, in the presentation of him as living he falls far short of the expectations his previous career had created. It would seem as though the Dramatist had determined to show how a great man may be spoilt by success, by absolutism, by flattery, and seem alike weak and obstinate, pompous and undignified, reckless and superstitious, hiding his fads and misgivings under an arrogant demeanour. Too little perhaps is given him to say to call out his nobler qualities and gifts; the part that most becomes him here is—*dying*.

Brutus and Cassius are the two prominent figures in the piece, and of them Cassius takes the lead. He is, in fact, the very soul of the conspiracy. In him we behold a Roman of consummate tact, and with the old historic fire in his breast, a man who holds his life cheap as compared with freedom—and yet a man not overburdened with principle or with conscience.

Brutus, while more of a philosopher, is less a man of the world, and his philosophy affects the logic by which he is self-persuaded to lend

himself to his friend's enterprise. His simplicity saves Mark Antony—a fatal error from the conspirators' point of view. That he is a nobler character than his friend none can doubt, and his inconsistencies are not inconsistent with his rôle as a man of theories, as a student seen again and again with a book in his hand.

Mark Antony, a libertine, has the persuasive tongue of such an one. In this play he acts but a subordinate part—yet, how well ! His speech, accompanied by artifices of tone and gesture, is a model of popular oratory. Worthily to re-produce that speech would demand histrionic powers of no mean order.

Portia is one of the noblest of Shakespeare's idealised women. As has been well said “her character is a softened reflection of her husband's.” In all we see of her she bears herself, spite of her passionate sensibility, with a chastened, dignified calmness such as becomes a woman “so cultured and so husbanded.”

She is immensely superior to Calpurnia, whose lack of real dignity exposes her to somewhat contemptuous treatment at her lord's hands—the very opposite to that which Portia receives from Brutus.

The play in its second part deals with the consequences of Cæsar's death.

We do not entirely lose sight of him, its nominal hero, for his spirit, both literally and figuratively pervades its latter scenes. As Brutus exclaims—

“O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet !

“Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords

“In our own proper entrails.”—*Act v., sc. III.*

On Brutus himself, however, the interest and sympathy of the audience now converge throughout, and make *him*, in a sense, the hero of the piece, which, however, is rightly named after Cæsar, since to his character and fate it owes its motive power ; but Brutus is henceforth the prominent figure and shows himself as superior to Cassius in true nobility of spirit as he is unequal to him in worldly wisdom.

He has already made a fatal mistake in advising to spare Mark Antony. He errs again in allowing that consummate demagogue to not only efface, but reverse, the impression made by his own rugged

speech over the corpse of the Dictator, and later on in forcing a battle against the counsel of his more experienced colleague. Throughout he is the philosopher rather than the politician, but we honour him for his devotion to duty, his patriotism, his single mindedness. We reciprocate and echo the eulogy pronounced on him after his death by one who knew him well—" *This was a man.*"

Mark Antony exhibits the versatility of genius. While yet uncertain how the popular voice will decide, he keeps in with the conspirators till he has felt the people's pulse, and gradually, by hint and inuendo, by a mixture of genuine feeling and rhetorical artifice, inflamed it to fever heat. When he throws off the mask we discover in him an unprincipled adventurer eager to take advantage of the assassination he had so deplored and condemned, to sign the death warrant of as many as stood in his light, and even to tamper with the will of his departed friend. Octavius already reveals the possession of those transcendent abilities which are to make him the first and greatest of the Imperial Cæsars, while the triple confederacy to which he lends himself for a while is destitute of even the shadow of a patriotic motive.

There is less humour in this than in most of our Author's Plays—fewer pleasantries to tickle the vulgar ear. In place of such, however, a grave irony underlies a great part of it. How admirably namely is the *mobility* of the *mob* portrayed, swayed to and fro by the opposing influences from the rostrum of a Brutus and an Antony! The confounding of Cinna the poet with Cinna the conspirator and the "tearing" him for his bad verses, is perhaps, a hit at some of Shakespeare's contemporaries—which may well strike *beyond* them. There ought, surely, to be a penalty for murder of thought and language. The quarrel of two such friends as Brutus and Cassius is inimitably true to human nature, winding up, as it does, with the renewing of love.

The most striking passages in this play are found in the second part, namely, the unrivalled oration of Mark Antony; the spirited dialogue between the two leading conspirators; the passage of arms between the spokesmen of the opposed parties just previous to the battle itself; the speaking simile of Titinius in his lament over the fallen Cassius whereby he aptly describes the darkening hours of Republican Rome; all these

are passages worthy of the closest study for their due appreciation, and without it no reader or actor can hope to do them justice.

Into Antony's part should be thrown a variety of intonation. At one time he is wheedling the conspirators; at another, *covertly*, to begin with, and then by degrees *more openly*, denouncing their murderous deed. His affection for Cæsar, genuine at the time, finds an utterance in pathetic laments. With a secret purpose of avenging him he plays upon the popular passions till he has raised them to the requisite pitch. The tragic allusions to the mantle and wounds of the deceased; the adroit insinuation of corrupt motives on the part of the assassins, coupled with the sarcastic refrain "all honourable men"; the cleverly delayed production of the will just in time to clench the impression made; all these feats of oratory require corresponding inflections of voice in the reader, and in the actor appropriate gestures as well.

Then, in the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius it is observable that the *latter* as complainant is the excited one, believing himself wronged, his hurt feelings working him up almost to madness. The other is the calm Stoic who never loses his temper, outwardly at least, but speaks such exasperating words as, under a sense of duty, he feels bound to speak. It is evident that while a genuine friendship exists between these two men cast in moulds so different, it is Cassius who looks up to Brutus and is the warmer friend.

C. R. PEARSON.

## AMARANTH.

Fair, as the Dawn's\* bright Goddess graced  
 With orient rubies, gold and pearls,  
 Whose fleeting charms Apollo chased,  
 Was my first paragon of girls.

And fresh as bay when, wet with dews,  
 That Nymph transformed reflects his light,  
 Unfading Memory still renews  
*My* Daphne, vanished from my sight ;

Still with me, as we walked at first,  
 Ere Destiny disjoined our way ;  
 All for which warmest heart could thirst,  
 Sparkling in sunshine's happiest ray.

Her golden hair still gold to me ;  
 Form perfect yet, eyes heavenly blue ;  
 Though well aware I'm old ; and she  
 Must the same years have journeyed through.

How, 'mid the varying cloud and storm  
 That followed that gay morning's gleam,  
 Changed may have been that faultless form,  
 I care not ; I have still my dream.

The luckless love that loses sight  
 Of happiness almost possessed ;  
 Though cheated of earth's prime delight,  
 Prize to which fervent passion pressed ;

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\* NOTE.—"Primus Amor Phœbi Daphne Peneia." I take  
 Daphne and Dawn to be identical.

*THE GROVE.*

Yet gains for good what winners lose  
Who live to see Love's glory fade.  
The very fool who filled my shoes  
Found out perhaps the mistake he'd made.

Beheld her blue eyes lose their light,  
Her hair turn gradually grey ;  
Her mouth, with wreathed smiles once bright,  
Let droop its corners t'other way.

While I, triumphant over Fate,  
Still hold her in immortal youth ;  
So in some holier, happier state  
May only what we love prove truth ;

The promise of our Life's pure morn  
Fulfilment find in genuine bliss ;  
And all between, that turned to scorn  
High hopes, be but parenthesis.

J. W. PRESTON.

## A QUARTER OF A CENTURY IN THE PUNJAUB.

### CHAPTER VI.

*The March to join the "Army of the Punjaub," and the "Battle of Goojerat," 21st February, 1849.*

ON the 28th of January the leading brigade of the Bengal column commenced its march *en route* towards the commander-in-chief's camp on the Jhelum.

On the 30th the siege train and right brigade followed. Marching steadily onward, we passed Sirdarpore, crossing the Râvi at Raj-Ghaut to Shôrkote, a quaint old place (probably the capital of the ancient Sibe or Sibs), thence passing Jhung we reached Chuniote on the 11th of February, a fort on the Chenâb which was stated to be still holding out in the interests of the enemy.

The force of our ally, Sheikh Emâmoodeen, which had been detached against it from Mooltan, had been unable to reduce the place, but it surrendered to the leading column under General Whish the day preceding our arrival. I was, on this occasion, afforded an opportunity of seeing a native chief's idea of investing a place and conducting military "approaches" against it; in short, the siege operations of a native force; and of a very extraordinary and primitive character. I found them to be. Two practicable breaches had been effected by mining—Sheikh Emâmoodeen having no battering train, and, indeed, only two light field pieces of small calibre. The breaches, however, such as they were, had been retrenched by the enemy; who, under "Narain Sing," a chief of Moolraj's, had with two thousand men made good the defence of the place.

The adjacent town had been impartially but completely gutted by the

hostile soldiery of both sides; the very lintels and doorposts had been extracted for fuel.

The process of *mining*, as pursued by the native pioneers or sappers of Sheikh Emāmooddeen, proved on examination primitive in the highest degree. Descending by "shafts" which a rat could scarcely be credited with the ability to crawl into, the sappers or miners, taking a "sight line," had run their gallery (so to term it) roughly towards the place, till—in the absence of compasses to direct their onward progress—finding it necessary to see their way, they would at intervals open out little shafts or air-holes, whence the miner, cautiously popping out his head, would inspect the way he was going, return to the "gallery" and continue his advances. On several occasions, it appeared, their heads had been seen by the enemy and the approaches met by countermines, and in short a keen subterranean warfare had resulted, terminating in the repulse of Sheikh Emāmooddeen, whose camp we found before Chuniote on our arrival.

There are some curious basaltic (?) rocks closely adjacent to Chuniote, and the view of the river Chenāb therefrom is very interesting towards the setting sun. In fact, although the general line of our march up through the Bāri and Rechnā Doābs was wild and desolate, isolated spots of interest and even beauty presented themselves; and I find in my journal many sketches and scraps of roadside scenes, vividly recalling several such curious and interesting points.

On the 17th of February we reached Ramnugger, the point at which the *Army of the Punjab*, under Lord (then Sir Hugh) Gough, had crossed the Chenāb and fought the battle of Sadoolapore. We here heard that the enemy was endeavouring to cross the Chenāb near Wuzzeerabad into the Bāri Doāb, with the view apparently of threatening Lahore; a movement frustrated, however, by our left or "advance" brigade being pushed on by Whish to defend that point. We had scarcely reached our ground after a long morning's march of seventeen miles, when an order came for us to push on that same day to join the commander-in-chief's army, which was then on the move with the same object of intercepting the Sikh army on its flank march to the crossing of the river already mentioned. We accordingly again marched in the afternoon, and after nine miles more—some of the way through very heavy sand—we arrived at the head-quarter camp about 9 p.m., having completed our twenty-six miles with the heavy guns that day, a distance not often covered by a siege train in one day's march.



We bivouacked on the sand for the night, as our baggage was mostly in the rear, but it came up during the night. Next morning—the 18th—we joined in with the “chief’s” line of march, and took up our appointed place in the line of battle, for we were marching towards the enemy. The army steadily advanced towards him in battle array on the 19th and 20th. On the 21st we found him drawn up in line of battle in front of the town of Goojerat, round which his camp was pitched.

Before I proceed to give a sketch of this memorable battle, I may say that never in the course of a somewhat active life have I felt my spirits more exhilarated than during these few days preceding the crowning action of the campaign. The elation at having after all arrived in time to share in what we all felt must prove the crowning victory of the war; the bright green corn fields over which we were marching; the glorious snowy range of the Pir Pinjál—its peaks glittering in the morning sun—just in front of us as we advanced towards the enemy; and the crisp, bracing air of the cold season, all conspired to render these few days a truly happy time; and when, on our advancing—after an early cup of coffee—on the morning of the 21st, the first puff of white smoke, followed by the hopping round shot from the enemy’s line, told us the battle had commenced, I may say a thrill of satisfaction passed through me such as I have scarcely ever experienced since.

The details of this “Battle of Goojerat” are historical, and I might quote with advantage the words of Sir Hugh Gough’s eloquent and graphic despatch (written by an able pen) on this occasion.\* The infantry were ordered to lie down and rest on their arms; the whole of the artillery was pushed to the front, and the great cannonade of Goojerat from eighty-eight guns, distributed in some fifteen or sixteen batteries, began. In the course of about three hours, the enemy’s artillery—about sixty-seven in action—were totally destroyed or silenced, and being abandoned on the field were captured by us to the number of fifty-three on the field of battle and ten more in the subsequent pursuit.

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\*It were long to quote *in extenso*, but the following extract may be given from the commander-in-chief’s despatch:—“The Sikh army, under the command of Sirdar Chutter Sing and of Raja Shere Sing” (our old Mooltan friend,) “combined with the Affghan troops in the service of the Ameer of Cabool, were posted in great strength near to the town of Goojerat. Their numbers were estimated at sixty thousand men, and fifty-nine guns were brought by them into action.”

It was said that four small guns escaped towards Jummoo, which would bring the enemy's park up to sixty-seven, a respectable figure, considering that he surrendered no less than two hundred and fifty-two pieces in the campaign of 1845-6, on the Sutlej, only two years previously.

The official plan of the battle, now before me, shows the distribution of the various batteries of the artillery ; but although the battery in which I served was in the very centre of the line, I was too fully occupied with the enemy in our immediate front to be able to pay much attention to what was going on right and left. On our right, however, some very heavy artillery fighting was "on," and several of our batteries incurred heavy loss, *e.g.* Major J. Fordyce's and Major John Anderson's (who was killed). On the left the combat was not so severe, though the bulk of the enemy's cavalry—including one thousand five hundred Affghan horse—there came in contact with our cavalry, and were driven off the field.

A slight discrepancy as to the number of the enemy's guns in action appears ; but I adhere to the numbers I always understood as officially correct from the reports in camp at the time ; during the battle the enemy had many zumbooruks (or swivel guns), and I believe brought up some additional guns during the action. Many of their batteries had been organised by our own officers, for the Sikh durbar, and were well handled, and in most respects all but equal to our own artillery, so that the artillery combat was not unequal or altogether a one-sided affair. In reporting of the artillery in this action the commander-in-chief said "The heavy artillery continued to advance with extraordinary celerity, taking up successive forward positions, driving the enemy from those they had retired to, etc. ;" and, in fact, we, amongst the rest, manœuvred our heavy battery that day in the advanced line like a light field battery. To relate my individual experience may, perhaps, seem trivial to the military reader, so I refrain from much that occurs to me to record. However, I may briefly say that the battery to which I belonged consisted of eight heavy pieces—four eighteen-pounders and four eight-inch howitzers—and was manned by a wing of the old 3rd Battalion Bengal Artillery. We advanced with the rest of the army, and found ourselves opposed to a heavy battery of the enemy on our left of the village of Kalrha, which, after engaging for an hour and a half, we utterly silenced. A spirited attempt was then made to drive us from our guns by a four-gun troop of Sikh horse artillery, which

advanced in our front to about seven or eight hundred yards distance and opened a brisk fire upon us, by which, in less than five minutes, we lost five men and ten cattle, and I remember the commanding officer's charger was killed at that time under him. Our eyes, however, were in, from our recent practice at Mooltan; we soon got their range, and brought our heavy guns to bear on this brave little battery, of which in a very few minutes all four pieces were lying on the ground dismounted. The Sikh gunners unhooked the traces and galloped off the field, leaving their pieces wrecked on the plain. We subsequently advanced through these two batteries, and had the satisfaction of capturing them ourselves; thus, so to say, "bagging our own game." We afterwards advanced through the enemy's captured camp, in which, I remember, we found in one of the tents, a band of musical instruments, many of which were appropriated by our gunners, and long after figured at the barrack dances of the old 3rd Battalion B.A.\*

During the action a mad attempt was made by thirty Sikh horsemen—who, I fancy, were drugged with *bhang* (hemp) to the masthead—to carry off—it was supposed, our commander-in-chief (Sir H. Gough), who had taken up his position not very far from our battery. They emerged from the village of Kalrha, I think, and I distinctly saw them dash across our rear. The rear rank of one regiment—29th I suppose—who were next to us in the general line, went right about and gave them a volley. I had supposed it a Welsh regiment, as I well recollect that in the morning in front of the line, as we were advancing into action, their regimental *goat* was being chased about by our regimental dog—who had been wounded in action and had a medal given him by the men. These fanatics were afterwards charged, and several guns turned on them as they passed to the front and endeavoured to escape to their own lines, and I believe only two succeeded in getting clear away.

I recollect, also about this period of the battle, seeing a brigade of several regiments or *goles* of Sikh cavalry trying to "get up a charge." They advanced several hundred yards in line, and I could distinctly see the Sikh sirdars waving their swords in front. Our guns were turned

\* Our expenditure of ammunition in this action was two hundred and thirteen round shot, seventy-five common shell, and seventy-eight shrapnell shell. Casualties—killed, one corporal, two gunners, one horse, ten bullocks; wounded, two gunners, one gun lascar, five drivers. One howitzer, broken trunnion, one fore-wheel of eighteen-pounder broken. The major commanding battery's horse was killed under him, and he himself contused.

on them, and the very first eight-inch shell brought them to a halt, and the second and third shots sent them off the field; from the distance we viewed them at they seemed literally to melt away into the distance, and they never showed again.

The victory was most complete, gained almost entirely by the artillery, though one or two villages in the general advance had to be carried by the infantry, and the cavalry had some work in repelling attempts of the Sikh horsemen to turn our flanks; but it is a fact that the enemy were driven from their guns—with little loss in men, as I satisfied myself next day—by the *feu d'enfer*\* of eighty-eight pieces of artillery, when—as the Sikhs afterwards expressed it—"Hell opened its jaws for the destruction of the Kalsa."

This action has always appeared to me the mildest and most gentlemanly affair I ever served in; all was over by noon. After a morning's cup of coffee, and a pleasant field day of three or four hours, finding our tiffin or breakfast dhooly well up, we halted in a shady ravine beyond the enemy's camp, and enjoyed a hearty meal, during which news of the details of the battle kept dropping in. All faces were glad, though our pleasure at the victory was mingled with regret for the few comrades who fell. Two artillery officers who had been with us at Mooltan were amongst the killed.† Our commanding officer's old friend and chum was killed at the head of his troop; and his young cousin, who had been *my* chum before the campaign and shared my tent during the early part of the war, was also killed by a round shot in the action. Our Major also lost his favourite old horse, whose nose was carried away by a round shot during the action, and had to be destroyed on the field.

At 3 p.m. the pursuit, under Sir Walter Gilbert, had passed on towards the northern frontier, and as far as we were concerned, this was the last shot fired during the second Punjaub war.

After several weeks of inaction in camp, during which the army was gradually withdrawn, we returned to quarters at Ferozepore, having been nearly nine months under canvas.

D. J. F. NEWALL.

\* Our field artillery consisted of exactly one hundred guns (light and heavy), of which twelve were detached or on baggage guard, leaving eighty-eight guns actually in action, the Sikhs having sixty-seven (or as some said seventy-one guns) in action, and a quantity of zumbooruks or swivel camel guns, so that it was not altogether a one-sided affair.

† Captain (Major) John Anderson, commanding 4th Troop, 3rd Brigade Bengal Horse Artillery, and Lieutenant F. Day, No. 16, L.F. Battery.

## THE LOVE OF FLOWERS.

NOTHING is more noticeable in England than the beauty of our gardens; nothing is more universal among Englishmen and English speaking people than their love of flowers.

In the country it is rare to find a house or cottage that has not a garden, or if the inmates do not possess such a delightful adjunct, they make the best of their sad lot by having plants in their windows or window boxes.

Now, so far as my experience goes, this is not the case on the continent. I have travelled a great deal in out-of-the-way parts of the country in France, and I used to be very much surprised at finding how few people cultivated flowers. My object in travelling was to visit Cathedrals and Churches, and as some of the finest of these are situated in villages or very small towns, I have visited many parts of France which are rarely seen by English tourists.

Now, nothing I know is sadder or more miserable than a village or small provincial town in France. No flowers are to be seen. If there is a garden at all, which is by no means common, it is filled with vegetables and fruit trees, and if the front of the house is covered at all it is so by a vine or fig tree.

The great principles of economy are cultivated by our neighbours to such an extent that, in their eyes, the sacrifice of a *metre* of land to anything which did not bring in money or its equivalent would be looked upon almost as a crime. Therefore they grow up and die without the solace of flowers, or without the humanizing influences that these instil on human beings. As an instance of the latter, I may mention that it has been remarked more than once by district visitors and evangelists, whose duty it is to seek out the poorest and most degraded of human beings in the worst slums of East or South London, that where

they see a flower pot or flowers in the window, they can fearlessly enter that house, knowing that they will meet with a courteous reception.

At the end of the summer, it is the custom of the London County Council to give away thousands of the bedding out plants which adorn the parks of the metropolis. Nothing is more earnestly coveted by the poorest people than these plants. The demand is always much greater than the supply. In the country some of the cottage gardens are really most beautiful. I could point out gardens in the parishes of Whitchurch, Hawkechurch, and Axminster, which are most glorious. Flowers are to be seen there which are never to be found in gentlemen's gardens. Old Martagon Lilies, old varieties of Green Ranunculus, and a hundred herbaceous plants which are bundled out of gentlemen's gardens to make way for bedding out plants, are here in perfection. Everything seems to do well in these cottage gardens. I once gave a spare plant of the Noisette rose, "Celine Forrestier," to my old gardener who lives in the Warren; he planted it in the little narrow strip of garden under the eaves of his cottage, in a few inches of soil, and this rose this year had upwards of 500 blooms on it. Disease, which is so prevalent in the rich man's garden, does not seem ever to come near these. Three years in succession my old Madonna Lilies (*Lilium Candidum*) have been attacked by a fell disease which looks like a sort of red spider, or hollyhock disease. This disease seems to bid fair to exterminate this beautiful strain of bulbs; but I have never seen any diseased bulbs in a cottage or farm-house garden. I know nothing more delightful than after Church on a summer's evening to stroll round the gardens of my parishioners. What a kindly welcome—what pleasure the cottager seems to take in the interest you take in his garden, and when you find he has something you have not, how glad he is to give you a cutting or a part of the root. One dear friend of mine actually walked over from a distant part of the parish, and himself planted a root of Candy-tuft which had disappeared from my garden.

Then what pretty and quaint names do the country people give to the flowers. The White Arabis is not known by its botanical name, but as "Snow of the Mountain;" Phlox are known as "Summer's Farewell," as they are always about the last of the herbaceous plants in bloom; the Stocks are called "Gilly Flowers," or is it the Stocks or the Clove Carnations which bear this name? I once asked a question in

the gardening papers as to what was a "Gilly Flower." Every answer gave a different name. Perhaps you, Mr. Editor, can tell me what it is.\*

And now, what is the secret of this wonderful growth of flowers in cottage gardens? How is it that often when in a large garden there is not a flower, a neighbouring cottage garden is gay with bloom? I have my idea—it may not be right—but I know of no other reason for this. The cottager spends no money on his garden; he buys no bulbs; fourpence or sixpence for a few packets of flower seeds is all he spends, and very often not even that. He may get a few things given him, but it is not that. No, I attribute his success to this thing—he lets his garden *alone*. I don't mean that he does not weed it, but he lets the plants alone. When out of bloom, he does not cut the flower stalks down—he leaves them to *seed*, and, when fully ripe, the wind scatters the seeds about, and they germinate and produce young plants each year. The old plant may be exhausted, but the young one lives and bears good flowers. His garden is never disturbed in order to plant new sorts, or for Dutch bulbs. The herbaceous plants are there, he knows, though he cannot see them in the winter, and as soon as the first breath of spring has kissed the frozen earth, the earliest of the hardy plants come up strong and bear blooms. Arabis, Candytuft, Snow Drops, Primroses and Wallflowers, with perhaps a rare Christmas rose, these all make his garden once more beautiful, and from that time to Christmas his garden is never wanting some sort of flowers.

I have been struggling for some years to effect the same thing, and I may say that I have met with fair success, but this, alas, has only been attained with great cost, and I am afraid the expense is by no means commensurate with the success. Each year I lay out rather a large sum on what are called Dutch Bulbs, i.e., hyacinths, tulips, &c., and with these manage to secure a good commencement of the floral year. If it is considered of sufficient interest to the readers of *The Grove*, perhaps a few notes upon the succession of flowers which I have adopted may not be unwelcome.

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\* Gillyflower seems to be the popular English name for many of the cruciferous plants, such as wall-flower, stock, etc. The Clove-pink also is called Clove-Gillyflower. The name Gillyflower has been regarded as a corruption of July-flower, but more probably it is derived from the French girofle, a clove, the smell of the Clove-Gillyflower being rather like that of cloves.—Ed.

The earliest flowers that bloom in my garden are the winter aconites, these with their golden balls, sometimes in bloom above the snow, are very effective. Then come the snowdrops, followed by the Christmas roses. I am afraid that in our climate, the month of January must be pronounced as absolutely without flowers, so far as concerns the out-door garden. But early in February, just as we are beginning to notice that the days are drawing out a little, these flowers appear. There is also a bulbous Iris called "*Histrio*" which is very early, but unfortunately it is very dear, a good bulb costs 7/6. After these flowers are well in bloom the earliest crocuses appear, always I think the yellow varieties first. These will take you into March, when if the Season is at all an average one, the Daffodils begin to bloom. I know of no time when my garden is more gay, than when these lovely bulbs are in bloom. You get every shade of yellow from the deepest gold to the very faintest lemon. The Ajax or trumpet daffodils are the first to appear, the best and largest of the deep golden varieties is *Golden Spur*, and this can be bought very cheaply indeed. There is a most beautiful member of this family (light lemon in colour with a still paler cup) named after my wife, and one not quite so beautiful, as is quite proper, named after me.

The Ajax family is followed by the *Incomparabilis* section, the distinguishing feature of which is that the cup is half the size of the perianth. Then when these are out of bloom the old *Narcissus Porticus* is in flower. Whilst the last section is coming into bloom, my garden is gay with Hyacinths, which are followed by Tulips. These last well into May—when there is or should be no lack of flowers. Now the *Iris Barbata* or Bearded Iris is in full bloom. These contain flowers of every colour except red. And during this month all the Tea Roses growing against walls are in full bloom. And perhaps this is the most beautiful sight of all. No sooner are the Bearded Iris over than the Spanish and English Bulbous Iris come into bloom. These Iris are most glorious, the English are larger than the Spanish, but the colours of the latter are brighter. There is a most beautiful variety now, called "*Gold Cup*," which has large flowers of bronze and gold. These Iris generally accompany the first blooming of the Hybrid Perpetual Roses, and with Pinks and Indian Pinks make my terrace beds most beautiful. These flowers last well into July, when the glorious *Lilium Candidum* or old



English Madonna Lily comes into bloom. These are by no means alone, for various members of the *Lilium* family, particularly the Martagon, or Turks Cap section are in full bloom. Then comes the lovely *Lilium Brownii*, and *Krameri*, and these last till nearly the end of July, when the Carnations and Picotees fill up the voids in the beds. These blooms come at a most useful time, when the death of the stately *Lilium Candidum* has left a void which apparently nothing can fill. But with the earliest days of August or the last week in July, the most noble of all flowers, "*Lilium Auratum*," the Japan golden rayed *Lilium* begins to bloom.

Now, alas, the Phlox and the Dahlias are in full flower, both sure and certain proofs that the Summer is over, and the Autumn arrived. Perhaps the borders are really gayer now than at any other time, but everything speaks to us of the coming end. I have not named a most beautiful strain of bulbs which when well established are most useful, particularly for Church vases, the (*i.e.*) *Alstromeria* or Herb Lily. You can have various shades of gold and red and gold in these plants, which if tied up and made to show themselves to advantage, are very gay, particularly when the sun shines.

The Dahlias, the Geraniums, Fuchsias, and the Phlox lead up to that lovely bulb the "*Gladiolus*," which is now undoubtedly the King of the Autumn. Each year new varieties, and even sometimes new families of this splendid bulb are introduced. It is perhaps a little formal in habit and has no scent, but in stateliness, in variety of colours and for general decoration of the garden, it is not to be surpassed. All through September I have these blooms in my garden and if the weather permits, even in October. After this I have that splendid flower *Lobelia Cardinalis*, which here does remarkably well. These and the *Schizostolis* accompany the *Chrysanthemum*, which is the end of all things. If well cultivated these will give you blooms till the frost kills them off to the ground. Then there is nothing for it but to resign yourself to be without flowers or else to follow the swallows.

JOHN B. CAMM.

## A DAY'S TUNNY FISHING IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

WHILE on a visit to Sicily in 1886, I and a friend were given permission to go and see the Tunny Fishery belonging to Signor Florio, late owner of the line of steamers bearing that name.

We were, at the time, staying at Marsala, a large sea-port on the west coast of the island, standing in a fruitful and well-cultivated district. It is the Lilybaeum of the ancients, and derived its present name from the Arabs, who, when they held Sicily, esteemed this part so highly that they called it Marsa Alla, "Port of God."

The Tunny Fishery is situated between the two islands of Favignana and Levanzo, about fifteen miles North West of Marsala. The large factory connected with this industry, for industry it may justly be called since it gives employment to a large number of men, is on Favignana.

The Tunny is closely allied to the mackerel, indeed it looks very much like a magnified one. It is steely blue in colour and very large, being sometimes nine feet in length, and weighing a thousand pounds, or even more, so says the Encyclopædia. The ones which we saw, however, would have weighed about two hundredweight. They are very shy fish and always keep at a great depth and in large shoals. They are very regular in their habits, invariably passing through the same channels every year at the same time, and therefore the enormous nets in which they are caught are put down every spring in the same places. These nets are of great strength, indeed small schooners have been known to get caught in them; as a rule, however, when the nets are known to be down all vessels avoid these channels. The nets are laid down in the form of a succession of chambers, all leading up to one final chamber, and continually lessening in number, and so narrowing,

as they approach this last chamber, the camera della morte, as it is grimly named. One end of these nets, the doorway, as it were can be closed as required, and there are always watchers in boats on the look out to lower this part of the net whenever any fish are seen to have ventured inside. After driving these further in, the watchers again open the net to allow others to be caught, and so on until they consider there are enough fish to warrant their having "a kill."

We started from Marsala about 9 p.m. on Monday, May 17th, in a little seven ton yacht, "The Dart," lent to us by a friend. There was a beautiful full moon and a slight haze. The wind was nearly fair, however a little tacking was necessary. At 10 p.m. we turned in and slept fairly well till morning. I say fairly because as the hours wore on the wind fell to a dead calm and we were left at the mercy of a heavy ground swell, and those who know what it is to feel the boom of a yacht jerked over, first to this side and then to that, will understand that under such circumstances sound alumber was almost impossible. On turning out about 6 a.m. we found that we had only just arrived at the fishing place, having taken nine hours to traverse fifteen miles!

Let me try to sketch the scene which met our eyes on emerging from the cabin of our little craft. On our left lay the island of Favignana, with the small town of Favignana at the top of a natural harbour formed by a narrow arm of the sea, on the western side of which arose a steep hill, with a telegraph station on the summit. On our right stretched away the fishing nets extending for miles, with the island of Levanzo some two miles distant. It was a glorious morning with a calm sea, which is quite a necessity for the success of the killing process.

After a cup of coffee we stepped into our Dinghy and were rowed to the scene of action. Conspicuous, at some distance off, were seven large barges forming three sides of an oblong enclosure; these barges were moored round the last chamber or camera della morte, which is of small mesh but very strong. In these barges were fastened the sides and one end of the great bag of cord into which the Tunny fish are driven before the kill can take place.

Scattered about were several large boats with from six to eight men in each watching for the fish to enter the final chambers of the netting. There was also another enormous barge, full of men, moored a little to

one side of the other barges, this was intended to close up the oblong when the fish were all in the final chamber.

We were rowed from our yacht to one of the scattered boats in which was seated Signor Carusa, the boss of the show, we handed him our introduction and took our seats in his boat. Here we sat for upwards of an hour and saw shoals of Tunny swimming about deep down in the sea, they looked the size of big cod at this great depth. They seemed rather obstinate about entering the last chamber. At length, however, a shout was raised by the men at the entrance, the shoal was in, and we rowed quickly to the big barge at the top of the chamber of death. Meanwhile the second large barge filled up the other end of the oblong, and sixty men on board of it began hauling up the net, singing a mournful chant as they did so to keep in time, while a man standing in a boat inside the oblong enclosure constantly threw water over them to keep them cool. The men continued to haul until their barge had touched the other barges; and now began such a splashing and dashing, the mighty monsters, crowded together and filled with fear, rose to the surface and churned the water into a mass of foam. We began to think that we should not have a dry shred of clothing on before many minutes were passed. However, we got out of the way of the water by standing at the back of the barge. The work of slaughter now commenced, some sixty men being in one barge at the one end of the oblong and thirty in another at the other end; as the fish swam past they were first gaffed by two men with very long gaffs and drawn to the side of the barge, where four other men with short gaffs hooked the fish on either side and hauled them all bleeding into the boat where they were left to die. It took six men to land a fish. This process goes on till all are killed.

A small boat had been left during this time to catch any sword-fish there might happen to be amongst the Tunny before they damaged the net. This boat ran a great risk of being upset as it got many a heave from these large fish.

On this occasion four hundred and ninety Tunny and three Sword-fish were killed. It was, we were told, a fair kill but nothing unusual. The slaughter of the Tunny was not altogether a pleasant sight, especially before breakfast, the sea being made quite red with blood for some distance round. It was truly a scene of butchery! After all were taken, the net was lowered again and the barges with their cargoes

started off for the shore. On their reaching the factory the fish were thrown into the sea, then some men from the shore waded in, and having fixed into the eye of the fish a hook with a long rope attached to it, they landed them by running them up an inclined plane into a kind of paved courtyard where they were left for a time. When all had been laid out in this courtyard, the process of cutting up began, each man having his different part to perform. One, with a large axe, cut off their heads with two strokes; another removed the roe from the female fish and so on. When the process of cutting was over the carcasses were carried into the factory, where the greater part was salted down like pork for the Italian navy. Some of the more delicate portions are tinned in oil, and the roes are cured like tongues.

The flesh when eaten fresh is more like veal than fish; it is very pleasant to the taste though rather rich. The roe is most excellent served as a "Savory" cut in thin slices and put cold on hot slices of buttered toast, another way in which it may be eaten is with oil as "*Hors d'œuvres*."

The isle of Favignana is a convict settlement, and a good many of the convicts are employed in the factory. They looked a real bad lot with their clanking leg chains and green and white striped uniforms.

After inspecting the factory we took a lounge in the town, a small one of the Sicilian type.

At one o'clock we bade adieu to Favignana and its Tunny fishery and re-embarked for Marsala. Thus ended our most interesting and enjoyable trip.

A. L. WOODHOUSE.

## ON THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF LYME.

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### PART IV.

EVEN as early as 1612 there had been a very bitter quarrel between the respective adherents of the Court and Country parties in this borough. John Geere or Geare, who was vicar of Lyme from 1608 to 1650, had incurred the censure of his ecclesiastical superiors by his very pronounced Puritanism and his license as a preacher was withdrawn. Out of revenge or perhaps from a really conscientious motive he there-upon *procured an act* as it was then called, *i.e.*, brought an action *against the Mayor and his brethren and the Cobb-wardens* (meaning the wardens of the Cobb ale) *for the using of profane and religious abuses*. The ground of attack does not seem to have been skilfully chosen for the Council had not yet become so virtuous as to wish that there should be no more cakes and ale. They were on the side of Sir Toby rather than of Malvolio. The majority not only passed a vote that the action should be defended at the town cost, but countercharged Geere's chief partizan and backer, Robert Hassard, *with misdemeanours wilfully committed in his Mayoralty* and made it a Star Chamber matter. Hassard, in consequence, was deprived of the Magistracy which as ex-mayor he continued to hold by virtue of the recent Charter. But he had powerful friends at Court, and at their intercession was conditionally reinstated provided he cleared himself by a judicial hearing before the Star Chamber. This he neglected to do, perhaps felt he could not do. The triumphant Royalists in the Corporation followed up their victory, and he was expelled by a vote of the capital burgesses on this account and for being a professed follower of John Geere. Another of the sixteen, by name John Viney, was also suspended from his office at the

same time, as being too great a favourer of Geere, *until he should show some worthy fruits of his conformity and amendment.*

Notwithstanding this repulse Puritanism went on increasing both in power and in intensity. Strolling players were not allowed to contaminate the borough with their presence, Sabbath observance was enforced by strict penalties, and the Cobb ale itself gradually fell into desuetude. It became yearly more difficult to find persons willing to accept the onerous office of Wardenship of the ale, and the Juries at the Court Leet attacked it either covertly or openly. It ceased and was never afterwards revived. Thirty years after the expulsion of Hassard from the Corporation the Cavalier element in Lyme though not extinct had become in a very small minority. But Protestant and Puritanical as Lyme was, the one name in its martyrology is that of the Roman Catholic priest Hugh Green, who was arrested on the Cobb at Lyme, as he was about to take his passage for abroad, and executed at Dorchester amid circumstances of much cruelty and insult in 1642, on no other charge than of having a little outstayed the day fixed by Royal Proclamation (much against the King's will) for all Roman Catholic priests leaving the country.

In the Civil War the importance of Lyme to the Parliament and the reason also why the Royalists besieged it with such pertinacity arose from the fact that it was one, and apparently the weakest, link in a chain of forts extending across from Channel to Channel, which effectually curbed and kept in check the Royalist counties of Devon and Cornwall (Plymouth was the only non-Royalist place in the one county, and in the other there was none) and prevented their forces from marching to join the main army of the King.

Almost immediately after the commencement of hostilities in 1642 Sir Thomas Trenchard and Sir Walter Earle, the latter of whom had represented Lyme in the House of Commons, took possession of the town for the Parliament. There were forts there and batteries guarding the approach by sea, but the land side was entirely unprotected. The oldest of these forts were the Eastern Fort or Gun Cliff immediately at the back of the Guild Hall, which remains, though the embrasures have been walled up, and was mounted with four guns, and the Bell Cliff which overlooks the entrance to the Marine Parade and was formerly surmounted by a parapet which has since given place to iron rails. The

latter got its name from the alarm bell hung in it to summon the burgesses to arms. Only fifteen years before a third fort, the Stoning or Stone Fort, of which only the foundation now remains upon the beach and can be sometimes seen, had been built facing the sea and a little further to the west, for the better protection of the Cobb, and by the subscriptions of the townspeople. There was or had been a fourth fort close to the Cobb itself at a spot called Birch Door. But except the Stone Fort all were merely constructed of palisades and mud. The Gun Cliff dates from William Ellesdon's Mayoralty in 1595. There were also guns on the Church Cliffs.

But in this Civil War there was more danger from the land side than the sea, and the first care of the Parliamentary officers was to erect a chain of defensive works in this direction connected by a curtain wall. The encroachment of the sea has swept away all trace of what used to be Davey's Fort in the Church Cliffs, and Newel's Fort, which guarded the approach by way of Charmouth Lane. There were two other forts which guarded the approach by way of Uplyme, Gatch's Fort or the Middle Fort and the Western Fort. One of these seems to have been on the site of Mr. Carter's Nursery Ground, where within the memory of several persons there was a heaped-up mound of earth, in levelling which there was discovered a large quantity of cannon balls and bullets. All classes, and women even more zealously than men, laboured like the Athenians of Themistocles or what would have been a more familiar instance to themselves, the Jews of Ezra, at the construction and completion of these works, and probably, unlike the Lyme people of to-day, without any thought of payment. The Parliament did indeed make a small grant both of ammunition and of money, but too small to be more than a very moderate grant in aid.

Col. Thomas Ceely was appointed Governor and ably supported by Captain Pyne and other gallant officers. Blake joined the garrison but not quite yet.

1643 opened with "excursions and alarms;" the town was threatened by the approach of Lord Poulett and Sir Ralph Hopton, and the townsmen petitioned the Parliament for help. The Parliament ordered Sir Walter Earle to send such forces from the levies of Dorset as the occasion should require, and granted the burgesses £200 out of their own subscription money. That danger being averted the Lyme garrison



strengthened by the reinforcement it had received, began a series of attacks upon all the Royalist positions within a radius of several miles in the three counties of Dorset, Somerset and Devon. The other side committed reprisals and between them more than one fine old manor house was burnt down, but in this desultory warfare the advantage generally remained with the men of Lyme. Capt. Pyne distinguished himself greatly in these various operations. On one occasion a Lyme party under Col. Ware had been taken by surprise and carried prisoners to Colyton. Pyne set off in the night captured the captors and recovered his friends. This enterprising young officer also made himself master of Whitchurch Castle, which was held for the King, and the town and neighbourhood of Bridport. This career of success was checked by the advance of Prince Maurice, who took Dorchester, Weymouth and Portland, and summoned Lyme, which however returned a peremptory refusal. The Prince finding the place better defended than he had expected did nothing more at that time but marched on to Exeter to effect a junction with Sir John Berkeley.

In the spring of 1644 he returned with greatly augmented forces, chiefly Irishmen and Cornish, amounting if we may trust the computation of the besieged to about 4,500 in all, and officered by the best and bravest of the Cavaliers of the West. The same authority puts the number of the garrison at 500. On the 27th of April the Royalist troops advanced from Axminster and deployed upon the ridge of Uplyme Hill in a line extending about a mile. To the haughty summons of the Prince the Governor made as haughty a reply, and threatened that he would give no quarter to either Irishmen or Cornish. Even yet the men of Cornwall were hardly looked upon as English. The outposts of the garrison at Haye and Colway were driven in, and the Prince made the former house his headquarters.

On the following day the besieged set fire to the remaining houses outside their line to prevent the enemy occupying them, and the besiegers kept up a continuous fire of musketry, which the garrison from behind the shelter of their works returned with more effect. By the morning of the third day the besiegers had completed their first battery and brought their artillery into play, which did much damage to the Western Fort and the houses within.

Before the siege began Governor Ceely had taken the precaution of

arresting the known or suspected *Malignants* remaining in the town. They were fifteen in all. The best noted, both for his rank, his zeal and his capacity, was young Gregory Alford, whose name will occur again. Mr. Harvey, the brother-in-law of the Governor, had assigned to him the task of conveying these prisoners under guard by sea to Portsmouth. Alford and his companions turned the tables on their captors, took possession of the vessel, and escorted their escort into Royalist quarters, from which the unfortunate Harvey found it less easy to escape.

Day by day the siege went on. Newel's Fort at the eastern entrance of the town was speedily taken or became untenable, and the resistance which Davey's Fort could offer was now the sole dependence of the townsmen on this side. The enemy multiplied their batteries and attacked now the eastern side and now the western and again the centre of the position. Several desperate attempts were made to carry the town by assault, but in all cases were repulsed with heavy loss.

If the Royalists had had command of the sea the town must have fallen, but as it was the communication with the outer world was by no means interrupted. Messengers could pass freely between the garrison and Sir William Waller or the Parliament, and the latter were able from time to time to throw in much needed reinforcements of men and supplies of ammunition and provisions. The Cavaliers had not expected so stubborn a resistance, in their own words they thought that "it would be but a breakfast work and that they would not dine till they had took the town." At last they turned their attention to what if Prince Maurice had had the least military skill he would have done at first, viz., try to sever the communication between the town and Cobb, make the latter position untenable and destroy the shipping. Just a month after the first gun had been fired they constructed a new battery between the town and Cobb on the very verge of the cliff. I will quote verbatim from Roberts the events of the next day. His is either a literal or a condensed extract from a diary taken at the time by an anonymous actor in the events themselves, which diary was found at White Lackington in 1786, and came into the possession of the Follets. I do not know what became of it at the late Mr. Follet's death about thirty years ago.

"May 22. A fatal day for the shipping of the town. A vessel with malt and pease for the town was brought to the Cobb gate to be

unloaded: the enemy sunk it. Half for half being offered, six soldiers and others began to unload; a ball struck out the brains of one, &c., and so they relinquished their work. About seven or eight o'clock in the evening, 50 or 60 of the enemy ran down from their battery into the Cobb, casting wildfire among the barges, and that night burnt most of them; the townsmen's guard of 20 or 30 men saved themselves in a boat. The townsmen sallied while this was doing, and took the West Cliff battery. The enemy's horse forced on the foot, and compelled the townsmen to retreat; and so fell on again into the Cobb, firing other ships. Divers of the enemy were slain. The townsmen lost five or six: one more who was a principal instrument in the command of the town, and commanded the horse—Capt. Pyne. This disaster you cannot choose but think that it must trouble the town; and 'twas a sad spectacle to behold the burning of so many ships that formerly brought into the kingdom so great commodity (though but a little town) that the custom or import thereof brought into the King's exchequer yearly £4,000 or £5,000, £6,000, and sometimes more. The loss of the ships was not so much lamented as Capt. Pyne, yielded for dead, for more ships might be had again, but such a man is rarely to be found."

But the hearts of the townsmen were cheered by the arrival before the town upon the following day of a Parliamentary squadron of nine ships of war, under the command of the Earl of Warwick, Lord High Admiral. Warwick sent his own surgeon to attend poor Capt. Pyne, but his hurts were mortal, on the 26th he died. In times of siege the dead are soon buried out of sight. In the early dawn of the very next morning they bore him to his grave; they buried him in the chancel of the Church for honour, but before the smoke wreaths of his funeral volley had yet quite cleared away the sound of the enemy's trumpets without bade them prepare for another desperate assault. But it was delayed a few hours longer. The increasing light showed the Cavaliers that the breach their artillery fire had made the day before had been repaired during the few hours of a summer night. Again the batteries thundered during all the forenoon hours, and then they made their rush. It failed as it had failed before. Sixteen bodies, some of them of officers, lay dead beneath the crumbled wall, and when the Prince requested that they should be given up to him under the usual flag of truce, it was sternly refused him: let them lie there as a terror and a

warning. The loss of the townsmen was twelve killed, and Blake himself received a wound.

On the 29th of May there was a still more determined but equally vain assault. From noon to evening the fiery Cavaliers emulously exposed themselves with reckless gallantry, and their loss was proportionately large. Warwick in his report to Parliament estimated it at 400. A contingent of 300 volunteers from Warwick's squadron was taking part in the defence.

This was almost their last serious attempt, though the besiegers still tried to fire the town by means of fire arrows and red hot shot, and did once actually kindle the powder magazine. This danger was averted by the zeal and readiness of the women who had filled all their vessels with water. To minimise the danger of fire the townsmen had already uncovered all the thatched houses. There was enough to make Maurice waver, and in fact he ought to have withdrawn long before. At last the approach of Essex left him no choice. The first symptom of coming departure was noted by the glad eyes of the townsmen on the 13th June in the removal of a tent which the enemy had had for their court of guard. The intelligence was confirmed by a deserter, for the rats began now to leave the sinking ship. On the 14th tents were struck and batteries dismantled, and for the first time for eight weeks villagers from Charmouth and Uplyme stole in and talked with men of Lyme. When the sun rose upon the 15th of June, of all that gallant army not a man remained in sight.

But one woman did, a poor old Irishwoman, whose cruel fate tarnishes the glory of the brave defence. The Admiral's secretary says explicitly that the women of the town slew and pulled the old woman to pieces. Others put the guilt on the mariners from Warwick's fleet, but probably all joined in maltreating the unhappy creature, alike soldiers, sailors, and fisherwives of Lyme. The mangled corpse was cast into the sea, where it lay long the sport of the tide. A more imaginative tradition (what has been said is no tradition) assigns to the poor unfortunate the death of Regulus, a hogshead stuck with nails, thrust into which she was rolled down the steep street into the sea.

Z. EDWARDS.



*Christmas Season, 1891.*

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# THE GROVE.

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## A MONTHLY MISCELLANY,

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PUBLISHED BY F. DUNSTER, BROAD STREET,  
LYME REGIS.

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1892.

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# THE GROVE.

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No. 10.

FEBRUARY, 1892.

VOL. II.

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## MY SISTER CECILIA.

### CHAPTER XV.

HARD as it must have been, even to resignation like her's, to banish herself thus from the little outer world of Ardeley, it was harder yet in a certain sense for human nature to complete the act of severance:—to bid adieu for ever to green field, and mossy elm-tree, and open sky, and reviving sun, and the heart-cheering breath of Heaven. This too fell upon my mother in summertime;—that season when death, and all things connected with death, are translated into a more than ordinary gloom by its contrasting brightness, and the smiles then spread over the fair countenance of Nature. On one of the latter mornings my mother had been conducted by her faithful Marie half-way across the lawn to her accustomed couch beneath the plane-tree. There I joined her from the summer-house; for Cecilia was absent in the village;—laying aside even then not without unwillingness (and even now I know not with how deep a degree of blame I should mark the feeling)—those often read pages where the lost Paradise of our forefathers has been painted by Milton with the very tints and harmonies of Eden. She also, pale indeed, but all main lineaments undimmed by the cloud of suffering, lay reading a poem of earlier inspiration: the psalms appointed for the day: psalms appointed for a double repetition, always, I have thought, peculiarly affecting when, as in the months of August or of July, the words descriptive of the glory of God and God's creation are on every side contrasted with the living

trophies of creative Power, and the pomp and prodigality of Nature.—As I took my seat by her side, she placed the book within my hands, with a sign to the point she had reached: and when I had read the following words aloud, she, whose memory had been from childhood eminently retentive, now answered verse for verse, in tones unaffected in their sweet clearness by the ravages of disease and the enfeeblement of unremitted anguish.

So the minutes fled. We recounted the works of God, and His works were around us:—not mountain, and stormy sea, and the wilder inhabitants of eastern wildernesses, the “dragons and the deeps;” but a heaven whitened with fleecy clouds, and grass growing on the quiet hills, and cattle feeding in security, and the tall trees and garden flowers of peaceful Hertfordshire. This landscape no doubt made itself present in our souls with a feeling of sad serenity; this *must* have been, or I should not now be able to recall it; but my thoughts were then far otherwise directed. Sometimes we are calmed from our own agitation when seeing others calm; sometimes again disquiet is increased by the contrasting presence of those who do not share it: the circumstances of the moment decide. Shaken by my mother’s serene courage, I turned my whole heart to the effort of maintaining calmness. I fixed my sight steadily on the open pages: during each alternate pause I counted up, I remember, the letters of the first verse in every psalm; not conscious, or hardly, of the sense of the words we were reading; not daring to look on her whose voice I heard beside me; desiring almost, had it been possible, not to hear it. However petty our own nature, all great things, and so great sorrow and agitation, bring strength with them. And thus for awhile I succeeded. But then came the words

“The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him: yea all such as call upon Him faithfully.

“He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him: He also will hear their cry, and will help them.”

—and I became at once conscious of their meaning; their high security and plenitude of promise; their inscrutable and fearful irony. I looked at my mother more fixedly than those who love generally can or bear to look: I could read no further.

Many years have past, and he who glances back appears to himself almost another person. I can now “remember my fears, and doubt

and sad months, with comfort; they are as the head of Goliath in my hand." That bitterness has gone by; but the blessing and prayers of that dear mother, the words of courage, and comfort, and faith with which she then cheered my precipitate despair, bidding me trust in God, and encouraging me to trust also in Eleanor, have remained with me realized in abiding consolation: "my great help, my great supports from Heaven."

As however the lesson of sorrow, so its possible proximity, as I have already observed, is almost beyond the reach of that period of life, whose fairy kingdom Nature stores with treasures, so dear and so lavish, that they seem immortal by the assurance of their own worth and plenty. By the fact of our youth the nearness of our loss was then concealed from myself and from Cecilia; concealed perhaps also alas! by his youthfulness of mind and long security of happiness from the destined survivor of a companion so cherished and so revered. And whilst my father seemed for the time to withdraw more and more, moved no doubt by some merciful intimation of his inner nature, into the silence and abstraction of study and of thought, arming himself there with all patience,—to us too these descending steps of the past and the abyss of the future were in some further degree hidden from our sight by that daily augmenting helplessness which added, (speaking for myself), blind and almost reckless despair to the performance of duties, already of too pathetic and poignant significance.

As I write, even across the interval of many years, again the vision of that room rises before me:—the low long window with its many divisions, and one casement opened to welcome the last November sunbeams:—the balcony without strewn with that driftage of withered leaves which to the great poet's eye resembled the passing generations of man:—the furniture within, crowded for the quickly-rising exigencies of sickness, yet all by Cecilia's care so placed and so guarded, that no added sound could result from the encumbrance:—bookshelves, arrayed with the many volumes, covered each and marked by hands that would no more divide them amongst her young scholars. I see the gay green plants set by bedside or window, heliotrope and geranium, rose and verbena:—fresh breezes enter, yet the air seems heavy still, and itself touched with faintness:—the hearth blazes, but the warmth of life is absent:—I see the bed of sickness, and something that should

be her face that is there ; O no : effacing grief is too strong for such remembrances : Not her face. . . . Shall I see her again as she was when I also am called hence, as some seem in those moments to look at once into Heaven ?—At least before death I suppose I shall not retrace it in memory, although I watched her then so many hours, methought I could never forget.

Disease also has its tides ; and like the ocean, pressing on with giant and unvarying weight, can ebb and flow in a daily revolution. And at those intervals when diminished pain, enabling the body to regain strength that prolonged the bitter contest, seemed to hold forth a promise which rendered the returning access doubly bitter :—at such times one or other would take some volume, and, (avoiding thus the labour of conversation, to all alike increasingly insupportable), fill up the silence with the verse perhaps of Milton, or with the deeper harmonies of evangelical consolation. And once on an afternoon soft, bright, and hazy even for July, though it was now December,—when I had read some of those household words of sickness :—touched myself with a deeper sadness by their sacred sorrow, and their pitying love ; and yet again with a sadness of contrast deeper still ; then at once, after a brief pause, as though relieved from the pressure of some dream of pain, and returning by an impulse beyond all expression affecting to her girlish taste in the years of health and happiness, with a light smile my mother bade me bring her Shakespeare, and read aloud that favourite scene, where the woods of Arden seem to ring with the innocent mirth of Rosalind and Celia. . . . But this return into the world without, this resumption of the bright natural self, so heart-cheering, that, as I read, the weight of an ocean appeared lifted from me, was brief :—and it was the last.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

Thus far, as at the time, finding in it a sad human comfort, I wrote them down, I have endeavoured to set forth some particulars of this great loss. To dwell over much on such things is the sign of a diseased mind : too little, of a cowardly. But enough has been here said ! perhaps too much. What family, some will think, can escape this common fate ? What death, of anyone worthy to live, has not carried with it the dark retinue of sorrow similar to ours ? Meanwhile

we in general sat by in silence, without hope, and almost without fear. And then, if by any chance withdrawn from the bed, my eyes fixed themselves on Cecilia, and on my father, I asked myself if my thoughts were theirs also. For among the many imaginations which in those moments passed before me, remembrance would often busy itself in the effort to recall the last occasion when one so dear and so loving had given consciousness of the presence of those she loved ; to retrace, as it were, the final vestiges and relics of life, and fix them for ever amongst its treasures. And during such thoughts, on an afternoon which I could afterwards date but too well as one fortnight preceding the end, it so happened that all doubt and hesitation were swept away, and this by an incident revealing at once what recollections of years long past and energy of a mother's love were living within that death-stricken frame, by a touch to her children, and to my father especially, beyond all others eminently affecting.

The day was fast waning, and a clear twilight already diffused through the room where all had gathered before the separation to which night, adding this to its terrors, yet inevitably compelled us. Through the long southward window, above the keenly-darkening summits and interlacing trellis of lofty elm-trees, now thicker to the sight, as the leaves to be, stirred and swelled the crowded buds from their long sleep since last summer, I saw the luminous sky, blanched with late approaching frost, and the horizon over low bounding hills, reddened with that peculiar wintry haze, which glows without warmth or cheering, and by contrast alone and irony reminds of the deep flushing tenderness of summer sunsets. From without meantime, for the work of frost was already begun, through an half opened casement came the heavy leaden tread of the passing gardener, and the drifting rustle of withered oak-leaves. These sounds in silence and the twilight I heard distinctly :—and with these also the scattered echoes from the village, the last crush of homeward returning wheels, the carter's cry, the children's voices, softened by distance into music, as the violent and inharmonious past in the long retrospect of history. I thought them sweet : they were hints that the world's mercifully disposed order was elsewhere unbroken : I could have blessed the happy children for their happiness.

But it was otherwise with my poor Cecilia : she whose calm, during these many months, was to be purchased by an after-ransom so bitter.

At the sound of any casual cry or louder laugh, with hands unconsciously clasped she would raise her eyes, gazing on the contrast that met them, as if these echoes from life were a burden she could not endure. And I, seeing this, unadvisedly it might be (for there are feelings to which sympathy gives only increase of passionateness), whispered to my father that he should close the casement, for the air blew chill, and evening was now fast setting in. These words I thought were unheard by any other. But my father, in his anxious eagerness to fulfil one more yet of the few offices of possible relief, that he might better close the window frame, lifting up one plant that stood there, and then another, gently set them on the balcony without. His hands were on the third, (spring violets whose flowers first opened three weeks later), when at once my mother turned herself round and starting cried with an accent sudden and remorseful, yet in that remorsefulness how appealingly tender!—"Oh, not that, Edmund, dear; not that one:—not my baby's flowers."

In our ignorance we had thought "She neither hears nor sees: God in His mercy has granted her unconsciousness of the present: she will speak no more."—And now once more we saw the eyes lighted up with ancient lustre: once more we heard the voice, sweet and clear almost as in the days of her youth: once again, as if to mitigate the first energetic impulse, we saw our mother smile, as my father hung over the bed, and she gently took his hand in her's: thus implying, I doubt not, that his grief for that infant daughter so early lost, from whose grave the flowers had been transplanted, long preserved by her bedside:—that *his* grief for the child that died, had been, she well knew, shared with *her's* in a tenderness equally faithful.

All this appeared for one instant to live again amongst us: memory, and confidence, and love. . . . But alas for those to whom that instant was permitted, and *that* the last: the farewell: and yet more for him, whom no lips would again call *Edmund* for ever!

The voice that I did more esteem  
 Than music in her sweetest key:  
 Those eyes that unto me did seem  
 More comfortable than the day:  
 These all by me, as they have been,  
 Shall never more be heard or seen—

—Was this indeed the end, and such? Had life and love and happiness been given, and to that result?—to see the eyes close again, and the smile fade, and the voice pass into the great silence: for she spoke no more. . . . Heaven itself I think, contains but *one* amongst its many joys that can efface the bitterness of such separation.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Is it strange, or unnatural, the confession I have now to make that of the next fortnight's incidents I retain, or seem to have retained, only the most dim remembrance? I trust it will not be thought strange or against nature: *one* at least sure I am has pardoned a child if his mind cast from itself those hours when she was with us, and yet for the first time parted from us, when in the passionate faith of sorrow we expected almost that a miracle *must* be wrought for our consolation. I do not think it sinful, if I prayed the remembrance of these hours might pass from me. I would fain think of her in life only; as our happiness when with us, and our hope in heaven. Nothing, we are told, but ah! may it please the mind's Creator that it be not so, once received can be finally obliterated from memory. It is often my dread that some startling event, some trivial caprice it may be, nothing except in its consequences, may revive the picture of the last hours within me. But perhaps heaven has reserved it for my own death-bed to renew, for the latest warning or consolation, all that is now hidden from memory in the grave that closed over our lost one.

Overwhelmed for the time, past the consolation of religion and of thought by the greatness of his calamity; incapable of meeting the eyes of survivors so dear, that concealment before them is to no purpose, yet determined to contend manfully with his sorrow, and return strengthened for endurance, and the resignation that dreads no glance however searching. my father departed alone on his travels, to Italy perhaps, perhaps to Greece; we knew not exactly whither. Cecilia's great calmness during these days lifted a weight from his mind: he left with her cheerful farewell, and injunctions not to hasten back on our account, as a blessing on his journey: mastering himself enough to answer that for more reasons than one he trusted his return "would be a recommencement of . . . God bless you all, dearests."—Our younger

hearts, so quick to descry happiness on the horizon, mine at least, completed the wish : and Providence allowed us to strengthen ourselves by our own dear dreams for the endurance of trials which in the long distance appear now scarcely less unreal.

Robert Therfield was at my father's request appointed to fulfil his village duties : and no other man of equal sense or piety could have possessed the local knowledge which marked him as the natural and complete successor.

I too, who had been his companion on that earlier journey, remained for many reasons' sake, but mainly for Cecilia's. And how anxious this change soon became ; how other interests intervened, and the hopes of happiness and the blessing of love returned appeared now to soften our distress, and then to augment it, is henceforth my main story.

I have said that many of these latter hours of calamity left no mark upon my remembrance. Of course, at the time, this lapse of recollection went by unnoticed. It has probably been so with many others, similarly circumstanced. Yet when we first are awakened to the conviction, it surprises us, this unconsciousness. We think perhaps we have been unfaithful to the trust of memory, that we have done wrong to forget, that the Manes, as in the belief of old, watching the offerings laid on the sepulchre of the departed, will call on our neglect for expiation. Yet, better that it should be so. To the human soul, health and sorrow are things incompatible. Children alone are blessed with an immunity from affliction : children alone, were it not for the growth of this "softening veil in mercy drawn," would be capable of the duties of life. A thousand slumbers are sown in our path, as days bear us on years distant from the crisis, and something passes away in sleep : a thousand joys dawn on us with the days : health returns unbidden to the heart, and once more the blessing of simple Existence reasserts itself. And throughout are the many distractions and the inevitable duties of life :—a dear friend filled indeed in his absence my father's place : but his duties were in some degree divided amongst us : for living in the Rectory, besides the household cares involved, I was still the local centre to which the poor looked for charity. And Robert Therfield, coming over daily a three miles ride from Fountainhall, stopped always at Ardeley, to consult with me, and, when she allowed, with Cecilia, on the affairs of our poorer neighbours.



I write now from fifteen years' experience: but I see that I then began to value Robert truly: to do justice to the natural sense and feeling, which personal responsibility, some degree of independence of his own home, and his dear Cecilia's influence at last, rendered gradually conspicuous. Attached to the doctrine, not less than to the duties of his office, both feelings were tempered in him by a certain largeness and charity of view unconsciously gained by intercourse from childhood with my father. I do not know whether it was from the great Jeremy Taylor, Robert's favourite study, that he adopted the peculiar length of his own discourses: but it is no doubt to a certain affectionate and human eloquence he may have learned from his model, that he owes some of his popularity and influence with the country people. And to us he was then further recommended by his zealous fulfilment of our father's office, and by that long acquaintance with all the concerns of Ardeley which spared me, and Cecilia more especially, the labour of many explanations otherwise painful alike and unavoidable.

On all occasions indeed Robert displayed a tender care to save us from open recurrence to many silently-present recollections. Thus, although (perceiving Cecilia's unfitness for such employment) he himself superintended the working of the village school, it was some time before he would permit Eleanor, at her own earnest entreaty and my request, to assist him in the performance of duty for which woman's lighter touch and feelings more sympathetic to children appear peculiarly to qualify her. On the morning when she accompanied her brother to Ardeley, driven over from Fountainhall in Mr. Therfield's dog-cart, (not less well-known at the meet at Letchworth Gates), they called on us as they went by: Cecilia trembled and turned pale at the sound of the wheels: I wondered by what sympathy she seemed at once to know whom they brought, and on what errand: She was much disturbed, and begged that I would let Robert and Eleanor both go on at once without speaking to them, because "she" so wished it; and then, again, for the sake of one whose name was now so unfrequent on her lips, that I knew it cost her no common effort to pronounce it. But, not then aware of the strife within my dear sister's heart, or the great struggle with which she restrained her mind within the bounds of just reason, I said "It must not be," smiled, thinking her request a strange but passing fancy, and went down without delay. It was a selfish

indulgence, but at the moment cunningly took this disguise—that I should thus ultimately spare Cecilia's presence and her pain, if required to give directions for carrying on her mother's work.

They asked me, for I said my sister desired that morning to be by herself, to accompany them to the village. It was for the first time since several months that I had left the house in company with friends. Cecilia I thought, as I looked round and saw the cheering scene, fresh leaves, and the tender blue and pale yellow of spring flowers, and the many birds of our hedgerow country, and the children, hardly less agile and as pretty, running and fluttering before us to the schoolhouse,—Cecilia would have enjoyed this. I wished she had come, that she had shared with me in the spirit of the happy season. We were silent: the pleasure of the moment seemed the gift of holy nature alone, an influence independent of the mind which received it. I forgot that the same scene had been yesterday before my eyes and Cecilia's, and we had not been aware of its beauty.—No one spoke, till Eleanor, looking at the school, now close by, said there was one thing she wished to know before beginning her work: what punishments were used. We walked twice round the village green whilst I gave her the desired explanation. The poor children had been, I was afraid, for some time comparatively neglected; perhaps however the threat of punishment would be enough at present.

Eleanor hoped so: she would be competent to inflict no other, she was afraid.

"That is one of her theories," Robert observed: "The discipline of love! Do you remember, Eleanor, your putting the question you have just asked Mr. Marlowe to the master of the *École Primaire* in the Rue du Bac when we were in Paris last summer, and his answer 'no correction of the corporal, mademoiselle; one does not suffer it here in the Arrondissement.'"

Eleanor smiled. "But indeed Robert, I must qualify what you say: I have no settled opinion."

"And I have something to qualify, too," said I; "do not call me Mr. Marlowe, Robert; pray do not, I cannot understand it."

"It was not intentional, I did not mean to vex you, mean anything," Robert answered, "but there was something so grave about your looks when you came down, and you are so silent now that—that."

But Eleanor's imploring glance cut short the words which perhaps he hardly knew how to complete. Her eyes said "We have a mother."

Robert felt their meaning, and asked with affectionate interest whether Cecilia and I had heard yet from our father, sympathized with a certain anxiety we could not suppress at the absence of all such intelligence, and took courage now to add many tender enquiries for Cecilia's own health, and how far she was comforted. But I could not tell him when he would see his bride again. The "to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow" was in my mind as I thought of that dear sister, and Robert, changing the subject, returned to Eleanor's views on education. "Uncle Gray," he said, "who you know goes straight to the point, has perpetual battles with Eleanor, Edmund, on this discipline of love. A long rod and "short cuts," as we said at school, is his recipe:—which Eleanor tells him are often the longest way round."

"For shame" said she, blushing as Eleanor always does when accused of even the mildest facetiousness.

"These children have not been guided only by *your* discipline, Eleanor," I said, "unless love be used in the wider sense—a love which did not shrink from pain itself by inflicting pain, when ultimate good required, on others."

Robert told some story of Eleanor's amusing failure with their gardener's child. We all laughed. "I think she is right in her principle" I said, "only the higher that, the harder the application. The school is standing still, the hymn is waiting whilst we are discussing it."

"Ah!" cried she "it is all very well: but when the children ask one's advice, and are, as I think, so ready to take it, I always feel so much, so very much, the want of some one to advise me: I am so puzzled, I always wish for counsel myself. Some one to follow and to lean upon" she said, looking up affectionately, though rather into her brother's face than mine.

He smiled, and we went into the school together.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Robert's, it may well be supposed, was not the only smile which that morning's attempts and performances called forth. None were more

amused than Eleanor herself at the little mishaps of a task, by her mother's wish, (it was one of Mrs. Therfield's peculiarities to display charity to poor mothers, and repugnance to poor children), hitherto unattempted : and in her guidance of the little wilful ones there were many mishaps, and much smiling. But when these were over, and the work fairly began, she made Robert promise to fetch her at mid-day, and I went home alone.

Returning now through the same scenes, and mid-noon nearer. I found however less sunshine or less smile. So little had joys to come and external to Ardeley been matters for possible concern during the last year. that we fell into a tacit suppression of all those plans, and I had seen little more of Eleanor than Robert of Cecilia. A great gulf now was between Ardeley and former days : Cecilia appeared, I fancied, averse from any mention of her engagement, and my own seemed somehow to require renewal—to be proposed again, and seconded, and put almost to the vote, like a dubious grant in Parliament. Eleanor at least in her timidity felt it thus : she had looked to her brother when speaking of "support" : she had called on him as her natural companion even for the little journey to Fountainhall. But a few days would uncloud our sky : I might think no more of it : such an amount of affection, so long, so pure, so confiding, lay between the families, that without words, or with a word, we should be as before.

"Some one to follow, some one to lean upon," I thought,—“how much the instinctive wish of woman—how often also the cause of their severest misfortunes, when not exchanged later on for a bias in an opposite direction !

"Most people may be divided into vines and elm trees. But we must judge highest that temperament, which like Cecilia's, would give support whilst receiving it.

"There is a point, however, where all such aid fails. Like Death, the higher problems of Life must be accomplished alone : none can part with this responsibility, none arbitrarily transfer it elsewhere. Such difficulties, if answered by others, be they despotic past Pope or Emperor, or wise beyond Philosopher and Poet, are answered to no purpose. Their lesson is in the process, not in the solution. Well for us that it should be so ! for the problems of life daily before us are beyond the full and final interpretation of the Angel best informed in the secrets of Heaven."

These, or reflections like these, were interrupted as I reached the entrance of our grounds by an appearance ever rare at Ardeley—the sight of a stranger.

Perhaps readers may think, perhaps I thought,—a real scene of romance is coming. Such a fancy was not altogether without reason. Cecilia had seemed by her earnest request, to caution me against joining Robert and Eleanor in their walk. As not unfrequently has been noticed, (and most I think in the case of persons like myself, not imaginative by nature), an idea that some crisis in my life was at hand fell on me, and connected itself with this new comer: an anticipation: an apparently causeless forewarning. At the sound of steps he looked towards me: addressing meanwhile a pretty maiden of sixteen, one Louisa Dillwyn, daughter of our village blacksmith, and an occasional assistant of Cecilia in the care of her school. I could see that he enquired my name, and he now bowed slightly: I begged him to conclude his conversation. “If, as I hear, I have the pleasure of addressing Mr. Marlowe’s son” he said “it is with you that I wish to speak.”

The stranger’s message was something better far than mystery or crisis. A traveller himself, he had met my father at Blois, had been much struck with him, and promised that if on his return to England any accident, but it was very improbable, should bring him to our neighbourhood, he would make himself known at Ardeley. The trivial cause (I have forgotten it), that had brought him thither was quickly explained, and the message given:—our father’s real enjoyment of his journey, health and calmness: and even more pleasant, his intentions of a return speedier than he had at first proposed. My invitation to the house was courteously declined by the friendly messenger: and the two souls thus for a few moments in contact, as stranger ships that “speak” on some vast Atlantic, and an absolute friendship glows between the crews whilst gazing on each other from rigging and over bulwark, parted, and probably for life.

Such short meetings have this peculiar charm,—that they sometimes reveal to us, in the dust and dryness of later years, our own capacity for friendship, latent too often from childhood.

Entering our house with a spring and freshness of pleasant thoughts and the steps of a happy herald, I ran upstairs, passing quickly a door whose threshold I rarely crossed unless requested by Cecilia, who sat

much within that room in her sadness, and knocked for admittance at her own. But there was at first no voice, nor any that replied to my cheerful summons. As I stood without, and hesitated whether I should not rather seek her in the room below, by a hasty step I became presently conscious that Cecilia was within. And now, surprised and alarmed that she had not heard, or had not answered, and with the sudden sinking that affects us on such occasions,—as when we wake from some dream happier than authentic life, and feel the transient flush of inward blithesomeness—so now I stood silent, and the intelligence I brought seemed in a moment shorn of its worth and lustre. It was one of those rare instants when surprise, fear, and the anxious interest of strong affection combining, compel us to watch unseen over some loved creature;—to wait and overhear, as in this case, the solitary dialogue, as we might a dear child's, and that without feeling that we thereby wrong the speaker's personality. I listened, and then by a rustling sound Cecilia appeared to unfold a paper, and in a voice strangely broken from its natural modulation—too high at once and too low for her usual accents—read aloud the following lines to herself, and then re-read them, as if the words afforded her some consolation.

Holy Remembrance

Is all things to me :

Life's only semblance

Is Memory.

Only in dreaming

The vision I see :

Closed are mine eyelids

But my eyes are with thee.

Blind to the outer-world

Thou art my sight :

Thou art in darkness,

A star on the night ;

Thou comest in sunshine

More light than the light.

Leave me my sightlessness

Fancy free ;

Love that has once been

Ever will be.

I grasp the semblance  
Ye may not see :  
Holy Remembrance  
Is all things to me.

Cecilia paused : but before I could decide on entering she recommenced in another and more solemn measure.

DIRGE

Slowly slowly o'er the hills,  
Slowly slowly through the valleys  
Let them wind and go :  
Cadenced footfalls, muffled woe,  
Through the long elm-colonnaded alleys.  
Who is this who bars the way  
Sapphire-eyed 'neath amice gray ?  
Stays with signal hand the crowd—  
Time proclaims his style aloud.  
" King am I : but who are ye  
Reckless of my sovereignty ?  
I know not whom here ye bear ;  
I proclaimed no summons there.  
Who dares hasten my decree,  
Measuring his might with Me ?"  
" Of this quietude of grief,  
Our sole comfort, why bereave us ?  
We would pass and go.  
By the fearlessness of woe  
By the name of Death we charge thee leave us."  
Lo a second Stranger here  
Bids the mourners lift the bier :  
Bids the dead lie meek and still.  
Turns to Time and says " I will :"—  
Time triumphant Death avows,  
Time before his Master bows :  
Bows the gray enmantled head,  
On his ceaseless course has fled :  
Death holds on resistless way,  
Homewards marshalling his prey.

Slowly slowly through the porch,  
Through the graveyard slowly slowly ;  
Let them wind and go :  
Weeping sow the seed of woe :  
Hide it for the harvest of the Holy.

Though fond when occasion permitted of dreaming away hours over music, by an impulse congenial to her name and nature, Cecilia had never, so far as I am aware, before this crisis in her life given proof of any command over the rhythmical harmonies of language. What she now spoke in song I knew at once she could only have learned in the stress of suffering. And whether it was from the immediate conviction of this origin, or from that pleasure which the first attempt of those we love, as the broken words of infancy, unfailingly afford, or whether from the plaintive cadences and wild Eolian music to which Cecilia in my remembrance has united them,—or perhaps from this threefold concurrence of causes—but these verses have retained for me always a peculiar and delicate beauty, even though the lapse of happier years has in some degree effaced influences in which I cannot expect others will participate. But there was no pause then for such considerations. For I, hearing the first song repeated, and repeated anew, (an iteration perhaps naturally suggested to her by its structure), was seized with a terror so novel, that before it every previous thought of joy and sorrow were blotted out like the feelings of long ago. Was this that sane, that equally-souled sister who had brought a blessed calm upon the house during these months of trial? Softly unclosing the door, and treading softly I entered the room : her face was turned aside : she did not hear me : and when, inobservant of caution from alarm, I laid my hand upon her hair, and stooped to kiss her forehead she, looking down, folded her arms across her bosom, and said only in the lowest tones that I ever heard from human lips, “Dearest mother, Angel from Heaven, in my unworthiness I beg your blessing upon me.”

I could not speak. With the spontaneous instinct of all God's creatures when in distress beyond words, I looked upwards : with prayer, if I could pray,—to her who, if the spirits of the holy have any heed of the sufferings of children, must then have cast down her eyes towards Ardeley from the very battlements of Heaven. But Cecilia now rising, with a look calm, reverential and loving beyond the love of



earth, turned ; and seeing me, after a moment of fixed abstraction, (stooping as she spoke to arrange her sash, disordered by the table's edge where she had knelt, and to fold up at once the paper that lay there), said gently " Dear Edmund : you bring pleasant news, I know : I was perhaps asleep when you came in : I heard it in my dream."

Cecilia's entire calmness (and I knew its constraining force from childhood), commanded me with irresistible mastery. With her own natural tones, and sweet smile, and collected words, my own remembrance and the thoughts that a few minutes before had filled me, in one moment rushed back. I cannot say I commanded myself, and then from deliberate conviction refrained from allusion to the immediate past : I was swayed by her : was within the sphere of a mind wrought up to an excitement that in itself gave authority, and as in the tales of magnetic magic, was capable of a spell and a command overpassing its individual limits. What I had heard of our father from the stranger I told her as if no interruption lay between : she was thankful for news so heart-cheering : and said it was even additionally so, because she fully expected it. We drew out the scanty intelligence into every detail that knowledge could suggest : we laughed for pleasure at our own romance and visionary journey. " If Highland second-sight were only true, our dear traveller would see us now afar off," I could not resist saying : " Do you not wish it were so !" But Cecilia was silent.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

*(To be continued.)*

## A MINOR CHORD.

As I sit musing by the shore of the tideless sea, many thoughts come crowding into my mind. Mostly sad ones! Why I know not.

But it seems to me the undercurrent of sadness in the sea of life sweeps its eddies more widely and more swiftly than any other of the forces which direct the component emotions of this our short span of mortal existence.

Lying on an afternoon in mid-winter, on the marge of these sunlit waters, with the heaven rivalling the intense blue of the sea, alone save for a passing sea bird and a distant fisher boat, one seems at length to feel the pulse of Nature, and for a brief space one's own life beats in unison with it.

But there is always the under-current of sadness, even in a perfect harmony.

God be thanked for the sunshine, and for the life it calls into being, and still more into knowledge.

The ripple of the waves as they plash against the shingle, the cry of the swooping gulls, the rustle of the wind through the palm trees, one's own heart-throbs quickened by the salt soft breeze; are they not one and akin?

Phantom memories of other days—of other lives I had almost written—come and go in slow and misty procession: the peace of nature falls on brain and limbs; yet withal steals in the same under-current of sadness: or is it perhaps only that sense of struggle and incompleteness which Nature, more than any human teacher, must sooner or later impress upon our lives?

"Call no man happy till he be dead," wrote the great Pagan philosopher. Did he speak from his knowledge of the old world's religious systems and their heavenly hierarchies, or was it only the great heart of Nature that he watched?

It could not have been man's hurrying life with its apparently blank ending, and the certain destruction of his mortal body ; no, it was surely the recreative principle of Nature that is spread daily before our un-seeing eyes, which he grasped.

The tree puts on its spring mantle of fresh bright leaves, and the green sap courses through its sturdy limbs.—The swallows come and go, and the tree sheds its golden foliage. Is the trunk dead and worthless ?

A great billow rushes onward towards the rocks, raising its crested head white above its sullen fellows : it grows, it hurries nearer, it falls. Is its work accomplished and its life ended ?

*Chi lo sa ? Quien sabe ?* The children of the South would reply to you.

\* \* \* \* \*

The time flies by unheeded, and an added hush falls upon the air, as the twilight hour draws nigh.

The sun grows brighter, fiercer almost it seems, and all the sky is aflame. Little fleecy clouds spring up where no clouds have been on the far horizon, and from their phantom fabric one begins to build the splendid bulwarks and glowing battlements of many a Spanish castle, and to weave the web of many an airy dream.

I often wonder whether Doré drew his phalanxes of descending angels from the sunset clouds.

I can see them there now, host upon host of them, some like St. Michael armed with long straight swords, others bearing branches of waving palm between their folded hands : their serried ranks stretching far away into the infinite.

Then as the sun draws nearer the horizon, the angels fade away, and I see a shadowy fleet of antique barques, whether in sea or sky I know not, their bulging sails blood-red,—though one at least is of Tyrian purple,—and their lofty poops crowded with tall fierce warriors flashing their golden shields ; and blood and slaughter everywhere. Paler ships come hurrying up from either side to render aid to friend, or join the fight with foe.

The streams of blood flow stronger ; and then a sea gull darts across the view with a hoarse shriek, and when I look again, the ships and their panoply of war are gone for ever : and a long low island peeps up below the sun ; and the same under-current of sadness flows towards me once more, and the view is desolation.

A minute after—the spell is not broken yet—and I see pale palm trees springing from that barren rock, and a long flight of small grey birds streams across its lengthening strand, until they are swallowed up in a misty impalpable cloud that looms shapelessly beyond my island, as it grows greyer, darker, blacker every moment.

Slowly the moving mass takes shape, and suddenly I seem to see one of the dread and hideous Afrits, those beings of a world unknown to us: bent and bowed is he as though the Seal of Solomon were still pressed to his gloomy forehead, or the Great King's sceptre still outstretched over him in stern command.

The vast form grows greater, engulfing the island with its rocks and palms; and becomes in a moment a giant eagle of raven blackness, with outspread wings and ravenous beak, open to tear the flaming circle which slowly sinks downwards towards it, with a glow and glare redder than fire itself.

A final struggle, almost a scuffle it seems to me . . . . the sun has set! and again I feel aware of sadness flowing towards me.

Is it for the gorgeous phantoms of my dead fancy? Is it for the long night eclipse of the burning disc? Is it for the evening shadows, perchance?

*Chi lo sa?*

J. D. ERRINGTON-LOVELAND.

## VANISHING LONDON.

IN wanderings at home and abroad I have noticed of late that the spirit of veneration for the old and picturesque seems fast becoming a thing of the past, whilst on all sides in this so-called progressive age of feverish activity, one cannot but witness the work of demolition, and the frantic tendency to introduce changes and innovations, which are by no means always synonymous with reforms.

Thus it not unnaturally happens that many an old building, rich in historical interest and architectural grandeur is being ruthlessly destroyed, and in no place at the present time is this (to my mind) *regrettable* fact more patent than in London, where ancient City Churches, quaint Inns of Court, and old world taverns are fast doomed to disappear.

In Fleet Street especially, the truth of this becomes strikingly apparent—as one loses sight of old “Temple Bar”—now removed to a more rural but hardly a more congenial locality,—only to see in its place the Griffin, which falls far short of its predecessor in artistic beauty, and which from the very fact of its *modern* characteristics, lacks, as a consequence, the *antiquarian* interest of the time-worn landmark which it has in so unwelcome a manner supplanted.

The old “Cock Tavern,” too, immortalized by Tennyson, exists no longer, though doubtless its “Plump Head Waiter” (apostrophized by the laureate) may still be found, for aught one knows, somewhere or other in the land of the living, not less hale and hearty than the poet described him in the days gone by.

What memories of many cheery chats does the old place bring back to me, of pleasant little lunches with laughter loving chums, who, sitting with me at the quaint oak table oftentimes whiled away the afternoon by merry jest and sparkling anecdote.

“As softly through a vinous mist  
Our college friendships glimmered.”

Truly the *old* order changeth, giving place to *new*, and it peaks correctly in this instance, making way for enterprising Spiers and Ponds, and thus where once the *ancient* Tavern stood, the *modern* Restaurant asserts undignified supremacy.

One may however derive some consolation from the fact that as we take a walk down Fleet Street, the "Cheshire Cheese" still welcomes us—a resting-place wherein to peaceably enjoy the well-cooked chop or savoury steak-pudding, and as we eat to conjure up in our mind's eye the form of Goldsmith or of Dr Johnson, with whom the "Cheshire Cheese" has been so long identified.

Wending our way through Chancery Lane into Holborn what changes all around confront us!

Demolition! Destruction on every side! How the quaint old houses are disappearing! How Maple Inn is being transformed beyond all recognition!

Thank Heaven the Old Bell Inn has not yet vanished from the scene, but still survives to bring in vivid fashion to our minds a picture of its once important status as a well known hostelry of no mean account in the coaching days of long ago.

But turning our steps in the immediate neighbourhood towards Farringdon Street, we find old Farringdon Market, with its singularly old world look and weather worn appearance, already doomed.

Soon not a vestige of it will be left, and nothing save its memory will remain, though even *that*—in practical prosaic times like these—may be ere long expected to pass away into the obscure region of forgotten things.

Within a stone's throw of the Farringdon District is the Charter-house and there too I find that the whirligig of Time has done its work, though not in quite so ruthless a manner as in other and not less interesting parts of "Vanishing London."

The famous school has now been for some years removed from the smoky City to the less historic surroundings of Godalming, and in its place there flourishes the educational establishment of "Merchant Taylors," which has amply justified its existence, and at the same time proved the truth of its motto "*Concordiâ parvæ res crescunt.*"

Often and often have I lingered in the old cloisters of the Charter-house, and pictured to myself the scenes of a bygone age, and the visions of an eventful past.

How grateful I feel that the old chapel is *not yet* demolished, and that the poor brethren of the Charter-house (amongst whom was Maddison Morton—genial author of “Box and Cox”—who only breathed his last the other day), are still permitted to spend the declining years of their well spent and honourable—albeit chequered—careers in quietness and peace

And as I think of the brethren of this restful abode—how Thackeray, kindly cynical Thackeray, seems to stand before me—and to plead in tender eloquence—as only he could plead for those who struggling hard against the world’s rough usage most sorely needed something of the solace and the sympathy of their less suffering fellow men.

But though the time-honoured Almshouse still survives the reckless ravages of time, on all sides do I witness the craze for demolition, and the concomitant mania for ill-shaped, inartistic, inconvenient buildings.

“ Building, building everywhere,  
But nothing to admire ”

And as I turned from the Charterhouse to Aldersgate, and on to Moorgate, thence to Cheapside, I see with ill-disguised regret that the old Church of St. Olave’s, Jewry, is no more.

Here for many years there ministered Mr. Scott—better known, perhaps, for his long connection with the *Saturday Review*, than for any fame that might have belonged to him, as either a theologian or a preacher.

His eldest son is Clement Scott (the masterly dramatic critic of the *Daily Telegraph*,) who has left the Church of his father, and who is now a devoted member of the Roman Communion. Like most City Churches, the congregation at St. Olave’s was at no time within my recollection uncomfortably crowded, for I have often been one of the three—literally three—worshippers gathered together in the name of Him whose followers we professedly are.

But St. Olave’s is no more, and its quondam incumbent has gone to his long home, and in the place of the Church Commerce will doubtless thrive, and busy unromantic offices, assert, as they ever do, the power of Mammon’s rule. Passing through Cheapside, I turned westward, but I linger on the way, as I gaze at St. Sepulchre’s Church and the gloomy gaol of Newgate.

The last named, with its grimly fascinating history of centuries of crime, is soon to pass away, having for some time ceased to be used as a prison.

It has been for the last few years simply a place of detention, where unconvicted prisoners are kept awaiting in melancholy expectation their trials at the Old Bailey, though occasionally executions take place in the ominous looking shed near the exercise yard.

Some little time back I had a Judge's order to witness the historic gaol, and found an entertaining guide in the person of an old warder, whose experiences extended over thirty-five years.

He was exceedingly loquacious, assuring me, with an almost paternal pride, that he had had not a few distinguished personages under his care, whilst every one of the learned professions had from time to time been represented within the gloomy walls.

Showing me first into the "Condemned Cell" (which is double the size of an ordinary one) his talk not unnaturally reverted to the notorious criminals whom he had had in his charge, being always accompanied by another warder, for according to the invariable rule, when a prisoner is sentenced to the last dread penalty of the law, two warders are appointed to carefully watch him night and day during his last moments on this sin-laden earth.

After sentence is pronounced, a good fortnight (allowing three clear Sundays) is the period for repentance permitted by the authorities, but what struck me as the most gruesome feature of all was the *Condemned* pew in the Chapel, where the murderer sat, in order that he might be literally preached at, to serve as a painfully practical warning to the rest of the unfortunate congregation.

In the yard near the shed (where the hanging takes place) are the graves of the wretched culprits who have forfeited their lives to the stern demands of justice; a single letter, the first one of their dishonoured names, alone marking their last dread resting place.

Thus "W" indicates the grave of the heartless Wainwright, whose cruel murder of his sweetheart at Whitechapel caused a thrill of universal horror and indignation, and whose bearing and disposition, even after the verdict, surpassed, so my old guide assured me, anything he had ever experienced, by reason of their callous cynicism, and their inhuman levity.



Not many years ago robbery with violence was very frequent, more especially in the outlying suburbs of the Metropolis, but it appears that flogging by means of the much dreaded "*Cat-o'-nine-tails*" caused to a very appreciable extent a diminution in the charge list of this most cowardly offence.

No wonder that the brutes who were guilty of it dreaded the punishment awarded them, for, firmly fixed in what at first sight looked like a pair of stocks, they were made to feel the avenging lash of two powerful military warders, specially engaged to administer the well-deserved punishment in no half-hearted manner.

Thus, if forty stripes were ordered by the Judge, the first twenty came from the practised arm of the athletic operator on the right, whilst his colleague on the left followed no less vigorously with his energetic infliction of the remaining twenty.

It may be said by self-styled humanitarians that such correction is brutalizing and degrading, but it is no easy problem to determine what other adequate treatment to award to those who have proved themselves nothing short of brutes.

The density of the darkness in the "*Black Cell*" was appalling, being the penalty of the refractory inmates who deliberately chose to disregard the rules and regulations of Her Majesty's gratuitously offered abode.

In the pinioning room the chains of the redoubtable Jack Sheppard were shown, and one could not help being amazed by the almost super-human resources of the reckless lad, who in spite of his fetters, contrived to scale the walls of Newgate.

The cells of the prison were all scrupulously clean and neat, but the plank-bed was voted a diabolical torture by those who had endured it.

Soon after leaving my chatty guide, I saw an old gentleman making his way from the gaol, where he had—as it afterwards transpired—been but recently engaged.

He had a benevolent face, lit up with a kindly smile, and one would certainly not have hesitated, from his appearance, to have put him down as a large-hearted and open-handed philanthropist.

I can scarcely think that he was ever popularly regarded in this attractive light, for he was no other than Marwood, sometime executioner, who combined with the grim duties of his ghastly office the

unromantic occupation of a Lincolnshire shoemaker, breaking the monotony thereof by assuming at intervals the congenial rôle of a local preacher.

He has passed away from the ranks of the living, and soon, too, like other bits of old London, will the old gaol, wherein he so often enacted his gruesome part, vanish and be no more.

Yet one name, inseparably connected with Newgate, can never perish, for the memory of a good man's life can never die, though all that once was mortal of him have crumbled into dust.

Lloyd-Jones—so long Chaplain—will ever be remembered as one who brought into the dark abodes of guilt and shame the blessed light of love and hope, and told to the sinful and the suffering the welcome news of pardon and redemption.

There are men and women, now happily repentant and reformed, who learned from him the ways of pleasantness and the paths of peace.

From their minds the grim walls of the cruel prison with its haunting memories of ruined lives may fade away, as time, the healer of sorrows, glides on, but in their grateful hearts they will cherish to the end the self-sacrifice and the sympathy of their pastor, and their friend, who realized in its deepest meaning the "Ministry of Reconciliation."

JOHN HOLT.

## QUIETUDE.

When time's too rapid changes prove  
 The cords of life are frail,  
 That year by year, all worldly love  
 Lasts not, but points to things above  
 Despairing thoughts prevail.

We mourn, nor can the spirit find  
 The rest it fain would seek ;  
 Our tired eyes, perversely blind  
 To Him who tempers every wind,  
 For all whose frames are weak.

To keep, is yet our fervent prayer !  
 Take back, few lips can say !  
 Life's flower, so prized when blooming fair,  
 Though faded, still is hard to spare,  
 And loved as in youth's day.

Wait patiently, 'tis not our choice,  
 When earthly cares shall cease ;  
 And though to miss a gentle voice  
 Brings many tears, yet souls rejoice  
 Who win eternal peace.

Could eyes beyond the clouds ere stray  
 To those who first have flown,  
 Rather than breathe one wish to stay,  
 " Let us depart " we e'en would pray  
 " Not live on earth alone."

W. MALING WYNCH, Senior.

## HISTORY OF CAPRI AND ITS ANTIQUITIES.

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### PART I.

Salve, O lido immortal, delizia e vanto  
A chi giunge, a chi parte amara pena,  
Tu il magico ricordi, ultimo canto  
della Sirena!

*Rossetti.*

THESE lines remind us that, as tradition affirms, Capri was once the abode of the Sirens, which tradition is still kept up in the name of The Siren's Rock, applied to the mole, partly natural, partly artificial, which projects into the sea at the Piccola Marina.

Geologists are agreed, that at a remote era, this Island formed a part of the mainland, and to this period may be referred the numerous traces of the Stone Age, in the shape of Flint Arrow Heads, &c., which are found here.

The earliest human inhabitants of Capri concerning whom we have any record, are the barbarous and cannibal Læstrygonians, whom Homer depicts as a colossal and ferocious race. In the Museum of Arts and Antiquities, founded by Augustus at Capri, were bones considered as belonging to these giants of old. The Læstrygonians were succeeded by the more peaceful Cimmerians, who, having been driven from their cave dwellings in the Bay of Baïæ, by volcanic eruptions, took refuge in this spot which has always enjoyed immunity from the action of igneous forces. Here they remained in quiet occupation until some Phœnician merchants, struck by the advantageous situation of the Island, resolved to obtain it for themselves, and ere long carried their resolution into effect. They named it Kapraim, in

allusion to the upper and lower towns, which had existed here from a very early date. The Phœnicians were soon followed by the Taphians, a people of Phœnicio-Grecian origin, immortalized in Virgil's verse, who came from Ætolia and sojourned for a while at Capri, though so small a territory did not long satisfy the ambition of their king Cæbalus, who arming his warriors with short pikes and metal bucklers, and placing cork helmets upon their heads, crossed over with them to the neighbouring continent, and there formed a new colony, leaving his former kingdom to be successively the prey of the Oscians and the Tyrrhenians of whom but little is known, though some authorities, disbelieving in the derivation of the word *Capræ* from *Kaprain*, maintain that this name was first applied to the Island by the latter people, on account of the flocks of wild goats which they saw climbing about its steep cliffs.

It is not until the occupation of Capri by the flourishing Greek colony established in Naples, that the mists of legend begin to roll away from its rocky heights. In the year B.C., 29, Augustus, who was at the time indisposed, visited this Island. The favourable omen of a withered *Ilex* suddenly recovering its former beauty and vigour on his landing here, caused him to take such a fancy to the place, that he gave *Ischia* to the Greeks in exchange for it. This emperor built himself two or three villas on the Island, which, though small were fitted up with great elegance, being adorned with pictures and statues and surrounded by gardens, in which you might wander through shady groves, or between hedges of myrtle and box. He had a great dislike to large and pretentious houses, and caused the stately mansion of his niece *Julia*, near the present promenade of the *Tragara*, to be razed to the ground on this account. One of his own villas was on the hill above the *Tragara*, and it was while supping in its *Triclinium* with his adopted son *Tiberius*, and the philosopher *Thrasyllus*, that he looked down upon the *Islet of Apragopoli* (now called *Monacone*) where *Megasba* was buried, and composed verses on the torchlight procession which was winding round the tomb of his favorite. The life spent by Augustus at Capri was that of a private gentleman, living on familiar terms with everyone. He was most anxious that the colony of Romans which he had brought over with him, should hold friendly intercourse with the resident Greeks. To this end he ordered the Romans to dress

as Greeks and the young Greeks as Romans and also encouraged them to rival each other in studies and games. He used to frequent the celebrated Academy, where the Grecian youths met together on stated days to learn from the literati who taught there, rhetoric, law, &c., and to recite poetry. This Academy was the rendezvous of men of letters, and the emperor himself, during his residence on the Island, did not disdain to take part in their disputations. Augustus distributed many gifts of togas, palliums, &c., amongst the students and assisted at their athletic sports, such as running, leaping, wrestling, throwing the discus, &c. After these diversions, he generally entertained them with a feast, and at the conclusion of the repast he caused fruit to be thrown amongst them, that he might watch the young men scrambling for it.

His successor Tiberius was induced to retire to Capri in the year A.D. 26, by Elius Sejanus, commander of the prætorian guard, who had contrived to ingratiate himself, both with his master and with the people by his munificence and by a certain affectation of humility. On quitting Rome, Tiberius resigned the government entirely into the hands of this man, reserving to himself only the title of emperor, and never interfering with the affairs of state, save to send orders to his minister for the execution of some deed of cruelty. Before many years had elapsed, Tiberius, growing jealous of the ever increasing power of his unprincipled favorite, caused him to be arrested in the senate, and put to death. The removal of Sejanus seemed only to render the tyrant still more bloodthirsty. All the adherents of the late minister were involved in one common ruin. The bonds of friendship were utterly disregarded by the emperor; Viscularius Flaccus, and Julius Marinus who had always been by his side both at Rome and in Capri, were sacrificed by him, to a mere imputation of treason. Tiberius wrote to a certain Asinus, inviting him to visit him at the Villa Jovis, and whilst he was entertaining him at his own table in that palace, he was obtaining an order from the Roman Senate for his execution and afterwards sent a prætor to arrest Asinus in one of the imperial villas, in which he was then residing. Every day ships left Capri to promulgate decrees of death against the citizens of Rome, the most illustrious of whom were thrown into prison. Such was the reign of terror which prevailed, that many persons either exiled themselves or committed suicide. Amongst the

latter, was Cocceus Nerva, a man distinguished for probity, and a most intimate friend of the emperor, whom he had accompanied to Capri. Drusus, the great-grandson of Augustus, having being imprisoned and deprived of all food, kept himself alive for nine days by gnawing the wool of his mattress. A soldier paid the penalty of his life for the offence of stealing a peacock.

Meanwhile, Tiberius himself, in spite of the luxury with which he was surrounded, was more miserable than any of his victims; it was of no avail that the Island was strictly guarded to prevent any one from landing upon it without the emperor's permission, his suspicious nature saw an enemy in every attendant who approached him, his heart was tortured by the pangs of remorse, and disease had marred his once commanding and beautiful features. His tall frame was emaciated and bent, his head was bald, his face so spotted, scarred, and blotched, that he shrank from showing himself in Rome. None had the courage to assassinate the man they feared and hated, but though he was suffered by his vices and atrocities to render the lovely island he had for eleven years adopted as his place of abode, a hell upon earth, yet when at last a mortal illness overtook him at Misenum, his end was hastened by those around him.

Tiberius had twelve palaces at Capri, dedicated to the twelve divinities, most of which were built by himself, though in one or two cases he had been contented merely to alter for his own use, the villas of Augustus. The emperor's favourite residence was the villa Jovis, of which considerable remains may be seen at Lo Capo. The plan of the building can be in a great measure traced; the black and white pavement of a passage which is on a steep incline, is quite perfect in its preservation; and although the most precious of the marbles were removed from hence in the beginning of this century, many fragments yet lie strewn on the ground. Some notion of the former magnificence of this palace may be gathered from the fact, that during the course of excavations carried on some years ago in this area, a richly carved, solid Lapis Lazuli pillar, five feet in height and ten inches in diameter was found, and was sold to an Englishman for £8 10s. 10d. The ruins crowned by a little chapel, in a cell adjoining which, a blind octogenarian monk now resides, were once peopled by innumerable soldiers, attendants and slaves, for here Tiberius used to receive his

most distinguished visitors. Here Caligula was vested with the Toga Virilis, and when ridiculing Sylla was reproved by his grandfather in the words, "Thou wilt have all his vices, without any of his virtues." Tiberius here predicted to Galba that he should soon succeed to the empire. Here too he embraced his grandson Gemellus, and turning to his cruel nephew said, "Thou shalt kill him and others will kill thee." Up the face of the almost precipitous cliffs, on the edge of which the villa Jovis stood, once climbed a fisherman, bringing in his hand a large mullet, which he deemed would be an acceptable present to the luxurious monarch, and hoping to receive in return a due reward. His sudden appearance startled Tiberius, who in a rage caused his face to be well rubbed with his own fish, and having meanwhile overheard the man congratulating himself on not having presented a crawfish that he had caught at the same time, the latter was by the Emperor's orders substituted for the mullet, and the rubbing continued, until the poor fisherman's face was all lacerated and bleeding.

Within a short distance of this palace stands a small wine-shop, passing through the garden of which, you reach the remains of that Pharos which was once called "the rival of the moon" and which communicated by means of a hanging gallery with the Jupiter villa. The lighthouse was square at the base, and had an internal staircase by which access could be had to an underground chamber, and also to the upper stories where Tiberius often sat to watch his soldiers dragging along his victims with hooks, and casting them over the precipice 700 feet high, which still bears the name of the "Salto di Timberio." In the year A.D. 1804, a stone was found near this spot, on which the following words were inscribed in Greek, "O Taurice, daughter of Taius, farewell," which is supposed to have been a last adieu addressed to his loved one by some unhappy being whom the Emperor had condemned to death. It is not, strictly speaking, accurate to call the leap a precipice, because stones thrown from its summit to its base describe a semicircle before reaching the bottom, owing to an inclination of over 100 feet, which is not noticed on account of the total height.

Amongst the other ruins now remaining, which date from the residence of Tiberius on the Island, the most noteworthy are—1st,



those called by the peasantry "Gli cento Stanzi," on the slope of Mte. San Michele, consisting of a large central hall, round which are grouped a number of small apartments, of which only twenty-five are thrown open. They are supposed to have served the double purpose of cisterns, and of substructions of a road leading to the Palace which adorned the summit of the hill, and on whose site two columns may still be seen standing, built into a room which was once a chapel dedicated to St. Michael, but is now used as a barn. 2nd, The Camerelle or foundations of a road constructed in the same manner as the hundred rooms, with which it is supposed by some writers to have had communication, and which also served to connect two other palaces, one at the Tragara, the other on the Mte. Castello, the place of which is now occupied by a ruined fortress of the Middle Ages. 3rd, The Bathing Palace on the sea shore, near the Campo Pisco, which is perhaps the most picturesque of all the remains of this date. Even in its present condition it shows the immense power of cohesion possessed by the Roman mortar, for a huge mass of masonry that has fallen into the sea, and over which the waves constantly dash, still stands as firm as a rock. Of the beautiful colonnade which was so marked a feature of this villa, two red marble pillars alone are left. Two of the columns found here were of the rare Tiberian marble, white, with spots and lines of green, so-called because it was discovered during the reign of that Emperor. It is worthy of remark that although there is not a single vein of marble on the Island of Capri, there are few places in the world where so many rare marbles may be collected. 4th, the Harbour, of which some vestiges can be traced at the foot of the Cape, now called the Porticello di Tragara, and which, though blocked up with sand and boulders, was once sufficiently capacious to afford safe anchorage to vessels of the largest size; while near at hand was the Grotto dell Arsenale, which still bears witness by its name, to the extensive ship building operations that were carried on within its precincts. The modern harbour of the Marina was considered by the Romans to be only suited for small craft, owing to its westerly exposure.

There is but one ruin of any importance in Capri, which dates from the period of the Greek occupation of the Island. This ruin is called the Grotto dell Matrimonia, \*Metromania, or Mitromania,

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\* Capriote Patois for del Matrimonio.

all these appellations being a corruption of the name of the God Mithras, to whom this cave-temple was dedicated. In its present state, it consists of two rooms, in one of which are steps leading to a raised platform at the upper end of the apartment, while at the back is a secret chamber, which was formerly occupied by the priests. The image of the presiding deity occupied the centre of the platform, and the rich offerings brought from distant shores were deposited on the steps, in front of which there was a circular pit to receive the blood of the victims. There were two entrances, the one private, the other public: the latter was on the seaward side, and was adorned with splendid porticoes and costly marbles. The ground all around was used as a cemetery, and was esteemed very sacred. There was a still more extensive burial ground in the plain under Mte. Castello; where the graves were placed side by side in a long line, and were for the most part composed of brick, and roughly hewn stone; on some of them were sculptured crosses, while near others valuable Italo-Greek vases were found, one of which had a gold coloured figure painted on the black ground, which characterized them all.

After the death of Tiberius, Capri served chiefly as a place of banishment, though Caligula revisited the Island after his accession, and the emperors Vitellius and Marcus Aurelius stayed a short time here.

In the year A.D. 1810 a stone sarcophagus was disinterred at Campo Pisco, containing the body of a young lady, supposed to have been of the imperial lineage. She was attired in a robe of gold and silver brocade, and wore earrings and bracelets of gold, a cameo ring was on her finger, and by her side lay a staff a foot and a half long, bound with three circlets of gold. In her mouth was a gold coin of Vespasian, worth by weight 17s. 3½d., which was sold for £1 14s. 7d.

After the fall of the Roman Empire, Capri was held for a time by Sorrento, until in the year A.D. 868 it passed into the hands of Marino, Duke of Amalfi, under the following circumstances. Sergius, Duke of Naples, had imprisoned his uncle Athanasius, Bishop of Naples, in the Island of Salvatore. The Bishop besought the intervention of the Emperor Louis who accordingly commanded Marino to proceed with a fleet to his rescue. A sharp combat ensued between the Saracen mercenaries of Sergius and the Neapolitan fleet, which ended in Marino

gaining the victory, and landing the liberated Athanasius in safety at Sorrento, for which service the Duke of Amalfi was rewarded by Louis with the gift of the Island of Capri.

Nature's rocky barriers proved an insufficient defence against the attacks of the Saracens, who, during the course of the 10th Century, ravaged the Island, ruining its houses and palaces, killing a number of its inhabitants, and carrying away so many of the remainder into slavery, that its fruitful vineyards and pleasant gardens became a desert. Years of peace, however, brought with them a return of prosperity, and when in the year A.D. 1130, Roger, son of the "Great Count of Sicily," became king of Naples, he deemed Capri a prize worth fighting for.

Under the Suabian and Angevine dynasties, the Capriotes, having proved themselves good and loyal subjects, were rewarded with immunities from taxes and other valuable privileges. The reign of Joanna 1st, of the house of Anjou, is marked by the founding of the famous Certosa, near the Piccola Marina, by the illustrious Giacomo Arcucci, Lord of Altamura, whose descendant in the direct line, Signor Arcucci, claims at the present day to be the chief man on the Island. Giacomo was Queen Joanna's chamberlain and confidential secretary, and was even allowed by her to coin money, bearing her arms on the obverse, and those of his own house on the reverse. He had long been married to Margarita Sanseverina, a lady of noble parentage, but to his great grief had no children to inherit his wealth and honours. So he prayed for an heir, and vowed that if his prayers were answered, he would found a monastery. When his wife at length gave birth to a son, he was not unmindful of his vow, and having obtained the necessary plans from the convent of San Martino in Naples, he forthwith set to work, and erected the splendid structure, which was for a long time the rival of the Neapolitan Certosa. Both the Queen and the Pope showered down favours upon this establishment.

Before eleven brief years had passed, the monks had occasion to show some return to their founder for his munificence. In the year A.D. 1381, Queen Joanna was deprived of her kingdom, her secretary fell into disgrace, and his eldest son Jannuccio was cast into prison. The Carthusians of Capri ransomed the son and gave the father an asylum for the rest of his life in the convent that he himself had built. At his

death (A.D. 1386) they raised a handsome marble monument to his memory. A few more words only are needful to bring the history of the Certosa down to the present time. Its growing riches soon obliged the monks to erect fortresses for its defence, one of which is still in existence: it is, however, but fair to state that these riches were largely dispensed in charities, and that the brotherhood was famous for the good discipline that prevailed amongst its members. At the French occupation the Certosa was dissolved, and the building was gradually falling into ruin, until in the year A.D. 1848, it was converted into a home for aged and infirm soldiers. At the last change of Government it became a military prison, to which use it is still applied. There were about 100 prisoners in the building at the beginning of this winter. They are kept in close confinement for the first six months, at the expiration of which period they are allowed partial liberty, provided they have behaved themselves well during the interim. All offences, even those of the most trifling nature, committed while they are under restraint, are punished with great severity, *e.g.*, if a man should spit on the ground, or find a button missing from his uniform and neglect to replace it, he would be shut up in a cell for days on bread and water diet. Two or three years ago there was a plot amongst the prisoners to murder their governor, as a first step towards obtaining their freedom; but their designs were discovered before they could be carried into effect, and a gunboat was despatched from Naples to repress the rising.

To Queen Joanna is ascribed the building of the Seminary for priests in the Piazza, which, after having served as a *Villeggiatura* for one of the Bourbon kings, is now the Hotel Tiberio. In one of its rooms there is a recess large enough for a man to secrete himself in, which is entered by a trap-door, and is supposed to have been used for purposes of espionage, as there is an aperture in the wall concealed by a picture, which communicates with it.

The monarchs of the Aragonese dynasty were not behind those of the Angevine, in the interest they manifested concerning the affairs of Capri. Thus we find Frederick the last ruler of this house, espousing the cause of Anacapri, (or Donnacapri, as the upper part of the Island was then called), in the quarrels which were ever springing up between the two divisions of the Island. Frederick formed Anacapri into a separate community, and secured to it the right of fishing on its own coasts.

Two events that took place under the Spanish dominion (A.D. 1504—1707) must not be passed over in silence. The first occurred in the year A.D. 1535, when Barbarossa, the famous commander of Soliman's navy, landed on the Island, and by his cruel massacres spread such terror amongst its population, that hundreds of persons took refuge in the Grotto di Ricovero, under Mte. Castello, and others fled panic-stricken to the mainland, nor did they venture to return to their ruined homestead until the Corsair had quitted the Island. The picturesque ruin which commands the road to Anacapri, and bears the name of the Castle of Barbarossa, was only rebuilt by him, having been in existence on the same site at an earlier period.

One hundred and twenty years after the incursions of Barbarossa, an incident happened, which, though apparently of a trifling nature, was productive of the gravest results. A young girl belonging to the noble family of the Morecaldi, having died in Naples, a lock of her hair and some of her trinkets were sent to her relatives, who were at the time residing in Capri. Little did the mourners know on opening the treasured packet what poison lurked in the glossy black curl. A few hours afterwards they sickened, and in a few more died, of the same fell pestilence which, unknown to them, had brought the fair Morecaldi to the grave. Thus was the plague of 1656 conveyed from Naples (in which city as many as 8,000 persons were daily falling victims to its ravages) to Capri, where it spread with fearful rapidity, the more so as a short time afterwards it received a fresh impetus, owing to the landing of Neapolitan goods, at the Marina, close to which harbour were numbers of small and badly drained houses, belonging to the poorer classes. Instead of isolating the infected districts, their wretched inhabitants were allowed to throng the Churches, which thus became centres from which the disease was propagated throughout the length and breadth of the little Island. Its progress was almost unchecked, for there was no skilled doctor residing in Capri, and the requisite medicines were not to be procured at any price. In all directions men and women might be met flying from the contaminated houses, shrinking in fear from everyone they passed. Haunted by the cries and groans that resounded through the town, many sought refuge on the rocky heights, where they perished of hunger. The noble self devotion of the clergy to their stricken flocks, during this season of trial, is best

attested by the fact that when the plague had at last ceased to rage, not one priest was left alive in the whole of the Island. The Carthusian monks showed a very different spirit, for they shut themselves closely up in their monastery, and though, when no longer afraid of incurring any personal danger in so doing, they consented to relieve those whom want compelled to throng their gates, they could well afford to act thus, having possessed themselves of the lands left vacant through the death of their owners. Times of public calamity are often found to be fruitful in the erection of religious houses. Accordingly we read that about the year A.D. 1666 two convents of the Barefoot Sisters of St. Theresa were founded, the one at Capri, the other at Anacapri, by a certain Seraphina di Dio. The church belonging to the latter is famous for its quaint pavement of encaustic tiles, the work of Solimena, representing the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise. The composition is not without merit, the foreshortening of some of the animals is excellent, and there is a touch of humour in the group depicting a monkey offering a pear to a bear.

During the earlier part of his reign, King Ferdinand of Bourbon spent much of his time at Capri for the sake of the quail shooting, but the invasion of his dominions by the French, put an end to all such pastimes. In the beginning of the year A.D. 1806, their fleet bore down upon and took the Island. As yet, however, they were not destined to remain in it long, for on the 12th May of the same year, the English under Sir Hudson Lowe effected a landing, and meeting with little opposition, soon made themselves masters of the place. Honourable terms were offered to the enemy, who speedily quitted the Island. Sir Hudson Lowe thereupon issued a proclamation declaring that he held Capri in the name of King Ferdinand, and that the persons and property of its inhabitants should be respected. The possession of this "little Gibraltar," was found to be of the greatest advantage to England, whilst her fleet was cruising about the Bay of Naples. The natural defences of the Island not being deemed sufficient, a line of forts was constructed along the various heights. Few dreamed how near at hand was the day that would try the strength of these fortifications, till on the 4th October, A.D. 1808, a fleet of ships of war manned by Neapolitans and French, hove in sight and proceeded to make a simultaneous attack upon three different points.

Whilst a company of English were repelling their assailants at Cape Careno, a party of French made a disembarkation at the Blue Grotto, and scaling the almost precipitous cliffs near that spot, attacked the gallant defenders in the rear, and pouring down the long and steep flight of steps leading to the lower part of the Island, established themselves in the town of Capri, from which place they dictated terms of peace to the English, who had the mortification of seeing the arrival of an Anglo-Sicilian fleet, sent to their rescue, just as they had pledged themselves to abandon the Island. The year A.D. 1815 found Ferdinand once more in possession of Capri. Many a ruined English and French fort may still be seen to remind us of the events just recorded, and the Palazzo Inglese or Governor's Palace is pointed out by the guides to every British tourist.

The last change of government caused but little disturbance save that a few of the inhabitants were frightened away for a week or two, by the presence of some 600 Sicilians who were sent there on that occasion; and with the exception of sundry grumbings about the high taxes, and sentimental regrets that there is no longer a Court at Naples, the Capriotes do not seem to regret their change of masters.

Of the ecclesiastical history of Capri but little is known. Though, as is abundantly proved by sepulchral monuments, Christianity existed on the Island at a very early period, it was not until the year A.D. 994 that it was formed into a separate bishopric. A revenue was assigned to the Bishop of about £65 a year, which, owing to its being principally drawn from the capture of quails, gave to the See the name of the "Quail Bishopric." In the year A.D. 1777 the diocese of Capri was merged in that of Sorrento, which continues to be the case at the present day. The name of Campo Pisco or the "Bishop's Field," still survives in a meadow near the Palazzo a Mare, and not far from the church of San Costanzo, which was formerly the Cathedral. It is a very ancient building, and several of its pillars have been taken from one of the Tiberian palaces. Here is kept the Statue of the Patron Saint, adorned with sapphires and beryls that once helped to embellish the Villa Jovis. This image is held in great veneration by the fisher folk of the Marina who occasionally allow S. Costanzo to be lent to the church in the Piazza, which concession is esteemed by them as a great favour.

A. G. WELD.

## NEWMAN AND MODERN ROMANISM.

IN a former essay, which, under the title of "Newman and Modern Anglicanism," appeared last year in the August and September issues of this Magazine, I endeavoured (with, I hope, a fair measure of success) to point out a few of the misconceptions which are so prevalent in Anglican circles with regard both to the causes of Newman's secession and to the relation which his Oxford teaching bears to that of the latter-day Ritualists. I shewed that it was no restless love of change or other more questionable motive that led him to deal that "blow to the Church of England under which she still reels;" but that, on the contrary, his conversion was owing to a gradually formed conviction that it was impossible for him to remain true to the great principles he had enunciated, and at the same time to remain in the Church of England. It will have been admitted by all fair-minded persons that the extracts I adduced—taken as they were both from Newman's own writings and from the writings of influential members of the Anglican Communion—were amply sufficient to prove my contention, namely, that, by leaving the Church of England, Newman was only vindicating Tractarian principles, and that he foresaw—what Dr. Pusey at last came to perceive—that the movement possessed no element strong enough in the long run to make effectual head against the forces of Rationalism, Erastianism and Private Judgment. The principle of Authority, for which Newman so earnestly contended, is to-day as far off as ever from recognition in the National Church, for there, as Dr. Pusey expressed it, "Each has his Psalm and his interpretation." From the Pusey House at Oxford has come a book which cannot but be regarded as the thin edge of the Ritualistic wedge; and Erastianism, though discredited as a theory and explained away, still in practice holds its own. If Dr.



Pusey had foreseen as clearly as Newman did the outcome of the great movement with which they were both identified, I cannot doubt but that he would have taken the same step as the latter did. As it was, it was not until nearly the close of his life that he forced himself reluctantly to write those words with which my former essay was concluded,—words which show only too clearly the dissatisfaction he was feeling. One cannot help comparing his position with that of Newman,—Newman who wrote of the Church of his adoption: “O long sought after, tardily found, desire of the eyes, joy of the heart, the truth after many shadows, the home after many storms, come to her, poor wanderers, for she it is, and she alone, who can unfold the secret of your being, and the meaning of your destiny.” What a contrast is there not presented to the mind by a comparison of this passage, so full of faith and enthusiasm, and even triumph, with that letter of Dr. Pusey’s telling in almost every line of a disillusion which had come too late. The three principal stumbling-blocks which impeded Dr. Pusey’s progress were, I am inclined to think:—first, a too great confidence in his own private interpretation of Scripture and the Fathers: secondly, a disposition to be too easily satisfied with forms in the place of realities: and, thirdly, an inability to look upon the Church of his baptism from the point of view of an outsider.

But it is now time to turn to a more particular treatment of the subject of this essay. Before doing so, however, I must explain that the title, “Newman and Modern Romanism,” has been selected, not because it is believed to be a correct expression in itself, but because it corresponds, and, in a certain sense, harmonizes with that under which I wrote on the previous occasion already referred to. To talk of “Modern Romanism” is, of course, as absurd as to speak of Roman Catholics in England as an “Italian Mission.” But, as no one is likely to be deceived by it, the expression—incorrect as it is—may, as a concession to form, be allowed to stand. With this qualification, therefore, to Newman and Modern Romanism.

“From the moment when Newman became a Roman Catholic, the freest and happiest, though not perhaps the most fascinating, epoch of his life may be said to have commenced. I do not know that he ever again displayed quite the same intensity of restrained and subdued passion as found expression in many of his Oxford sermons. But in

irony, in humour, in eloquence, in imaginative force, the writings of the later and, as we may call it, the emancipated portion of his career far surpass the writings of his theological apprenticeship." No one who has studied Newman's Roman Catholic writings, when already acquainted with his earlier productions, can fail to appreciate the truth of what Mr. Hutton has so finely expressed in the passage just cited. It is, of course, quite out of the question that I should undertake anything in the least degree approaching to an estimate of Newman's Roman Catholic writings viewed in their connection with the Catholicism of the day. Such a task would be out of all proportion both to my own powers and to the space at my command. All that I propose to do on this occasion is to indicate as well as I am able the principal delusions respecting Newman's position as a Roman Catholic, under which a large number of Anglicans appear to labour.

Now one of the most wide-spread of these is undoubtedly concerned with Newman's attitude towards Papal Infallibility. To those who have the good or ill fortune to belong to a Church where everything relating to dogma is to all intents and purposes an open question, the Catholic doctrine of Infallibility is, doubtless, absurd and incomprehensible enough. Never having troubled themselves to understand its meaning it is no wonder that Protestants arrive at such absurd conclusions as that, because certain Popes may have been wicked men and even secret infidels, therefore they could not have been infallible. The definition of Papal Infallibility, promulgated at the Vatican Council of 1869-70, allowing for the translation, is as follows:—"Wherefore, faithfully adhering to the tradition received from the beginning of the Christian Faith, for the Glory of God our Saviour, the exaltation of the Catholic Religion, and the salvation of the Christian people. We, the Sacred Council approving, teach and define that it is a dogma divinely revealed that the Roman Pontiff, when he speaks *ex-cathedra*,—that is, when discharging the office of Pastor and Teacher of all Christians, by reason of his supreme apostolic authority, he defines a doctrine regarding faith or morals to be held by the whole Church—he, by the Divine assistance promised to him in Blessed Peter, possesses that infallibility with which the Divine Redeemer willed that His Church should be endowed in defining Faith or Morals: and that, therefore, such definitions of the said Roman Pontiff are of themselves unalterable, and not from the consent of the Church."

It will surprise some of the readers of *The Grove* I daresay, but it is nevertheless true that there are large numbers of presumably well-instructed people of the Anglican communion who are still firmly convinced that Newman was all along opposed to and that he disbelieved in Papal Infallibility. I will briefly state the grounds, if they can be so termed, for this strange belief. While the Vatican Council was in session a party of extreme Ultramontanes in England were doing all they could to exaggerate the doctrine. They presented it in a far more questionable shape than that which it ultimately took. It was natural that Newman, who was full of "an eager longing and a hope against hope, that the many dear friends whom he had left in Protestantism might be partakers of his happiness," should have resented the attitude of his co-religionists. Nor is it very surprising that in a letter to Dr. Ullathorne, not intended for publication, he should have characterized that particular section of English Catholics as "an aggressive and insolent faction." But that this letter of his should have been twisted about until it was made to represent that Newman disbelieved in Papal Infallibility is truly about as ridiculous a piece of misrepresentation as can be well imagined. Nevertheless, a certain Mr. Capes, in the columns of *The Guardian*, took upon himself to attack him on this score. Newman's attention was directed to the former's remarks, with the result that the following letter was addressed to the Editor of the paper in question :—

"September, 1872.

"Sir,—I cannot allow such language as Mr. Capes uses of me in yesterday's *Guardian* to pass unnoticed, nor can I doubt that you will admit my answer to it. I thank him for having put into print what doubtless has often been said behind my back ; I do not thank him for the odious words which he has made the vehicle of it.

"I will not dirty my ink by repeating them ; but the substance, mildly stated, is this—that I have all along considered the doctrine of the Pope's Infallibility to be contradicted by the facts of Church history, and that, though convinced of this, I have, in consequence of the Vatican Council, forced myself to do a thing that I never, never fancied would befall me when I became a Catholic—viz., forced myself by some unintelligible quibbles to fancy myself believing what really after all in my heart I could not and did not believe. And that this operation and its result had given me a considerable amount of pain.

"I could say much, and quote much from what I have written, in comment upon this nasty view of me. But, not to take up too much of your room, I will, in order to pluck it up 'by the very roots' (to use his own expression), quote one out of various passages in which, long before the Vatican Council was dreamed of, at least by me, I enunciated absolutely the doctrine of the Pope's Infallibility. It is in my 'Discourses on University Education,' delivered in Dublin in 1852. It runs as follows:—

"Deeply do I feel, ever will I protest, *for I can appeal to the ample testimony of history to bear me out*, that, in questions of right and wrong, there is nothing really strong in the whole world, nothing decisive and operative, but the voice of him to whom have been committed the keys of the kingdom and the oversight of Christ's flock. That voice is now as ever it has been, a real authority, *infallible* when it teaches, prosperous when it commands, ever taking the lead wisely and distinctly in its own province, adding certainty to what is probable and persuasion to what is certain. Before it speaks, the most saintly may mistake; and after it has spoken, the most gifted must obey . . . If there ever was a power on earth who had an eye for the times, who has confined himself to the practicable, and has been happy in his anticipations, whose words have been deeds, and whose commands prophecies, such is he in the history of ages who sits on from generation to generation in the Chair of the Apostles as the Vicar of Christ and Doctor of His Church . . . Has he failed in his successes up to this hour? Did he, in our fathers' day, fail in his struggle with Joseph of Germany and his confederates; with Napoleon—a greater name—and his dependent kings; that, though in another kind of fight, he should fail in ours? What grey hairs are on the head of Judah, whose youth is renewed like the eagle's, whose feet are like the feet of harts, and underneath the everlasting arms?"

"I could quote to the same purpose passages from my 'Essay on Development,' 1845; 'Loss and Gain,' 1847; 'Discourses to Mixed Congregations,' 1849; 'Position of Catholics,' 1851; 'Church of the Fathers,' 1857."

"I underwent then, no change of mind as regards the truth of the doctrine of the Pope's Infallibility in consequence of the Council. It is true I was deeply, though not personally, pained both by the fact

and the circumstances of the definition ; and, when it was in contemplation, I wrote a most confidential letter, which was surreptitiously gained and published, but of which I have not a word to retract. The feelings of surprise and concern expressed in that letter have nothing to do with a screwing one's conscience to profess what one does not believe, which is Mr. Capes' pleasant account of me. He ought to know better."

"JOHN H. NEWMAN."

Surely, if ever a case was proved "up to the very hilt," Newman has here succeeded in as effectually proving his. So far from Papal Infallibility proving a trial to his faith, he was able to point to his own published writings, wherein, many years before the Vatican Council was thought of, he had enunciated the doctrine to the full as liberally as it has since been defined. Will it be credited, then, that Anglicans, even after this, do not hesitate still to affirm that Newman "always disbelieved in Papal Infallibility?" Such, however, is the fact ; and it is my only, and sufficient, excuse for going into the matter at a length which, but for that circumstance, I should not have dreamed of doing. Again, the Catholic doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin is one that is associated in the minds of most Anglicans with their ideas on the subject of "Modern Romanism." Though not quite with the same confidence, it is often asserted that this doctrine also proved a "bitter pill" for Newman to swallow. Mr. Hutton, however, is of opinion that, in his Discourses addressed to Mixed Congregations, Newman "anticipated the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin some years before it had been defined." The "Discourses" were first published in 1849. It was not until 1854 that the doctrine was formally defined.

In the "Apologia," Newman writes of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception as follows :—"I have no difficulty in receiving the doctrine ; and that, because it so intimately harmonizes with that circle of recognized dogmatic truths into which it has recently been received ;" and again, "To that large class of minds, who believe in Christianity after our manner,—in the particular temper, spirit, and light (whatever word is used) in which Catholics believe it,—there is no burden at all in holding that the Blessed Virgin was conceived without original sin ; indeed, it is a simple fact to say, that Catholics have not come to

believe it because it is defined, but that it was defined because they believed it . . . . I never heard of one Catholic having difficulties in receiving the doctrine, whose faith on other grounds was not already suspicious. Of course there were grave and good men, who were made anxious by the doubt whether it could be formally proved to be Apostolical either by Scripture or tradition, and who accordingly, though believing it themselves, did not see how it could be defined by authority and imposed upon all Catholics as a matter of faith; but this is another matter." Further on, he says, in the same connection, "I sincerely think that St. Bernard and St. Thomas, who scrupled at it in their day, had they lived into this, would have rejoiced to accept it for its own sake. Their difficulty, as I view it, consisted in matters of words, ideas, and arguments. They thought the doctrine inconsistent with other doctrines; and those who defended it in that age had not that precision in their view of it, which has been attained by means of the long disputes of the centuries which followed. And in this want of precision lay the difference of opinion, and the controversy—"

There is one other doctrine which seems to be regarded by many—even well-intentioned Anglicans in the light of a stumbling block.—The doctrine of the Real Presence or Transubstantiation—for, except by a play upon words, it is impossible to distinguish them—was very much of a test question among the early Reformers, Cranmer himself writing in one place "What comfort can be herein to any Christian man, to receive Christ's unshapen body, and it to enter no further than the stomach, and depart by and by as soon as the bread is consumed." The position which Newman took up respecting the doctrine is very characteristic of him and, as defined and set forth in the "Apologia," gives about as clear an insight into his method of reasoning on such subjects as anything else I know of. He wrote:—"People say that the doctrine of Transubstantiation is difficult to believe; I did not believe the doctrine till I was a Catholic. I had no difficulty in believing it, as soon as I believed that the Catholic Roman Church was the oracle of God, and that she had declared this doctrine to be part of the original revelation. It is difficult, impossible, to imagine. I grant; but how is it difficult to believe? Yet Macaulay thought it so difficult to believe, that he had need of a believer in it of talents as eminent as Sir Thomas More, before he could bring himself to conceive that the

Catholics of an enlightened age could resist "the overwhelming force of the argument against it." "Sir Thomas More," he says, "is one of the choice specimens of wisdom and virtue; and the doctrine of Transubstantiation is a kind of proof charge. A faith which stands that test, will stand any test." But for myself, I cannot indeed prove it, I cannot tell *how* it is; but I say, "Why should it not be? What's to hinder it? What do I know of substance or matter? Just as much as the greatest philosophers, and that is nothing at all;"—so much is this the case, that there is a rising school of philosophy now, which considers phenomena to constitute the whole of our knowledge in physics. The Catholic doctrine leaves phenomena alone. It does not say that the phenomena go; on the contrary, it says that they remain; nor does it say that the same phenomena are in several places at once. It deals with what no one on earth knows anything about, the material substances themselves.

ANTI-RITUALIST.

(*To be continued.*)

## A QUARTER OF A CENTURY IN THE PUNJAUB.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### *Continuation of Military Memoir or Personal Narrative.*

SHORTLY after the close of the Punjaub campaign several appointments were offered me. I ultimately accepted an appointment to the horse artillery, and during the next six or seven years continued to serve with that distinguished branch of the service. During that period I served with three of the four native troops, then forming an item of the thirteen troops of Bengal Horse Artillery in the service, and as such troops are now never seen, a few words on this branch may not be amiss.

Our old horse artillery might more properly have been designated *cavalry batteries*; "flying" artillery they might well be called, and the *native* portion especially regarded as gallopers to accompany irregular cavalry, and I don't know that any nation has been ever able to produce better "Cossack" Artillery than the native troops of the old Bengal H.A. Nothing could ever be said against the efficiency of these troops, either in the field or quarters; and they had enemies who would not have let pass the opportunity to disparage them. In the field, always to the front, their officers never failed to have the highest praise for them. Usually in the "flying columns" of those days, and called out for any sudden *daur* or dash, where celerity of movement was required, these were just the men for it; a bag of flour hung on their saddle bow was sufficient commissariat for these poor fellows for a campaign. Whilst on this subject I may mention, in regard to their powers of marching, that it is on record that during the pursuit of Holkar into the Punjaub by Lord Lake, in A.D. 1817-18, the cavalry



and native horse artillery marched, on an average, thirty-three miles a day for ten days, and made a forced march of seventy-two miles the day they "ran into" Holkar. This will speak for the mobility of this fine arm; nor had they degenerated in my time—indeed, my opinion of these troops was, and is, that they were never surpassed for celerity, staunchness in serving their guns, good conduct, and soldier-like qualities generally; and in those respects, *quite* on a par with their European comrades of that glorious old regiment the Bengal Horse Artillery \*

During this period of my service I led a life of much content; my duties were light, and in the hot season I could frequently obtain long leave "to the hills." I freely availed myself of the privilege, and hunted the mighty Himalayas—especially Cashmere—to my heart's content. Separate journals of several of these trips are still in my possession, and recall ample details of the hunter's life of those early days in Cashmere—I speak of 1851-2. Never to be forgotten are many of the scenes of wild sublimity or joyous forest camp life then experienced. Rifle and sketch book often my only companions, what glorious forests and mountains I have roamed, with an eye also to the antiquities and half-hidden histories of the countries traversed; especially of the fair valley of Cashmere, whose history I believe I was, in those days, amongst the first to investigate at the fountain head. Indeed, at the suggestion of Sir Henry Lawrence, I drew up a "Sketch of the History of Cashmere," published in the journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal in 1854. To this day I am not aware that any history of that country (except, perhaps, a translation of the Raja Taringini) has been published. The notes taken on those occasions form the experiences on which the first two sections of "The Highlands of India" are based. I undertook, also (and partly carried out), a military survey of the country, but found too many impediments; and beyond a few sketches of ground, and a survey of the "passes" into the valley, did not mature

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\* It may be interesting to record a few other remarkable marches or *daurs* which I find I happen to have noted, as follows:—In 1869 Count Borkh, of the Russian service, with seventy Cossacks, marched one hundred and thirty-three miles in two days, and, continuing his attack, returned in six days without any loss in men or horses, having covered three hundred and thirty-three miles in six days (only two horses lame). In May, 1870, he again, with one hundred and fifty Cossacks, sixty mounted rifles, and one gun, marched two hundred and sixty-six miles in six days (twelve horses sore backs).

it. I made several other explorations of various hill districts, which have been reproduced in the course of the sections on the "Kôhsthân of the Punjaub," forming Volume II. of "The Highlands of India."

Whilst with my troop in the plains "ready, aye ready," for a long gallop in the wild jungles, or, if in the hills, for a climb over the snows and rocks of the passes and peaks of those grand mountains. My wanderings and sylvan adventures in those days were multiform: Are they not written in the Chronicles of Cashmere and the Kôhsthân of the Punjaub?

In those days our camps of artillery practice were most valuable. During the two cold-weather months (December and January) we used to join in at some central camp, and I verily believe that a *gunner* of those days acquired more practical knowledge of his profession in one season, than we do now, under the modern *régime*, during years. Possibly I may be prejudiced, and regarded as a *laudator temporis acti*; but all things considered, "I remain loyal to my first love," and believe that the old service was best adapted to the work it had to perform in India. Cheap, effective, animated with a glorious *morale* and *esprit de corps*, the fine old regiment never failed. We were all contented and happy in those days, and feeling we were looked up to, and well used by our honest old master, *John Company*, we, in return, gave him our zealous services, and contrived to make our comparatively slender numbers and *matériel* do the work of twice or three times their strength. In an evil day (as I think) occurred *amalgamation*, and consequent absorption into a vast service where we are *lost*, and can scarcely be expected to retain much *esprit de corps*.\* Let me pass on, however, to more personal matters—hog hunting, shooting, military exercises; severe study at times—both professional and general—was my "way of life" at this period of my service, during which time I went over much country. I never could get on without a lot of exercise, and it was a

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\* In writing the above let me not be thought to disparage that splendid service, the British Royal Artillery. Such would be a mere impertinence, and unjust, and untrue to boot. In many ways, such as discipline and *matériel*, the service has been greatly improved by amalgamation, which moreover, has introduced *uniformity*, a *sine qua non* of the service on its present footing. Far be it from me, also, not to acknowledge the general fair treatment we have experienced at the hands of our new masters; but an old Indian gunner must be pardoned his sigh—may-be, growl—after the old order of things—*nous revenons toujours à nos premiers amours*. [The above was written twenty years ago, 1872. I should be ungrateful not to acknowledge the fair treatment since that date.]

daily habit of mine, as soon as evening had set in, to mount my horse and ride out free and far towards the setting sun. A pause to see him sink, and then a gallop back to camp as fast as the ground permitted, to dress for mess. Such was my "habit of life" for years of my "Quarter of a Century in the Punjaub."

My experience in the field of warfare, however, was not much at that time, though, indeed, several long marches across the Punjaub with various troops of horse artillery were not devoid of professional instruction.

In 1854 I fell into command of my troop, and held it for two years—a good position for a subaltern, albeit of twelve years' standing. It was the old distinguished troop—4/3 B.H.A.—which, whilst in Shah Shooja's service, dragged its guns, in sledges, over the cliffs of the Hindoo Kûsh, landing them safely in the Bamêan valley, where they served in the victory and capture of Dost Mahomed Khan, of Caubul. The traditions and prestige of those and subsequent services were still strong in this really fine and warlike troop, and I, for one, was proud of them. In 1856—the year before the mutiny—being compelled by ill-health to go on sick furlough to England—I parted from them in fine condition and discipline, in every way, though native troopers, as fine a body of mounted men as any service could have produced. On my return through the same station (Mooltan) in 1858-9, after the mutiny, *I found only seven of them alive*. They had mutinied and been cut to pieces in the interim.

The catastrophe is too long to narrate, and too painful to dwell on—suffice to say that they, like many other loyal bodies of native troops in those days, *had an impossible hand to play, and played it badly*. They had remained loyal, and even executed mutinous sepoys at their cannons' mouth, when *the order came to disarm them*. Considering themselves dishonoured, they enacted a foolish part and rose in despair long after all hope of success had passed, and—with the few exceptions named, who happened to be on some detached duties as orderlies, &c.—they were cut to pieces. 'Twas pity for so fine a body of men; but I say nothing against the policy which deprived them of their guns—the flag they (literally) worshipped, and by the side of which they would have died\*

\* They actually and literally worshipped and sacrificed to their guns. I was once present (being commanding officer, as a sort of duty) on one of these occasions, when a goat was sacrificed at the muzzle of each gun, which, as well as the officers' and non-commissioned officers' chargers, was sprinkled with the blood. It was a long pagan ceremony, and I was inclined to be sorry that I countenanced such a thing with my presence, and determined never to be present at a similar scene.

rather than abandon it. Such a body of men would doubtless, if mutinous, have proved dangerous to the State, and 'twas well done to deprive them of their sting; still—well, I believe they might have been trusted, but the risk was too great, so, like many thousands of loyal natives, they were driven into mutiny by mistrust. Poor fellows! mutiny must, of course, be put down by the strong hand, but I confess to much regret and sorrow at the fate of that brave troop of Bengal Native Horse Artillery.

The narrative has now brought me to the year 1856, in which year I sailed for England. The mutiny of 1857 breaking out, I returned to India in command of troops by long sea voyage in 1858, but had missed the mutiny service in the interim.

After a voyage round the Cape, in command of troops for Bombay, I found myself again in India towards the end of 1858, and after some endeavour to get to Central India or Rajpootana, where the mutiny still smouldered, I found myself posted to a battery at Peshawer, on the Punjaub north-west frontier. Proceeding up the Indus I arrived at Mooltan; and it was then I learnt the details of the melancholy catastrophe which had overtaken my poor old troop. The old fortress of Mooltan was also a wreck, having been dismantled by orders of Government. A proposal to re-establish it as a military position—after a design submitted on my behalf by Brigadier Colin Troup, who approved of the design—was ignored by the Punjaub Government; so I proceeded to Peshawer, at which frontier station I arrived in the spring of 1859. The mutiny had led to the disorganization of my old corps, and I found myself commanding a weak company of garrison artillery. It was during this period that the experiences narrated in Section II., Vol. II. of the "Highlands of India," were principally acquired.

Since this is a military memoir I will here recount a slight frontier experience.

In December, 1859, my dear friend (Captain) "Dick" Meham was murdered by robbers whilst travelling on the frontier, and a force was organized to avenge him on the tribes who had harboured the murderers. I made up my mind to volunteer to serve with the cavalry of the force, in the hopes of having the opportunity, once in my life, of having a cut in at those villains; but ultimately I had to join my own branch of the service, and served in No. 1 Punjaub Battery throughout the expedition. The force assembled at Kohât, under Sir Neville Chamberlain, and

consisted of some six or seven thousand frontier troops, with thirty British officers. We marched into the mountains beyond the Kurrum valley, but little shot was flying on that occasion, still I was glad to serve in a mountain expedition under so able a commander as Sir N. Chamberlain, and the experience of rough marching was considerable and rather startling. The enemy made some sort of stand in the upper ranges, but neither the field artillery nor cavalry could follow them further than a march or two beyond the Kurrum to the base of the Pushtoo hills, the dividing ridge between Affghanisthan and India (Alba), though the infantry and mountain guns did so as far as Speem Wân, in the higher regions of the Sulieman. We occupied the valley of the Kurrum, and harried the land, levelling the villages, rooting out the crops, but *sparing the trees*. I had the satisfaction of being present at the burning of Zungi Shah (the murderer's) village or stronghold, where his family was seized, but he himself escaped to other sections of the tribe of Wuzzeeries (Mahsoods), and a second expedition had, in fact, to go out after him. I am glad to add that the ruffian was ultimately caught and hanged for the murder of my poor friend. The tribe we were coercing was that of Kabûl Kheyî.

In the winter of 1860-1, I undertook a long journey from Peshawer to Ajmere, where a valued brother—then in political employ in the Rajpootana States—had met with a dreadful accident, from the effects of which, alas, he never quite recovered. Travelling with him, when sufficiently convalescent to be moved, we traversed that long arid track, skirting the Arravellis, which leads to Mount Aboo. Having left him in kind hands, I had to return to my duties at Peshawer early in 1861; shortly after which I obtained the command of No. 19 L.F. Battery of the old Bengal service, which, under its successive metamorphoses of 5-22 and F-19 B.A., I commanded up to February, 1866, when I again went on furlough to England.

The re-organization of a battery of field artillery on a system totally differing from its former establishment is a task which none but those who have gone through it can appreciate. Nor will Government ever know what they owed to the captains of those days who re-organized for them their field artillery. Looking at it fairly, in the distance of time, I still feel that we captains of artillery who undertook that task of getting the batteries into their new habiliments, indeed, "deserved well of the State."

Scant credit or thanks did we get at the time. Often called on to "make bricks without straw," with insufficient stock in the arsenals or *materiel* to meet our demands, I, for one, found it a most thankless task; and the tone of authority seemed—instead of praise for the ninety-nine items, after an awful struggle effected—rather to tend towards unmerited abuse for the non-perfection of the hundredth item, probably out of one's power to fulfil. Personally, it was my fate about that period (as, indeed, during much of my career) to serve under the "cold shade of egotism," and I can scarcely call to mind one helping hand stretched to me during my long military career, but rather repression and discouragement of my studies, professional and otherwise. Let that pass, however, into the limbo of things forgotten! Rather would I prefer to dwell on the picturesque aspects of life in those days, which, after all, were jolly and pleasant.

The occasional ride of inspection round the frontier fortresses; the bleak practice ground of Chum-kámie, to which we moved out every winter; a trip now and then to Murrie or even the skirts of Cashmere; another expedition against those rascals the Sitâna fanatics, were not devoid of experiences or of pleasureable excitements. *Hawking* in the Derajhât, or on the rolling plains of Yoosufzâie; hunting up archaeological relics in the wild hills and corners of Hazâra, added variety to our ordinary pursuits. I need scarcely further enter on the vicissitudes of my "Quarter of a Century in the Punjaub," during which period, also, whilst "on leave," I travelled over most of the Carnatic and south of the Indian peninsula, and elsewhere, the results of which are noted in "The Highlands of India," at the proper place.

In 1864—my battery being then at Mian Mir—I ran down to the *Nilgherries*.

In 1866, on the 16th February—the anniversary of the very day on which twenty years before I had crossed with the *Army of the Sullej* into the Punjaub—I sailed from Mooltan in the *Indus* steamer, on the Indus. On my way down the river I threw into shape some notes on various subjects, several of which papers are to be found in the Journals of the Asiatic Society of Bengal of that date.

After two and a half years' furlough in Europe, during which my experiences were, indeed, multiform, having been promoted as lieutenant-colonel into a brigade in the Punjaub, I returned to India, and again found myself at my old station, Mian Mir (Lahore), in February, 1869.

What more have I to say? After a year or two more of the Punjaub, during which period I visited Chumba and the Kangra valley, also Dalhousie, Palumpore, and the forests of Súkhét, I, about the end of 1870, accompanied my brigade to Morár, and whilst commanding the fortress of Gwalior completed my twenty-five years of military service in the north-west. In that quaint and grand old fortress I vegetated a few months, taking, however, considerable interest in the place, which is, doubtless, an interesting study for the soldier or the archæologist.

In the early summer of 1871, however, being ill, and the malaria of a jungle fever—contracted, as I think, in the lovely forests of Chumba, where we had lingered overlong into “the rains” of the preceding summer—being potent for evil within me, I had to take “sick leave” to Simla.

I returned to Gwalior in the autumn, but soon after succeeding to the command of my brigade (24th), I held on at Morár through the winter of 1871-2, and in the spring of the latter year obtained the command of the dépôt at Darjeeling, whence I write this rough sketch of military life up to the present date.

D. J. F. NEWALL.

Commandant's House, Darjeeling,  
14th July, 1872.

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L'ENVOI.

And now I sometimes am inclined to ask myself *Cui bono?* To what end has been the long military experience and study of the higher branches of my profession pursued for so many years of exile in the East? I fear I must answer *nil*—beyond personal satisfaction and the sense of duty performed. Still, when I recall to mind the dangers of warfare, climate, cholera, and tropical heat, through which it has been my lot to pass unscathed, where so many stronger men have fallen by my side, I feel I should be ungrateful not to acknowledge the hand of a Merciful Providence who has brought me in safety to my native country after long wanderings, and to my haven of rest on the shores of the Solent Sea.

Beldornie Tower, Ryde, Isle of Wight,  
12th August, 1881.

## THE ANGELUS.

THE Angelus is sounding nigh to me,  
 Night's twilight husk is falling o'er the sea,  
     And down the west a golden flush is spread—  
 The evening star will find companions soon  
 Beyond the crescent of the silvery moon,  
     The day is gone ! another day is dead !

When the sun rose in might and majesty,  
 How many hopes were born—to breathe and die,  
     Alas ! their strength has come to naught, and fled  
 As quickly as the hours have rolled away,  
 While morn has turned to noon, and then noonday  
     Passed into twilight,—bearing tears unshed—

J. D. ERRINGTON-LOVELAND.





*Broad Street, Lyme.*

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# THE GROVE.

## A MONTHLY MISCELLANY,

EDITED BY R. HANBURY MIERS.

No. XI. MARCH, 1892.

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PUBLISHED BY F. DUNSTER, BROAD STREET,  
LYME REGIS.

1892.

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# THE GROVE.

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No. 11.

MARCH, 1892.

VOL. II.

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## MY SISTER CECILIA.

### CHAPTER XIX.

REMEMBERING however those anticipatory signs which had indeed forewarned us of her mother's illness, but, neglected in their warning, had permitted hope disappointed to add to our calamity, I determined that here at least I would not deceive myself; but if Cecilia were influenced in truth by any bewildering excess of grief, any mental illusion, I would at once confess the misfortune and confront it in all its fearfulness.

As man is apt to think, I thought thus, and concluded I would gather up my strength, and preserve a patient calmness in my intercourse with this deeply valued sister: that I would watch her to my best ability, like a lover or a child. But the event, as is also apt to be man's portion, deceived me: and that not so much by any error, alas! in my judgment respecting Cecilia, as, (besides, perchance, a certain cowardice on my own part), by those thousand lesser circumstances which in actual life intervene between larger events, and surround them with an atmosphere so distortingly deceptive.

Romantic and natural—startling and commonplace at once, this portion of our own lives reminded me often of the well-known phrase "Truth is strange, stranger than fiction." This is indeed a saying indignantly rejected at that age when we are with Sir Huon at Babylon, or Snowdrop in the forest, or Scheherazade within the palace walls of the Commander of the Faithful. We quote it when we know

we are older, and believe that something besides age has been the result of advancing years! Yet the saying seems to me less than the truth at once, and more. More, because unless we take from avowed fiction its supernatural adjuncts, and think of it as confined to the distinct possibilities of human life, fiction *does* in truth present scenes to which, as mere feats of marvel, fact has no parallel: (that these *striks* us little now when in Wordsworth's charming phrase "far inland," from the habit that grows with our years of testing even romance by reality, is not here a point in question):—and less, because the strange things of life are in certain ways stranger than the imaginations of the novelist, and almost transcending credible narrative. They are however more strange—not in the specific event itself—but in the slightness of the accidents which are its material cause, and the contrasting destiny and the long preparation of character by which the event is secretly rendered possible. And when this slightness leads to the catastrophe of a romance,—as in two of Scott's terrible tragedies, those tales which stand beside the masterpieces of Athenian drama, in their truth to human nature, in pathos, in grandeur, in the inexorable march of Fate towards foreseen and ruinous calamity,—the effect upon a sensitive reader is profound, if I may employ the phrase, in a kind of inverse ratio.

Hence arises a further distinction: the crises and *coups de théâtre* in real life are marked by a peculiar *incoherency*, and to those who act or suffer appear far less overwhelmingly important than their results prove them. In the long road of life the turning-points are quickly passed: the wheels carry us by: we cannot dwell on them: not these, we recognize instinctively, but the scope and direction of our path are the circumstances of vital interest. Or we are conscious that our feelings have formalized themselves in facts; we endure facts somehow, and put up with what we know to be past, and must believe to be irrevocable. Life meanwhile continues, or renews its career, where the novelist concludes: a new Romeo marries some younger Capulet: Lucy recovers from her bridal madness: Othello overlives his jealousy, and Werther his love. In real existence this does not appear strange; for its incidents are few, and seem to be the inevitable fruit and consummation of character: but our characters are ever with us. We demand from poet or novelist a complete, an independent, a rounded

plot: but family history, isolated thus, is impossible; the circling events of existence intersect each other. In life, as in politics, there are no *faits accomplis*: the results of character never cease: what we secretly love "is the combat, and not the victory;" and contrary to what is written in the books, we should ourselves be disappointed if the plot did not recommence from the *dénouement*. Truth is stranger than fiction mainly in this, that no novelist dares to present as it is the shifting veil and tissue of our life—at once so trivial in its seriousness, and so all-important in its vanities.

But to resume my sister's story.—I had prepared myself, as I have said, to expect (for after that scene of sad hallucination as it seemed, I could expect no less), and to confront, some mental disarrangement, arising from that long strain upon her bodily strength which had been co-existent with perpetual and increasing sorrow during months so many that they seemed now many years. That one so long habitually self-governed should have been so far, or even in any degree, thus overpowered, surprised: But the surprise which next awaited me might have been lessened had I reflected that the reason I gave myself was not altogether adequate; that in one so firmly tempered by nature and by habit as Cecilia, diminution of strength or discomposure of organization would operate less by similar influences on the mind, than by setting it free as it were from corporeal limitations: that, as was in fact the case, the visionary child within her might be now about to awaken, and the farseeing imagination reassert rights, kept only in abeyance hitherto by growing years and maturer judgment.

A Wednesday followed the occurrence last related. In the earlier morning, Cecilia remarked casually that she meant to renew her old (intermittent) habit on that day of attending Church; mentioning the intention so, I felt, to avoid ulterior discussion.—But thinking this would hardly be right, (for she had not hitherto left our garden precincts or seen any visitor, however privileged), I ventured now the remark that if she went, (and I was truly glad to hear of it), I hoped she would allow me to drive first to Fountainhall, and bring Robert and his sister to Ardeley on their way Churchward. But Cecilia would not. She could not bear it now. She hoped it was not wrongful indulgence in grief: yet such thoughts at present, in her feeling, were hardly right, were "far from her." . . . "Dear brother, pardon me,"

she cried, and her arms were round my neck, "do not look vexed: we should be dearest and nearest to each other, ought we not? and no one can love *her* as we did, can they?" I reminded her of our father, and kissed her; and O how many bright endearing trifles she replied with, as if to prove that her love was more than Eleanor's could be, and no need of any other cheerer to the solitude of Ardeley!—until the bells rang hurriedly out, and bade us make ready.

I had something, it floated through my memory while waiting, to tell Cecilia: something that fell on me like a shadow, with that strange fluctuation in which an indefinite feeling of sadness, without taking any "intelligible form," often presents itself. But the thought that with her characteristic regularity in matters of religious attendance, (contrasting in this with Cecilia), Eleanor would be there, gave a distinct cheerfulness which I gladly accepted. She and my sister, I knew, must meet again; and the scene and hour, for this would naturally be at the moment of concluded service, would render Cecilia less disinclined—averse I could not wish to call it—to the meeting.

To avoid the garden-path, with its too-touching associated remembrances, we took the way by the gates and the village green. After a few moments of cheerful conversation, which from an unwillingness, perhaps selfish, to confess my wishes, I turned to conjectures on the landscape of western France, we passed through the little garden by the left wing of the school (the mistress' house), and, a few steps before us, saw Robert standing by the South Porch. Upon the Church-door I could see a small white spot, which I knew must be some notice affixed. This at once awoke the dormant message in my memory for Cecilia—to prepare her for the announcement Robert had informed me we should to-day find—that his sermon of the following Sunday would specially commemorate our own and our parishioners' bereavement. Three months interval allowed, my father, among his parting requests, had begged that he might think he was receiving from lips so much trusted a favour none could so fitly confer. As I paused to mention what she would see announced to Cecilia, half hesitating with the foolish hope this paper might among the common parochial notices pass unregarded, half with entire uncertainty at one hundred yards distance whether it were really what I anticipated, I felt her's press my arm. She gently smiled as I looked up, saying only "Dear



Robert I think has committed an error in the date—the date of . . . ” and then moving hastily on, led me without further words to the door.

Robert's welcome also was tempered with a seriousness for which we both gave him inward thanks ; and it deepened a little as he saw me look closer and notice the correction of “ 17th ” into “ 16th Feb. ” as I passed.—But we went on to the long accustomed seats : other thoughts, sweet and calm, succeeded :—and as the moment's silence at the close of service, (so touching in its contrast to the awakening rustle and movement of earthly life that we know will at once follow it), ran by, the meeting with Robert's sister presented itself to me almost as an interruption of a communion with the world of spirits.

This feeling however, no one will wonder (together with a great and altogether unnecessary alarm lest they should not meet, and *how*, if they met), passed in a few moments before the bright and consoling cheerfulness of Eleanor's greeting to my sister. “ They met as friends of every day. ” they talked of the village school and little matters of local concern ; and when Robert after a few words of intimation to me that the discourse whose delivery he anticipated with such mingled interest and reluctance would be written within two days, stepped back to Cecilia with “ Your brother will spend Friday evening with us : may Eleanor and I hope for Cecilia's—for Miss Marlowe's company, ”—she gave all present the pleasure of ready consent, with colour a little brightened, and eyes assuring of renewed friendliness.

## CHAPTER XX.

Pleasant perhaps is an epithet not sufficiently expressive to characterize that evening. There was about it something above and below pleasure : a seriousness at times which our hosts endeavoured to remove, and thought natural ; an unrestrained enjoyment at which they may have smiled ; a delight of liberty. Some I suppose remembered it afterwards with pity for those over whom new defeats were imminent : To Cecilia and myself it was the night-halt of a flying army, bivouacked in some unscathed and retired valley, among scenes of a life happier than their own, and conscious the next morning would by the renewed necessity of advance, compel them through deserts yet untracked, and to what end they knew not.

Robert took me into his room before dinner, wishing that I should at any rate have the opportunity of looking over the sermon prepared for the Wednesday following. He sat down to add a few finishing words; whilst, that I might not appear to hasten him by non-employment, I turned to examine his bookshelves, noticing among other books "*Jeremy Taylor*," which I knew to be a special favourite, (the fourth volume missing), and Sir T. Browne's "*Religio Medici*."

"I am glad to see you do not reject Milton's prose works: I never observed them here before" I said: "nor do I remember that little row on your highest shelf." "Those bound alike?" he answered, and I could distinguish by the tone, without looking up: "They are my classics: I had lent them to Evelyn of Emmanuel, and he only returned them after last examinations."

"And I put them out of reach, as men treat their Plato and Lucretius; something to be studied for a Tripos, but without lessons for life.—We should divide our existence by dates, perhaps, as they do with architecture, and speak of our classical time, of our Renaissance period—when we sometimes however become Mediaeval"—but Robert's hand laid gently on my shoulder interrupted these reflections. "That reminds me, your using the word date I mean" he said seriously, "dear Edmund of a sad blunder—a mistake that has caused me much regret. Probably you saw it—the day in February as it was stated on the notice. My mother observed it as I was on the very point of starting for Church on Sunday, and I had only just time to make the alteration.—O dear Edmund I am very sorry if I unintentionally gave you pain—added to your pain," he continued: for at the sudden remembrance of Cecilia's remark I started: it was a new avenue to terror: "I did not remember the mistake might strike your sister, not having been to the Church before since—and make her think me so forgetful" I pressed his hand, looked over a few pages of the manuscript with what recollection I could muster, and we went together to the drawing-room.

Of what passed at dinner I remember little except Mrs. Therfield's persevering efforts to raise every one's spirits, and give the party the air of meetings such as the room had often witnessed when Cecilia was three years younger in age, and thirty years less advanced in experience. One thought haunted me as I looked at my darling, so bright and

unbetraying in voice and feature, "strange that while at a distance from the place whence I could distinguish nothing but that a notice must be there, she seemed aware of that mistake, and yet ignorant of the correction." But meanwhile we talked and told old stories and laughed the old laughs: and as Mr. Therfield with the *sansfaçon* of home followed his wife on her retreat from table into the hall to give some direction on household matters, before the door closed I heard her say "Curious it is. Young people forget these things quickly, don't they, dear? I would have *wished* to have seen" . . . and I could conjecture the remainder.

During moments of gaiety, who, whatever the habitual or the temporary current of his private thoughts, is not what he seems? With a little self-reproach I felt Mrs. Therfield's remarks true: and taking advantage of the instant, I asked Robert minutely the particulars of that alteration of the date, so trivial in itself, and to me so important. Robert repeated them, not without surprise indicated rather than expressed, at the formality so difficult to avoid when putting questions in such an examination: and the doubt then arose, whether it was not only right for me to take him, (so intimately concerned himself), into the confidence of these perplexities. But whilst hesitating now to frame in words what had been hitherto the growing but unexpressed conviction, that a sister so dear had fallen under "mesmeric" influences, (and how unpityingly severe are these terms of science!), our host's return diverted conversation to the news we had received of Mr. Marlowe, and the probable limits of his continental journey. Had I known—but we never know—how trivial a barrier would this reluctance have appeared! Cowardice however, I fear it was, kept me silent; and Cowardice is more fertile in reasons than ever Aristotle or Aquinas. I consoled myself with the fresh argument that a matter so delicate ought not to be communicated to Robert abruptly, nor unless alone with him, and kept silence.

If it is an awful thing for the novel-writer to find himself face to face with Dialogue, scarcely less is it to the narrator who—without that enviable gift of memory which, (I have sometimes suspected), has brought upon James Boswell a portion so unjustly large of critical censure,—attempts now to retrace a dialogue at some fifteen years distance.—I remember, or, reading my own pages, seem to remember

well that monologue (as it mainly was) when my dear father spoke and we watched the dawn from Riesenheim: but a conversation without one prominent speaker, full of little hints, and fragments, and trivialities, leaves so slight an impression that perhaps what I wish to recall I am in fact inefficiently composing. It is one of the sad thoughts of life how many excellent conversations we have enjoyed, and lost; how they have "worn-out of us" into silence, barren as that our great meditative Poet found most congenial to his habits of "high thinking." Meanwhile the mere general impression often remains; the old warmth and enlivenment appears yet with us: we see the table spread, and the happy guests, and quick smiles, and confiding eyes: we see that they speak, yet there is silence: a glass is between us and their voices; and ah! where are so many of the dear speakers?

That evening's conversation has left me one of these bright impressions. During the dinner and before it some blight had always fallen on the sweet reviving sensation, so long unfelt by Cecilia or by myself, of home once more:—but as Mr. Therfield led the way to a terrace that flanks the eastern side of Fountainhall, and Eleanor springing up took both her brother's hands in hers, and placed him by Cecilia in the sheltered angle on the left, and all gathered round the little garden-table, it was, to borrow words felicitous as their subject, "something so like happiness that it could deserve no other name." We talked of the view before us, not seen for an interval so long, that the young shoots of a larch plantation where the lawn sloped village-wards had made perceptible progress; of the pretty sight-avenue which by removal of two or three tall trees Mr. Therfield had opened to the Church; of Lady F——'s last dance and matrimonial schemings, and whether she had said anything more about Augustus Caesar; of the latest fashions in ladies' hats, and that eternal question, what trimmings best suit what complexions. Meanwhile Eleanor (for in family parties the sexes have always a tendency to separate, each into its own province of gossip) secretly maintained a broken discourse with Cecilia on housemaids: while Robert was rapidly verging from the picturesque to oxen and to parishioners. . . . We were not very brilliant, the reader sees: but these pleasant nothings had all the brightness that smiles give, and happy faces; and this might then be better even than brilliancy.

One interspace, however, of anxiety which I now can remember, but

hardly can put in words, there was to me,—always alive to the sudden fluctuations of feeling, the silent repressed struggle within my dear sister's bosom. Mrs. Therfield, I have already noticed, had indeed prized and loved our mother, whilst at the same time, in Wordsworth's phrase, she caught a fearful joy in her presence. This mixed sentiment I suppose it was which, united with her own native *agitato* manner, now compelled her ever and anon to make some one of those consolatory allusions to the calamity that had befallen us, which, natural enough to her pious simplicity, yet to those who have received and are barely recovering from a mortal wound are apt to be, but as the "vacant chaff well meant for grain."

"We shall have many happy returns of the day . . . many happy days here yet, and at Ardeley," Mrs. Therfield chanced to say; and then asked with some timidity the latest news of our father. She was always rather afraid of him; mainly, I believe, because he sometimes quoted Latin;—a distressing habit. "I am sure you must often be frightened for Mr. Marlowe; by himself all in the centre of France! You must go through great alarm for your father, Edmund."

"O no, he is well, and we expect him here in August."

"Edmund will make you better acquainted with his father some day," Robert put in good-naturedly.

"Edmund reminds me not so much of—reminds me rather—"

"How shall I ever honour this lady as I should," I was reflecting, when she recommenced: "How glad you will be, dear Cecilia, and you, Mr. Marlowe, and how thankful: I am sure one can never tell the value of such friends, as Robert said in one of his sermons, till they are lost or absent." "But my father is, we hope, very happy." "But I wish you would not remember my sermons so, mother" Robert and I said at once in the eagerness to say something. "I am sure it was a very beautiful sentiment, dear, and very true," Mrs. Therfield was beginning again, when my sister looking up radiantly said in the clearest and softest of tones "Ah, dear brother, it is true, indeed: I thought as a child in childhood and then I could not feel it; but till our mother's death I knew as little what it was to have her, as to lose her!"

Mrs. Therfield's eyes filled with tears. "My dear Cecilia," she said, taking her hand, "your faith however will make you sure. . . . I need say nothing. . . . You know the day is coming when you will be

reunited to her. You must not grieve like the heathen ; she would wish you, I know, to put away all thought of her."

Eleanor's looks meanwhile went from her mother to Cecilia, as if she desired by her sympathy to support and strengthen the words of intended comfort ; but her father, with a glance towards Mrs. Therfield, half impatient, half tender, began arranging all that lay before him on the table with mathematical regularity—his habit when anxious to speak, and anxious not to speak. "And till that time comes, Cecilia dear, I must be your mother." But Cecilia hid her face between her hands, and there were some moments of a sad and almost awful silence.

I heard the first fitful prelusive notes of the nightingale beyond the town, a far distant a solitary cry from the village, and between these sounds that weird hum and air-rustle which fill the interspaces of hearing, nervously attentive. Of those present none had so much reason to shrink from speaking as myself : none so much to dread what might next be my sister's words. They were not what any pre-experience could then have enabled me to conjecture. For when Eleanor, pale with agitation, coming to me took one hand of mine in hers, laying the other on my shoulder, before she spoke, Cecilia looked up quickly with a smile, and like a child that starts from some gracious perversity of silence, thanked Mrs. Therfield in simple and affectionate language, ending with "and you will have much to bear from me, for I am a child at least in childishness." And before I could have time to wonder, Cecilia turned the conversation to matters light, gay, and commonplace ; raising them to interest and originality, as if by determined effort, and the wish to efface all remembrance of the minutes past before the brilliancy of the present. To me she hardly spoke, but then always with increasing charm and gaiety . . . . So that evening ended, and as we returned home, to account for her contrasting and entire silence I asked no further cause than the fatigue of an exertion so long unexperienced.

And now how delighted, how thankful was I, as I looked at this dear sister, and she smiled in answer, that I had said nothing to Robert of alarms which seemed fled away for ever. The perplexed past faded like the dream of the waker : an indefinite sweetness was at my heart, and when I asked myself the cause, the true answer came at once in the dear remembrance of Eleanor's look of confiding affection : in the conviction that she did not love me less. Marriage plans, long hardly

thought or spoken of, once more seemed to reassert their rights, and promise the sure return of happiness to Ardeley.

## CHAPTER XXI.

There are few, and I am not amongst them, to whom the "last word" is without an almost irresistible power of conviction. On me at least Robert's sermon wrought the effect desired rather than hoped for by its modest author; and as Cecilia and I walked homeward through the sounds and sights of spring, a peace seemed to have settled upon us, which I thought the very peace of Heaven. It was not that any new arguments for comfort, any "fountain of youth" had been opened by our young Pastor: his discourse had been deeply-felt, if, (he will pardon the phrase), perhaps a little too Jeremy-Taylorian; yet he had set forth in fact nothing but doctrines taught at least if not learned in childhood. Had our sleeper heard them, she would I knew have accepted these holy consolations with an eagerness and vitality of faith, a "spiritual apprehension" that would have made the old lesson new, and softened sorrow, even had it been for a daughter's loss, into patience. . . . Whether this would indeed have been so or not; to me they were sufficient, conclusive. When I reached home I took from the desk where it had been locked up since my journey the copy of the Inscription (given already) in Riesenheim Churchyard. It would be a pleasure to me now, I thought, to show it to my sister, to whom I had never mentioned the sights and conversation of that morning: It would be in harmony with what we had now heard from one whose words could not but have double weight with Cecilia.

Robert may at least be pardoned if, though none would have more decisively disclaimed any personal merit for performance of a simple duty, a little sense of success perhaps brought him to Ardeley that afternoon. Without announcement, as of old, he walked into the conservatory where Cecilia and I were sitting. Mrs. Morden, she had just said, our old servant already mentioned, had returned from Ardeley some months since to her own cottage: and as master of the house, Cecilia now asked my permission that her little girl might be brought over for the day-time to have the advantage, as it was sickly, of our better food, and her own supervision. I consented, intending to add as

a further reason that I had met the worthless husband skulking round the cottage the day before, and threatening he would carry off the child, for which he had, I believe, a jealous and tyrannical affection not very different from hatred, by force, or somehow ;—when Robert appeared.

My sister seemed a little troubled, but no immediate escape was practicable. Without a moment's delay she began the conversation, and as on the evening at Fountainhall led it into a variety of topics, all interesting, but all as it were alien to her companions' thoughts and away from home. She read aloud Wordsworth's "Ode on May Morning," and said how she enjoyed the spring, and it seemed to come every year in greater beauty, and then his "Lycoris," poems then not very long published, giving the "as we downward tend" with a humorous allusiveness to Robert and herself, so much to my dear brother-in-law's delight that he could not refrain from giving her joy for her own joyousness. Cecilia did not seem to hear him ; a deeper shade fell on her eyes, an inward look like her father's at moments of strong feeling. It was as if she saw what was beyond our apprehension : as if she were with Endymion in the enchanted garden, and felt some airy nothing (or was it real to her more subtle senses ?) "graspable" above her. Then presently, as if she must speak or die, (but the current and connection of her thoughts meanwhile was imperceptible to me) ; "It will be best, dear Mr. Therfield," she said with the calm subdued voice of the last months, that voice of the house of sickness which I think never loses its peculiar sad suggestiveness, "best that I should not conceal or keep back any longer what will I know grieve you, and you cannot agree with. But I must say it ; I hope for your pardon ; I wish to confess that the consolations you have to-day set before us are to me valueless ; ah ! I cannot say how absolutely. They left the real point if not untouched yet to me at least unproved : they were not such as can wipe tears from all eyes. . . . No, not so !" she said, as Robert rising took her hand with looks of affectionate pity, "let me speak this once ! perhaps after I have spoken you may not desire to hear my voice again ! It is not, I trust, I know, a doubt on divine things, but my very deep and long conviction has been that those inspired words you read do not countenance the hope you and your many authorities draw from them with confidence such that it is a weary effort to me, a very weary, to set my own poor judgment against it. For that hope, that



certainty of reunion I can find no text truly authoritative. I have often heard our dear father, Edmund, speak of the speculations of the thoughtful of old days. I know how far, how unspeakably far our humblest hope for the future transcends what was permitted the wisest of the wise of Athens. I know we have not an Unknown God; but ah! bear with me, dear friends; what my heart fears is an unknown Heaven. Think of those words, Edmund, 'They shall neither marry, nor be given in marriage, but shall be as the angels.' . . . Oh, where such affection is excluded, can we believe that of children will be found? that a mother will recognize when she is not allowed to love? If I do not meet her," (and Cecilia wrung her poor hands as she spoke), "what home shall I find among the many mansions?—And our dear father—he who so confidently believed that his life would not overpass her's, who in all the strength of religion thought his faith could scarcely endure that separation—when we were reading that 'wo wir sie einst wiedersehen' in the Churchyard together—I would not say what I have now said to him for worlds—but oh Edmund, if it should not be so?"

If I could, I should not care to describe the terror, unmanning but I hope not unmanly, which accompanied Cecilia's words. It was a fear such as on no former occasion I had been compelled to suffer; the fear described by him before whom the Spirit passed in the "visions of the night:" the honour when the natural man finds himself face to face with what appears beyond nature. Cecilia's absolute simplicity; the entire unconsciousness with which she spoke of personal presence a thousand miles, aye and more, distant from Ardeley where she then lay sleeping;—added a fearful intensity of realization to the idea: I could not speak, but signed to Robert to leave us. "What is it, dear Edmund," he said. "Cecilia!" I cried at length; "my own Cecilia."

Then suddenly my sister paused in her passionate discourse; with her very clear quick judgment she recognized at once the cause of a consternation which must have appeared to Robert—as Hamlet's "Hear me and hover o'er me with your wings" to his astonished mother,—madness. The "passion and lightning" left her eyes; a slight and undescribable change, almost to my fancy as if the soul replaced itself in the body, ran over her features: it seemed even, I thought—but it was due doubtless to the imaginative exaltation of my terror—as if she sank down a little from some aerial transport and

elevation. "Dear Eleanor and I have some strange recollections in common," she said with a sad smile and manner interdictive to enquiry; "and you will have heard enough, too much I am sure, Mr. Therfield, of my sorrowful fancies, and——"

But she had so overmastered Robert also, that with the utmost anxiety to speak, visible, I might say, throughout his whole figure, he left us without speaking. His lips moved with the struggle of what he could not express, as he turned for one glance more at the bride from whom many days were to separate him, with sorrows he could not anticipate, and calamities that appeared at one time deep as death, and even more final to affection.

## CHAPTER XXII.

Wishing not to enter abruptly on the subject of my thoughts, fearing perhaps a little, after Robert had left us I said a few words of consolation to Cecilia. In the broken and powerless phrases which all, (except some few writers gifted with passionate faith and spiritual genius,) must use, and deplore using, I attempted now to set before her the excellence and certainty of Christian hope. Whether it was not enough to know that we were under the disposal of a Providence, assuredly gracious even when apparently most chastising? Whether our loss was not her gain? Whether finally the felicity promised did not include all that we can imagine of joy or sigh for of solace; nay more, did it not contain these aspirations in itself, as nothing beside its own overwhelming and immeasurable completeness?

But to all I could urge by reason, or, far better, adduce by memory, to text and to argument she had one sad answer still: and the burden of her song might be summed up in the line of the great Florentine

*Che 'l ciel non è ove non sete voi.*

—It was in vain. She thanked me tenderly and through many tears, asking pardon for any thought or word she might have spoken or formed too hastily, and ending with the patriarch's passionate lamentation—"O that I were in months past, as in the days when God preserved me."

Then, as I thought of my preceding terror, and desired to speak on that subject as a change and a relief, I felt how infinitely small, how

pitiful matters even of high and curious interest are when in the balance against such grief fallen on those we love most dearly. Thus my request of explanation was hardly less calm than Cecilia's answer. She scarcely knew how it was: "It had seemed to her," she said, as she awoke early one day during our absence in Germany, "that she had been beside us in some chill place, which was at first dark, and then a glorious light filled it, and she heard us speaking together. It was something too not exactly like common sleep, and a strange effort accompanied my waking. Some of my father's words," she added, "remained so strangely fixed that it was her intention to quote them to him, and endeavour to clear up the mystery, and learn whether what had been a dream were not in fact *all* a dream. But the fear of seeming fanciful or giving causeless alarm had withheld her:—until far other thoughts drove these, as she had fancied, for ever from her memory. Now I know the vision was real," she concluded, when I had recounted the correlative facts

"And are not afraid?"

"No, oh no—I am thankful that the proof has been so long delayed: that I did not know the truth when it might have unsettled me from other duties.—Shall I tell you all? May I, dear Edmund, and will you love me still, and not think strangely of me as you look. I am indeed your very real sister," (she smiled and touched me); "your foolish sister I fear you will think. But my pulse beats temperately, feel, like your's:—or as yours should, and will when my story is ended. The unknown, I imagine, parts with much of its terrors, when though still perhaps inexplicable, it has become familiar.

"Many stories, you know, circulate asserting that by some unusual power our consciousness—our soul may be I should say, can be present where we ourselves are not. I am not now, of course, speaking of what are strictly named supernatural appearances: but instances sufficient are recorded to show, I suppose, that during violent illness, or at some crisis deeply affecting ourselves, or those we love best, through ourselves, this fact of "trance" or "second-sight," (using the old phrase in a limited sense), has been manifested. These things from their infrequency, and because we cannot explain them, do rouse our special wonder; but I agree with my dear father that not these, but the common facts of life are the real, the fearful, the miraculous miracles of

human experience.—Ah, I shall weary you with my long prologue, dear brother," Cecilia said, seeing me look down at her last words.

"Not so," I told her; but I remembered that my father had used expressions very similar when we sat together at Riesenheim.

"And you think I heard them too?" she answered with a sweet smile; "No, no—do not fancy I have a whole world of second sight to set before you; how often I have heard him speak so here, as we sat together in the evening, when——"

She was silent; I knew she thought of the hour when her mother, the day's more laborious labour ended, laid out her drawing or took up her work, whilst we collected to read aloud; or for the last, the brightest conversation of the day; "the affectionate talk of evening." The name that seemed never to cross my dear Cecilia's lips, that was as if it could not cross them, trembled, I knew, on the confines of utterance. But her silence, as so often happens amongst the "creatures one of another," as all men are, compelled mine; and I, who often regretted what seemed a suppression uselessly painful and almost against nature, did not know now how to frame the syllables which from my lips Cecilia appeared always to feel pleasure in hearing.

But my sister, anxious at once and yet unwilling to complete her narrative; (anxious for my relief, unwilling from her great reluctance at all times to connect herself with anything extraordinary); soon re-collected her composure. When a very young child, she said, and recovering from violent fever, she had been aware as she lay in her little bed, that a kitten (a nursery favourite), in some distant chamber or barn was then violating her child's idea of its gentleness by the chase and torment of a mouse, which after what appeared to her an hour's struggle, escaped it. "I suffered so much whilst this went on that those about me thought it a fresh access of the fever. But the idea that there was anything strange in the vision never definitely presented itself; what should a little child know of the laws of nature? the bonds of time and space? I was absorbed in sympathy alone: from that time, other causes perhaps concurring, I disliked living favourites, Edmund, as perhaps when I remind you of it, in this chronicle of childish things, you may remember.

"Many years," Cecilia continued, after a pause—(for, like her father, when roused to any train of thought of more than common interest she,

who at other times said little, pleased rather as Wordsworth's 'Margaret' with the joy of her own thoughts, spoke almost continuously)—went by, and nothing, as was natural, recalled this early experience. Perhaps connected with it was a foolish nervousness, which I dimly recollect as one of my early trials, an over-imaginative tendency to alarm—particularly about—And oh how tenderly that Love guarded me against my own weakness! My dear father too, I am sure, observed it: do you remember that he forbade me 'Marmion' for several years."

"And how Eleanor at last made you read it."

"Yes, yes," she answered quickly—"But there was, of course, no such result as papa may have feared. And then also I was still in my child's paradise, and thought of bereavements, or great reverses of fortune, as of things that happened only in the world without, in a place where there was no *home*, a region that seemed as remote from my own possible entrance as Fairyland itself. Even when I first fell on tales of wonder with a girl's insatiation, and read of events somewhat parallel in Scott, or the Fairy Legends, or Brewster's little book, I never connected them with myself. We should lose the delightful sense of the wonderful, I think, if we really believed wonders had occurred in our own prosaic lives, should we not? And if a girl may judge on such points, this clairvoyance seems to me in no degree 'supernatural': perhaps its association, as in Scott, with vulgar ideas of witchcraft, prevented me from recalling the kitten incident, which, as I remember it now, I suppose was then in my memory; or from conceiving of Highland second sight as likely to be experienced by myself. And hence, perhaps, these after facts give me no distress, dear. Whatever the cause may be, the effect, if I may so express myself, is simply intellectual, and without bearing, I trust, on my character or conduct. I cannot call up or direct the vision . . . else—oh how often have I cried for her with prayers and tears and the most concentrated, the most detached intention of my sight and soul, that she might come to me, or I go to her! They were not sinful prayers, dear brother, I trust, were they?"

Cecilia looked timidly at me, as if fearing she had confessed to wrong or weakness. I called her "Dear"! and she, "Oh I trust not wrong!—Indeed, I wish to regard all this only as a morbid sense or power of the

soul, less common than sight or hearing or our dreams, but to a sane thinker, if I may claim or wish to claim such a title, not certainly more astonishing. Without your enquiry, dear, I should not have spoken on the matter, and should have tried to turn my thoughts from it."

"When I once nursed a dear baby Cecilia," I said, after thanking her for so much of her own story, "she often astonished me in my immense wisdom of a boy of ten by her strange wild fancies. 'My visionary child,' how often our dearest mother called you!"

"I think, sometimes, dear brother," she answered, as if turning aside from that subject, "(to make a general remark), how far greater the change from one's early home life is to us than to a man it possibly can be. School or travelling or your friends must make you so much realize the future beforehand. Perhaps you will secretly smile, and think I am judging for all girls by the quietness of Ardeley. Oh no—may be this makes—this *made*—the contrast stronger to me, when the dream of our early days faded . . . before that awakening. But I will try to finish what I had to say about myself. I suppose it was the bitter realities of life, so much more sad and strange than these poor personal trifles, which brought about what I do not now doubt was a recurrence of that which we might literally call *alienation* of mind. It was when—no, before these things began—when you and papa were travelling together;" and Cecilia then in a few words said, that on the evening before she was, as she had described, present with us at Riesenheim, a sudden terror had seized her for her mother, "a causeless fear": (for throughout my sister's confession ran a scrupulous and delicate reluctance to express belief in her possession of any faculty really beyond ordinary nature, far more to claim it):—that she slept with this feeling upon her, and awoke, as I have already said, with what was now at least the sober certainty of conviction that she had been that night "in the spirit" on the wild frontiers of Bohemia. "And this is all—thanks for patient audience" she said: and I "Really all, quite all!" "Yes,—all exactly of that character": and she kissed me and glided past to her own room as if to bar further questioning.

But I knew that when she had for a moment tripped and hesitated before speaking of Riesenheim, Cecilia's memory went back in some manner to the seemingly precipitate assent she had given to Robert's proposal, and felt certain that my dear sister had acted then under the

force of some strange presentiment. But this matter she never cleared up to me : no doubt she would, if requested, have redeemed the promise given at the time : but then I did not wish, and *now* I do not care. That aimless fear which it aroused in me has led me to dwell on the fact in my earlier narrative : if the reader expected some strange or ingenious solution, I can only regret that he *will* be in the humour of asking from life what is only found in fiction. That she had not made allusion to that rapid glance with which she detected the erroneous date affixed to the Church door, did not surprise me. She could not speak of this, without speaking of what she could not bear to utter : and might it not have been the quicksightedness only of her dear and perfect organization ?

Why, however, should she turn reluctant from anything which involved mention of Robert ? The thought pressed sadly on me as I lay down that night. How should I act for the best ? And then more than ever I felt *what* a loss, and how in kind different even from all my father and I suffered by it, was a mother's death to this young and only daughter.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE ISLAND OF CAPRI: ITS MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

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### PART II.

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THE Island of Capri, which is about ten miles in circumference is divided into two unequal portions, by the lofty inland cliffs of Anacapri. Until the completion of the present commodious road, which connects the two divisions of the island, the only mode of intercommunication was by means of a flight of 560 rough hewn steps, which are said to have been in existence before the period of the Greek occupation.

The geological formation of the Island resembles greatly that of some parts of the Appenines, consisting of the same calcareous stone, which when pounded emits a strong smell of gunpowder. In the least elevated districts, micaceous, calcareous schists and siliceous earths are to be met with. On the descent of the hill near the villa Jovis, masses of rock are lying about, pierced by lithodami, which seems to teach the same lessons as the temple of Serapis at Pozzuoli. Half way up to the seaward slope of Mte. Solaro, rises a natural portal so grand, that it might well be the vestibule to some abode of the Titans. This Grotto del 'Arco has attracted considerable notice, owing to a dark, greyish red substance, having the appearance of bitumen, which hangs in congealed, rounded drops from its roof. It smells of goat's dung, and tastes like leather. It is composed of a species of oil, some ammoniacal material, and a carbonic residuum. In the shady recesses of a smaller grotto, which adjoins the one just mentioned, maiden's hair fern of unusual size and beauty may be gathered.



The recently opened Stalactite Cavern, at the foot of Mte. San Michele, will well repay a visit, and so will the Grotto Verde under the cliffs of Anacapri.

But the monarch of them all is the Grotto Azzurra. Had one lived in the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, and visited him in his Palace at Damecuta, one might have descended by a long subterranean passage, (of which considerable traces still remain) to this grotto, which was then a mere ordinary cavern, without a shade of blue about it ; the phenomenon of its wonderful colouring being due to the alteration of the sea-level, which, by causing the entrance to it to be lower than it used to be, obliges the greater portion of the rays of light received into the grotto, to pass under the water. Objects within it are therefore lighted from below, which circumstance causes the upper surface of a boat and of its oars to appear almost black, whilst they seem surrounded by threads of lucid silver, and the spray falling from the oars resembles diamonds and opals. Neither pen, nor painter's brush, can ever do justice to the jewel-like radiance of the blue water, and it is no wonder that its weird hue should induce a belief in its possession of sundry virtues, and that even in the North of Italy, you should find the waters of the Blue Grotto advertised, and sold as an excellent cosmetic. A calm sunny day is also *sine qua non*, in order to enjoy a visit to this cavern, and for two reasons ; the one being that sunshine is necessary to show off its colouring to advantage ; the other, that should the day be stormy you may perchance find yourself in the situation of the party who, some years ago, after remaining a considerable time in the grotto, wished to make their exit from it, but on looking towards the opening by which they had entered, saw that it was so much blocked up by the waves which were dashing against it that escape was impossible, and were obliged to submit to an imprisonment of two days and nights, subsisting meanwhile on bread which was thrown in to them, until the wind abated sufficiently to enable one of the fishermen to effect a rescue. In this part of the Mediterranean violent storms are of frequent occurrence, and spring up very suddenly. Not long ago a boat was washed away from her moorings at the Marina, and carried across to Castellamare, causing the owner thereof an expenditure of 15 Lire for the recovery of his property. On one occasion fourteen excursionists, who had come over in the steamer that morning, intending to

return by her the same afternoon, and had therefore brought no luggage with them, and only money sufficient to pay for their passage, were storm-stayed at Capri for a week. It would be well if all those tourists, who rest satisfied with the sight of the Grotto Azzura, would endeavour to spend at least as long a period of time in this Siren Isle. Here the artist may revel in the charming panoramas afforded by every height, ranging from Amalfi, Positum, Sorrento, Castellamare, and Vesuvius on the one side, to Posilippo, Procida, and Ischia on the other; there are rare plants to tempt the botanist, such as the Portuguese Adder's tongue and the *Lithospermum rosmarinifolium*, with its rich ultramarine-blue blossoms; Lepidoptera hardly to be met with elsewhere short of Sicily, may be caught in the entomologist's net: the invalid will find a mild yet bracing climate, and as on a fine January day he watches the swallows skimming around, and the Tortoise-shell butterflies hovering over the purple anemones, he might feel himself in England during "the merrie month of May:" whilst the sportsman coming in September can have many an Epicurean feast on quails of his own shooting.

Though every available piece of ground is brought under cultivation, there are some spots where this is impracticable, and on these flourishes the indigenous vegetation, consisting of the Myrtle, Oleander, Arbutus, Lentisc, Mediterranean-heath, Rosemary and Smilax, to which may be added the *Pinus halepensis* and the *Chamærops humilis*, which take root in the clefts of the rocks. The wild flowers are lovely, and bloom earlier than those on the mainland.

The vine is extensively grown throughout the Island for making the famous Capri wine, the white variety of which comes from Anacapri, where the vines are trained on trees; and the red from Capri, where the plant is treated after the same manner as in Burgundy. The produce of the vintage 1874, is apt to have a disagreeable taste of the sulphur which is sprinkled over the vines to preserve them from the ravages of the Phylloxera.

Cereals, the olive, and the orange tree are also much cultivated, and so is the prickly pear, the large juicy leaves of which are cut up to form food for the cattle, which are almost all stall-fed, as their owners find pasture-land, comparatively speaking, unprofitable. This cactus

attains a very considerable height and girth, and seen as a foreground to the white houses of Capri, with their flat roofs (on which the inmates sleep in the summer-time), gives to that town quite an oriental appearance, which is borne out by the fine specimen of the date palm, near the Piazza. The small beans of the locust tree, whose glossy evergreen foliage forms such a pleasing contrast to the dull grey of the olive, are much relished by the numerous donkeys which are the only beasts of burden on the Island, with the exception of two or three ponies, one of which is employed in drawing the little carriage, which owes its introduction into this old world locality, to the new road between Capri and Anacapri: before this was opened grandmothers would listen with interest and amazement to the accounts of the wonderful machines on wheels which had been seen by their grandchildren in the streets of Naples.

In winter time several curious, pear-shaped, hollow, leathery objects may be seen pendant from some of the deciduous trees. The peasantry will tell you concerning them that on the 6th of May these brown husks will distil, in honour of "St. John of the Oil," so much of that substance as to cover the ground with it for some distance around the trees. I have been informed that these excrescences are in reality wasp's nests, which fact may account for this phenomenon.

Having thus briefly glanced at the geological structure and the vegetation of Capri, it is time that we should turn our attention to its inhabitants, who are a remarkably handsome race. The dwellers in the lower parts of the Island bear on their features the stamp of their Grecian origin, while the people of Anacapri, who trace their descent in part from a Saracenic ancestry, have sometimes a physiognomy resembling that depicted on the monuments of ancient Egypt. The latter have light hair, blue eyes and a fair complexion; the former black hair and eyes and a dark complexion. The Anacapriotes also differ in the more open pronunciation of the vowels. Although it is doubtful whether any old people could still be found, who, living in one division of the Island, had never visited the other, a feeling of rivalry continues to subsist between them. The points, however, in which the Capriotes proper and the Anacapriotes resemble each other so far out-

number those in which they differ, that the following description may be considered to apply to them both.

The young women are often sufficiently graceful to serve as models for a sculptor, and no one looking at their delicate hands and feet, and well turned ankles, would dream that (often disdaining the use of shoes and stockings) they carried burdens on their heads which few of our English lasses would like even to lift. One Capriote damsel was in the habit of trudging up the 560 Anacapri steps laden with a load of over 200 lbs. When a stranger lands at the Marina he is sure to be accosted by a troop of buxom damsels, each eager to secure for herself the privilege of transporting his box or portmanteau to the hotel. In fact, everything in the way of portage which is not done by donkeys, is accomplished by the women. Almost all the young men who are not seized upon by the Conscription are engaged in the coral fishery on the coasts of Sardinia and Barbary. They go in their own boats, or in those of their richer companions, (generally taking with them a small image of S. Costanzo to preserve them from the perils of the sea), and are absent for about eight months, viz., from February to the end of September or the beginning of October. They reckon their average gains at some £20 apiece, but they might secure much larger profits if they dived for the coral instead of employing coarse nets wound round a windlass, by which means they break or lose all the finest pieces. The old men stay at home to till their patches of ground, for here most people own a vineyard, olive-yard, or orange-grove. The Capriotes are excellent climbers, and will scramble up Scopolo, one of the almost precipitous Farigdellioni rocks, in search of the eggs and young of the birds of prey which build there, (the same feat has lately been accomplished by an American gentleman).

The Greek costume has now completely disappeared from the Island, and the silver Spadella stuck in the women's back hair, the embroidered Fazzoletto worn crossed on their chests, and the crimson sash of the coral fishers, scarcely make amends for the absence of taste which is frequently manifest in the rest of their attire. Their language is a villainous patois, of which the following sentence may serve as a specimen: "Quand l'aria e pier possiam' veder' l'molin a bieno"—"When the atmosphere is clear we can see the windmill." If the young people should, by residing for a time on the mainland, have acquired a more

intelligible form of Italian, they are, on their return to the Island, soon laughed out of it by their parents and former companions. The same spirit is shown by the Capriotes in the matter of drainage, the defective character of which often offends one's olfactory nerves when walking under the picturesque archways and through the narrow streets of the town. A gentleman residing at Capri once attempted to carry out sundry sanitary reforms, but his neighbour destroyed all his works of this nature, saying that he would serve King Victor Emmanuel himself in exactly the same manner if he dared thus to interfere with his rights. The deplorable ignorance which prevails to such an extent amongst the people may be partly accounted for by the fact that they are very superstitious, and completely under the power of their priests, who are low born and uneducated. Every man, woman, child, and infant is obliged to wear the badge of the Sacred Heart, which is supplied to them by the clergy, and for which they pay annually a small sum per head.

Religious processions used to be of frequent occurrence, but lately they have been in a great measure put a stop to by the Government. A fisherman's daughter, with whom I conversed on the subject, told me that the Blessed Virgin had sent a visitation of cholera into the Island last year because the "wicked Governor" had forbidden the Capriotes to carry her in procession on one of the fête days; some of them, however, afterwards contrived to enter the Church of S. Costanzo by stealth, and taking Our Lady from thence bore her through the town,—whereupon the plague immediately ceased. It was I believe this very image which proved a source of great sorrow to a young woman, who, when she perceived that a robe which had been removed from a Madonna of shorter stature, and placed on this one, was not long enough for her, wept bitterly because she thought that the Holy Mother would catch cold.

The first of the two great processions of the year might once be seen at the festival of the Corallina in February, when the coral fishers wended their way up to the Chapel of Sta Maria dell' Soccorso, which crowns the ruins of the Villa Jovis, to offer their devotions at her shrine, before starting on their voyage. This winter the young men were merely allowed to pace round the interior of the Church in the

Piazza, and could only console themselves for their disappointment with the noise produced by letting off an immense number of squibs and crackers to the honour of the Corallina. As I left Capri before May, I know not whether the second, and greatest procession of the year was permitted to grace S. Costanzo's day, which falls in that month, and upon which occasion an enormous concourse of people was accustomed to proceed to the Church at the Marina, dedicated to him, and fetching from it his image, to escort their Patron Saint through the town. At the moment when they passed in front of the house adjoining the Hotel Tiberio, a pasteboard angel, with a wreath in its hands, descended from the roof on a wire, as if to greet the little child—"angel," covered with lace and finery, who always took a leading part in these festivities. So, too, did the Daughters of Mary, in their white muslin dresses, blue gauze veils, and coronets of many coloured artificial flowers. A large percentage of the Capriote girls belong to this Guild, which imposes on its members one rather severe restriction, to the effect that, if a young man propose to one of them, and she accept him, she must not speak more than three times to her betrothed until he become her husband. The priests refuse to marry any woman who does not know a certain amount of doctrine (*Lottrina*) by heart, also any couples who have been co-godfathers and godmothers.

There is a proverb among the Capriotes that "when the North Wind blows, it is a sure sign that there will be plenty of weddings," and this saying certainly held good during the months of January and February, though I suspect that the true reason for their frequency was the anxiety of the young coral fishers to secure their brides before their departure.

The offer of marriage is frequently made by the suitor sending a handkerchief full of confetti to the object of his choice,—should she approve of him she retains the gift; if not it is returned. Confetti are again made use of on the wedding morning, some being poured over the bride's head at the church door by the bridegroom, while a quantity more of them are thrown by him among the crowd. On entering the sacred building the black lace veil (which seems generally to take the place of a white one) is put on. On leaving it, the husband and wife take hold of the two ends of a white *Fazzoletto*, and another distribution of confetti is made to the expectant urchins, who scramble for them, and

afterwards follow the bridal party in its perambulations through the town and its neighbourhood. Anyone meeting the cortege is sure to be presented with a handful of confetti, and to refuse to accept them from the Sposa's own hand would be considered an insult. If the newly married pair be rich, a trayful of liqueurs is carried with them, and you are expected to drink to their health and prosperity. On returning to the house, wheat is often sprinkled over the bride as she crosses the threshold. The Tarantula is an invariable accompaniment of weddings, and you may see this pretty Greek dance to far greater advantage on such occasion than by hiring people to perform it at your hotel. The monotonous sound of the tambourine, accompanied by the scarcely less monotonous chant, the spirited movements, shrill screams, clapping of hands, and imitation of the cries of animals, &c., indulged in by the dancers, give to the Tarantula a character of its own. I once witnessed a most curious scene at a house where the marriage feast was being held. Two or three couples were dancing the Tarantula on the terrace, while some of the family were showering confetti upon them from the roof. The bride who had just heard of the serious illness of her sister, was in consequence in a violent fit of hysterics; but this did not in the least damp the spirits or affect the movements of the merry dancers, who flung their arms almost into her face; the bridegroom meanwhile sauntering about the garden, unconcernedly smoking his pipe.

The use of confetti is not confined to weddings, they are also strewn at the funerals of children. When a death occurs in a family all the relatives of the deceased immediately rush out of the house, screaming, tearing their hair and lamenting like the hired mourners of the East, leaving the corpse meanwhile under the charge of the priests, until the interment, which generally takes place in a few hours, sometimes indeed before life is extinct. The Capriotes have a superstitious horror of the burial ground at Monte Castello, which they consider haunted: at night they avoid even the Arcade leading to it, and my guide at first refused to conduct me to the place in broad daylight, and when I had at last obtained from her a reluctant consent, she crossed herself with evident alarm on beginning the ascent of the hill. This girl, who will be sixteen "when the August figs are ripe," was of a very affectionate disposition, and used to throw her arms round my waist when we were out walking together. Having one day allowed her to put on a pair of

fur gloves, to feel how warm they were, she asked me to lend them to her brother, in order that he might personate a wild beast at the carnival: a young lady having been asked to bestow one of her dresses on another masker.

Mendicancy is not carried to so great an extent in Capri as at Naples, but there is one most importunate beggar who frequents the Piazza and who may be easily recognised by his white coat with liver-coloured spots. He will come up to you and look up into your face, as much as to say, "*Datemi un baiocc,*" and if you give him a soldo, he will take it in his mouth (for being a dog he cannot hold out his hand for it), and trot along to the bakers, presently returning with a loaf of bread which he will bring to you, that you may break it up into little pieces for him.

The Capriotes are contented with very simple fare, often dining on raw turnips, boiled beans and coarse brown bread; many of the poorer classes subsist in a great measure on "*Frutti da mare,*" a term originally applied to the sea urchin, but now used also of any shell fish, such as the *Pinna*, the brown silky byssus of which was once made into dresses for the ladies of ancient Rome, and has at a more recent period been employed by the natives of Capri in the manufacture of gloves.

It is only of late years that the Capriotes have begun to realize the value of the ruins, which lie entombed under their vineyards and oliveyards. The following anecdotes will afford some notion of the Vandalism which used to prevail amongst the Anacapriotes. Two beautiful marble columns, with richly carved capitals, were disinterred at *Damecuta* some time ago, but the proprietor of the vineyard in which they were found, thinking that marble dust would be more profitable to him than carved acanthus leaves, pounded up the capitals, and then threw the pillars into a ditch to clear the land. On the estate of this man's near neighbour, a column of *Cippolin* marble with a capital of the same material used to stand erect, and by its extreme beauty to tempt an occasional passer-by to commit trespass, in order to enjoy a nearer view of it. So the owner, to put a stop to all such proceedings, broke the precious shaft to shivers, and used the fragments for repairing his walls.

The Capriotes are in the habit of giving nicknames to the foreigners on the island and to each other. Thus one lady was called "the



Cabbage" on account of her large chignon, and her niece "the niece of the Cabbage." Two carpenters used to go by the names of "the big liar," and "the little liar." Yet in spite of this habit, they have a great respect for the English, and when a girl is pretty, she is often brought up to believe that she is destined to be the bride of a Signor Inglese, with plenty of money.

And now let us bid farewell to this interesting island, with the greeting which is constantly addressed to the stranger by the inhabitants of Capri, as they pass him on the road, and which he is always expected to return,

ADEI.

A. G. WELD.

## EARLY DAYS OF THE OXFORD HOUSE.

THERE are few regions of which the vast majority of people know less than they do of the tract of country known as East London. Many who have entered our modern Babylon on the wings of the Great Eastern Railway, have no doubt looked out of the carriage window as they were whirled along over the chimney tops of Bethnal Green and Whitechapel, and have wondered at the numbers of straight rows of houses, all much resembling one another, which seem to stretch like a dreary wilderness as far as the eye can reach. But probably few of such travellers have taken the trouble to go and see the people of these parts for themselves, or cared to know much about them. They have very likely a vague idea that most of the people in the East End are very badly off, and that the majority of them belong to the criminal classes. Perhaps they have even constructed for themselves a syllogism after this sort: there have been murders in Whitechapel; birds of a feather flock together: therefore most of the inhabitants of Whitechapel are murderers. Yet if the truth were known, it is probably the case that the East of London is quite as safe a place to walk about in as the West, and that you stand in as good a chance of being robbed and murdered on the Thames Embankment, as you do in the purlieus of Poplar or the labyrinths of Limehouse. Nay, perhaps we could go further than this, and having proved that the Whitechapel murderer came from the West End, turn the above syllogism with fatal force on to some inhabitant of Belgravia.

This ignorance of the character of the people of the East End sometimes leads to very amusing results. The author of this paper remembers well how the first time he went down to Poplar on a visit to

the Christ Church, Oxford Mission, he left Poplar Station for the Mission House in a state of great perturbation, expecting to meet bloodthirsty ruffians seeking their prey in large gangs about the streets, and to spend his time in escaping from stray brickbats and other missiles, reserved for any stranger who might be bold enough to make his way so far East. He remembers how when at last by a great effort he pulled himself together enough to ask the way to the Mission, instead of being, as he expected, assaulted, shot or garotted, he was answered pleasantly and courteously enough. Probably, if people were prepared to confess, it would be found that many go down into these parts with the same ideas. Others go with an idea of their great condescension in going, and expect the people to feel much flattered by the honour paid them by the presence of such illustrious visitors, and great is their astonishment to find a total absence of the latter feeling, and to receive as kindly and courteous welcome as they would if they went to any friend's house. It is very amusing again when visitors talk to the people as if they were well instructed, and to hear the queer answers given. I remember a gentleman going down to preach at a Mission Room in the Cambridge Road, who had certainly not grasped the intellectual condition of the inhabitants. The congregation consisted largely of rough girls who had been collected from the neighbouring streets, and, poor things, had never had a chance of learning much either of sacred or other things. The preacher took up his position on the rostrum, and gazing on his audience, asked them "what day it was?" He meant them to say S. Thomas' Day, as it was the twenty-first of December, but as they had never heard of Saints' Days, naturally enough they did not give the answer he wanted, and as sermons do not usually begin by asking the day of the month, they stared blankly at one another and said nothing. At last, however, as the preacher continued his questioning, and seemed to be consumed with the desire to know what day it was, one girl, somewhat bolder than the rest, said "the twenty-fust." Nothing daunted, however, and arguing that if people had never heard of Festivals, they must at least have heard of the Octaves of Festivals, he proceeded to discourse of Octaves, and then, in sweet simplicity, being an inhabitant of some charmingly rustic suburb, he bade his hearers raise their voices in hymns of praise in harmony with the voices of nature around them,

which rather reminds one of the excellent advice given in a sermon in an Oxford Chapel to "those who followed the plough." But a more amusing case occurred a few days afterwards. There was in the same building in the Cambridge Road a couple of rooms devoted to a boys' club; in one of these rooms noisy games might be played and gymnastic exercises carried on, while the rule was that in the other, which was intended for quiet reading, silence must be observed. An exceedingly nice man happened to come down to spend the evening and offered his services. He was asked to help in taking care of this boys' club for the evening, and accordingly he was escorted thither, and the use of the two rooms was explained to him. Some small boy was breaking the rule, and talking in the room devoted to reading: our friend gazed on him sadly and remarked "My boy, silence in this room is a *sine qua non*." The effect was excellent: the boy did not know Latin, but thought the mysterious sound was some awful imprecation, or possibly some new weapon of torture, and became silent. We did not at the time know our friend's name, though we knew his College, and so for some time he was referred to as Mr. Sinequanon of Hertford. He has probably long since discovered that Latin does not form a part of the mental equipment of the ordinary East-ender, as he has devoted several years to hard work in those neighbourhoods.

Some time about the year 1880 it became a general desire in Oxford to give undergraduates and others a chance of learning something of East End life, and various schemes were set on foot, with the hope that even if a great deal were not done for London at least great benefit might accrue to Oxford. First in the field was Toynbee Hall, founded by the Rector of S. Jude's, Whitechapel, and largely supported by Baliol College. There were, however, some who desired a scheme that might work more in accordance with Church of England lines, and in response to their request, the Oxford House in Bethnal Green was opened for residents about the end of 1884. We took an old National School, at that time used as a Sunday School, and fitted up an extempore dormitory upstairs, and a common room downstairs. Our president was Mr. Knight Bruce, since made Bishop of Bloemfontein, and at this present time we are sorry to say laid up in England with the common enemy. Cheerful days those early days of the Oxford House were. None of us are likely to forget the great "beer battle" of those times.

Four of the residents desired the house to be a teetotal establishment, as an example to the neighbourhood: the other four pleaded for beer, firstly, because a teetotal *regimé* would certainly diminish the number of workers in the House, secondly, because in an unhealthy place you require rather more than less to eat and drink than in a healthy place, and this argument gained force from the fact that all the four water drinkers were taking tonics, though they had only been a week or so in the place; thirdly, that water was made to wash in, and that it almost amounted to a crime to waste the supply by drinking it in a place like Bethnal Green, where any or no excuse for not washing was eagerly seized; and fourthly, that the water of those parts was obviously intended for external application only, as anyone might see who chose to visit the Bethnal Green Museum, where bottles of water from surrounding localities were kept on view, containing as a rule three inches of water surmounting one inch of beautiful but not appetising green mud. After a discussion, which, with intervals for meals, occupied the best part of the day, the second four sallied forth and purchased some bottled beer. The wisdom of their action was proved by the fact that one of the most regular workers at the Oxford House, who used every Saturday to go down, and after playing cricket or football with the Boys' Club in the Victoria Park, used to conduct the Men's Club for four hours at night, once remarked that he could not have done all this after a hard week's work in London, if he had been limited to water. Few of us are likely to forget the Men's Club which was started in the house, or how burglars found a convenient entrance into the house by becoming members, or how one night we discovered that a burglar had passed the night in our dormitory, and had removed various articles of our apparel, no doubt justifying himself on the ground that he was clothing the naked; or how the next morning the policeman brought in a detective in plain clothes, whose expression of face was so little enchanting that, much to his annoyance, we all said "hold him fast," supposing him to be the burglar. We were more careful about the new members of the Club after that, and everyone had to be proposed and seconded by some members. The East-ender cannot be said exactly to cheat at games, but rather to think that all the faculties ought to find their due exercise in draughts and whist. I remember once sitting down to play draughts with a small Poplar

lad, and only giving half an eye to the game, because the other eye and a-half were needed for keeping the Club in order, and after a short time finding myself totally destitute of men, while the foe had sixteen, having begun with only twelve. Another time a German baker was playing whist, and, at one point of the game, having only one card of a suit, he made a great show of pretending to choose between two, and when it was immediately led again by the enemy, he trumped with an air of triumph. This feat was greeted with shouts of laughter by the other residents, who clearly showed that they thought the only person who ought to feel ashamed of himself was the visitor who had been so exceedingly foolish as to be taken in by this little deception.

The Men's Club once paid us a visit in Oxford, about seventy members availing themselves of our invitation, and of the cheap tickets issued by the Great Western Railway. It was a most enjoyable day for both parties, although it rained a great deal. We met our guests at the Station, and took them to Keble, where they had dinner. After dinner they were taken over the various Colleges, in which they showed much pleasure. We took a party up Magdalen Tower, and one of our guests was of such ample proportions that he could not get up the staircase and had to be left below. But when we reached the top, O! Shades of Wolsey, what strains went forth from our party! Our guests had brought with them instruments of music to enliven the journey, and from that height, where only the solemn sound of the Mayday Hymn is allowed to proceed, were sounded noises from trumpets and concertinas: however no one got into trouble, as far as we know. We took them also to New College, and had the group photographed in the Cloisters: after which, to our dismay, they would run races round the Cloisters, which brought the Warden out: however he greeted our friends most kindly and accepted many invitations to houses in Bethnal Green and Whitechapel. After we had seen several Colleges, they were distributed among various men for tea, and one of our guests caused some amusement, because having been told to go to the Duke of Newcastle, who was then an under-graduate of Magdalen, and arriving late, it was discovered that, true to the instincts of his race, he had been searching in the High for a public-house of that name, and on enquiry found that he ought to have been looking for a man. After tea we went to Keble, where a short service and an excellent sermon from Mr.

Stuckey Coles, of the Pusey House, closed a most enjoyable day, long remembered both by members of the University, and also of the Men's Club.

It would be leaving the matter very incomplete, if we omitted to say something about that which must be the sustaining power of those who devote themselves to work in these neighbourhoods, namely the Church and her services. Our parish church was next door, and the Bishop of Bloemfontein was vicar of the parish. The Church was itself an unattractive edifice, being built in the style which the guide books refer to as the Early English of 1830, and of which we have one example in the near neighbourhood of Lyme. It was one of a number of similar Churches, built about the same time, and having a small yearly endowment, too small for keeping up the various institutions of a well organised parish. Before the Bishop came as Vicar the state of things had been gloomy indeed: the services were attended by a dozen ladies, and one elderly man, to whom it was said the ladies used to say, "Good-day, Mr. Jones" as he walked up the aisle. Under the new regime the services were made more cheerful, and comfortable seats and efficient warming apparatus were put in. Still it was hard to get hold of the people, for there were two grave difficulties to be met, one being that many were indifferent to religion altogether, and the second, that regarding the Clergy as State Officers, they thought that their object was to get something out of them, and the more active the Clergy were, the more it seemed as if they had some not disinterested motive in coming. Besides people whose work is exceedingly hard and full of drudgery, and done in dismal surroundings, are often so played out by Sunday that they only ask to be let alone, a feeling which we who have a fair share of liberty and pleasure can not easily appreciate. It was some time before the Church in that parish began to show by increased congregations attending regularly, the result of the work that was being done; but street services, mission rooms, magic lantern services, and other means did much to bring the Gospel home to some of the people. But to show the ignorance into which the people had lapsed, it will be enough to mention that the very pew-opener of the Church, who might have been expected to know better, when asked to produce a list of communicants, brought a long list of people who had either by calling or being called on, held communications with the Clergy. Much has

been done since those days to teach the people and lead them on, and the good work is going on and increasing each year. As a proof of the vigour of the work we may mention that the upholders of the scheme not very long ago asked for twelve thousand pounds to build a new Oxford House, as the old one has long been too small to accommodate the increased number of residents and workers that have gathered round the House.

Should any one who reads this paper care to go and see the Oxford House and its work for himself, he may make sure of a hearty welcome and of finding much interest in what he sees and hears.

A. R. SHARPE.



THE HAPPY VILLAGE,  
OR  
ENDEARED BY DISTANCE.

VILLAGE nestling in the valley  
Far below me just in sight,  
One main street with lane or alley  
Here and there to left and right ;  
At this distance, knowing nothing  
Of thy people's hopes and fears  
That can cause me love or loathing,  
Peaceful all to me appears.

Oh ! now blest the swain who digs thy  
Fruitful purlieus, free from care ;  
No congested drain or pigsty  
Vitiate thy purest air.  
Perfect local sanitation  
*There* has done its level best,  
And all such abomination  
Efficaciously suppressed.

Thus I'll keep thee, seen at distance,  
And believe thee the one spot  
Where men lead serene existence  
From the mansion to the cot.  
No fierce feuds from small beginnings  
Grown till all good will they rout ;  
No success of A's last innings  
Making B feel quite put out.

X not bored by Y's dog barking,  
Y by X's crowing cocks ;  
M by N's loud children larking,  
G by H's lowing ox.  
P perplext by no queer snobbish  
Conduct on the part of Q ;  
No one next ye burning rubbish,  
Nothing built to blind your view.

Thin skinn'd pride not scratched by rudeness,  
No disgust by scandal fed ;  
Dulness ne'er o'ermatch'd by shrewdness  
All the way from A to Z.  
Village ; till I learn that sentence  
" Ignorance is bliss " untrue  
I would still adjourn acquaintance,  
Nearer than just this, with you.

J. W. PRESTON.

## STUDIES IN SHAKESPEARE,

(CONTINUED.)

*Twelfth-night. or As You Will.*

THE title of this Play is not, as of many, self-explanatory. The story dramatised has no apparent connection with the season of Old Christmas Day. Conjecture alleges that it was one of four Plays acted before the Court in the Christmas of 1601 and probably on Twelfth-night. But though this *night* accounts for the title, a deeper reason may be discovered in the nature of its contents. We all know how the tradition of the Epiphany kings led to the custom of selecting king or queen with attendant court, by lot, and drawing characters, as the peculiar amusement of Twelfth-night. Thus the sport of sudden and casual elevation gave the tone to the festivities. Of like tone is this Play, and to that, apparently, it owes its title. The prizes are given to its leading Dramatis Personæ by Fortune. To that fickle Goddess Viola appeals—"Fortune forbid my outside hath not charmed her,"—and Fortune raises Viola to the coveted position of Orsino's fancy Queen. Olivia, by a freak of fortune, obtains a husband who is a facsimile of the pretended page she had hopelessly fallen in love with. The Duke gains better than he had set his heart upon;—and even Maria has her windfall in Sir Toby; "Tis Fortune, all is Fortune," is Malvolio's theory of his discomfiture which he attributes to a turn of her wheel. In short, the whole Play illustrates Olivia's words, "Fate, show thy force, ourselves we do not owe, what is decreed must be, and be this so." So much then for the connection between the Piece and its leading title.

If it be asked why "What you will" be added as a second or supplementary title (not as an explanation of the first), I answer that it would seem, like the name of a previous Comedy "As you like it," to be rather

an appeal to the audience than a description of its contents. In the epilogue of *Rosalind* (with which "*As you like it*" winds up) she is made to say "I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men to take so much of this Play as pleases you"; and in the same spirit Shakespeare would have us find in "*Twelfth-night*"—as children in their twelfth-night lottery—each one something to gratify previous expectation, each of you "What you will."

There are several leading characters in this serio-comic Piece, but the subordinate parts are few.

Malvolio, whose name expresses his ill-conditioned nature, is the most remarkable of the male characters and the most difficult to act. He must not be made to appear genial, nor yet invested with any dignity like that of a Spanish grandee. He is simply a pompous, cross-grained, inflated egoist, "sick of self-love," the "affectioned ass" as Maria calls him, a fair butt for the somewhat cruel practical joke that lays him low. To keep the happy mean in reading his part between the too ludicrous and the too serious will be the touchstone of the reader. The Clown, though "many do call him cool" is not exactly of a piece with the household jester, yet, like him, gives many a presage in his drolleries. He "takes pleasure in singing" and into his mouth Shakespeare puts some of his most musical songs. We are reminded that in those days music was far more cultivated in England than in later times. It was then a part of the education of a gentleman, and there were few fashionable gallants who could not *perform* as well as compose a ballad in honour of their lady. The convivial and stupid Sir Andrew Aguecheek is "a dog at a catch," and Sir Toby assures Malvolio that "they did keep time in their catches," and is greatly ruffled at a hint to the contrary. England was then, literally, "a nest of singing birds," and the people sang as the birds do after their own inclination and pleasure. The outburst was spontaneous. "No pains, Sir, I take pleasure in singing, Sir"—says our Clown.

It is on the fortunes of Viola and her relations with the Duke and Olivia that the action of the Play turns. She is the heroine of the story, a true woman, beautiful in her mute service of a seemingly hopeless passion, playing her part smilingly as a page while face to face with a double grief. Her voice piquant, yet soft, expresses her character.

She will prove a good wife for the Duke, who, though a sentimental egoist and dilettanti, has music in his soul.

Olivia is inferior far to Viola. There is something theatrical about her assumed grief for her brother, and the ease with which her passion for the page is transferred to the brother, shows her incapable of a real passion. The weak point of the Play is its failure to enlist our sympathies in its love-passages, which from the Duke's downwards (with the single exception of Viola's) are more or less spasmodic and unreal.

A telling contrast to the sickly refinement of the Duke's Court and the musing fancies of Orsino is the energetic mischievousness of Sir Toby and his allies. Their riotous, roystering songs, as well as the jests of Trestle, give that vivacity and animation to the drama without which no Comedy can live, and qualify a certain tragic sadness which, more or less, makes itself felt throughout. Indeed, the marvellous symmetry and harmoniousness which mark this composition, have made it hard to reject the idea that it may have been written at one sitting.

In the starched, mad-mirth solemnity of the sour-faced steward, who, according to Maria, "is sometimes a sort of Puritan," it has been thought Shakespeare designed a good-natured retaliation on the Puritan party in London, who, in 1600, obtained an order from the Privy Council restricting stage performances. But, whether so or not, we who know what the re-action from Puritanism was in Charles II. reign, are so far in sympathy with Sir Toby as to be able to thank our Dramatist for that pungent reproof. To the self-satisfied condemner of innocent mirth who turns up in every age—

"Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?"

C. R. PEARSON.

## NEWMAN AND MODERN ROMANISM.

SINCE writing the portion of this Essay which appeared in the February issue of *The Grove*, it has occurred to me whether it might not be well to bestow some attention, in the second part of "Newman and Modern Romanism," upon the arguments on behalf of the Papal Supremacy which were put forward by Newman himself. I really believe that Anglicans are for the most part under the impression that there is nothing to be said in favour of the doctrine in question; and this notion on their part is doubtless in part responsible for their unwillingness to credit Newman's acceptance of the Pope's Infallibility. They are in the habit of reading history, or what they conceive to be history, out of text-books specially prepared for their delectation by men, who, if not actually dishonest, are utterly incompetent to write with impartiality or scientific insight. "History is one of the most difficult of sciences." So said an eminent French historian, M. Fustel de Coulanges. So, however, does not think the modern Anglican pamphleteer, who, in a few short sentences, disposes to his own satisfaction, and I suppose to that of his readers, of "the usurped authority of the Bishop of Rome," &c., &c., &c. By such means the mind of the ordinary Anglican is so warped that the many incongruities and inconsistencies which it is called upon to assimilate are seldom perceived. To go into this question a little more fully and to explain what I mean, I will take an instance. Let us consider for a moment before passing on how different is the attitude taken up by Anglicans respecting, for instance, the doctrine of the Trinity to that which they assume towards the Papal Supremacy. The contrast cannot fail to strike anyone who considers it. Now the arguments for the former of the

doctrines I have mentioned are, from a Rationalist point of view, quite as absurd as those which are put forward by the advocates of the latter. Moreover, the arguments against the one are to a Rationalist every bit as potent and convincing as those which are advanced to overthrow the other. Now a man has no business to play fast and loose with Christianity: he has no right,—if I may be allowed to introduce a legal expression,—to approbate and reprobate: he must not employ one set of arguments when he wishes to dispose of one doctrine and then refuse to allow them to be used against his own retention of another. And yet all these things are just what the average Anglican is continually doing. He never seems to see how absurd both himself and his religion are thereby made to appear. He will cheerfully and innocently bring all the forces of Rationalism to bear upon the unfortunate Papist, while, the next day, he will indignantly decline to listen when the same forces are arrayed against his own doctrines. That it might be a good thing to place his faith upon some sort of an intellectual basis does not seem to occur to him. For the comfortable and easy digestion of contradictions his mental man would almost appear to have been expressly formed. Many causes have been suggested as responsible for the extraordinary perverseness of the Anglican intelligence. It has been said by some to be owing to a native defect peculiar to all Englishmen. Others again have not hesitated to attribute it to geographical position. I cannot, however, regard either explanation as very satisfactory. Both go beyond the need and would prove too much. If a certain mental crookedness were an adjunct to the English character it would of course display itself outside the field of religion; whereas, as a matter of fact, it does not. Neither will insularity cover it. The true explanation is, I think, given by Newman, when, in his "Discourses addressed to Mixed Congregations," he says:—"They have not in them the principle of faith; and, I repeat, it is nothing to the purpose to urge that at least they firmly believe Scripture to be the Word of God. In truth, it is much to be feared that their acceptance of Scripture itself is nothing better than a prejudice or inveterate feeling impressed on them when they were children. A proof of it is this; that, while they profess to be so shocked at Catholic miracles, and are not slow to call them 'lying wonders,' they have no difficulty at all about Scripture narratives,

which are quite as difficult to the reason as any miracles recorded in the history of the Saints. I have heard on the contrary of Catholics who have been startled at first reading in Scripture the narratives of the Ark in the Deluge, of the Tower of Babel, of Balaam and Balac, of the Israelites' flight from Egypt and entrance into the promised land, and of Esau's and Saul's rejection; which the bulk of Protestants receive without any effort of mind. How then do these Catholics receive them? By faith. They say, 'God is true, and every man a liar.' How come Protestants so easily to receive them? By faith? Nay, I conceive that in most cases there is no submission of the reason at all; simply they are so familiar with the passages in question, that the narrative presents no difficulties to their imagination; they have nothing to overcome. If, however, they *are* led to contemplate these passages in themselves, and to try them in the balance of probability, and to begin to question about them, as will happen when their intellect is cultivated, then there is nothing to bring them back to their former habitual or mechanical belief; they know nothing of submitting to authority, that is, they know nothing of faith; for they have no authority to submit to. They either remain in a state of doubt without any great trouble of mind, or they go on to ripen into utter disbelief on the subjects in question, though they may say nothing about it. Neither before they doubt, nor when they doubt, is there any token of the presence in them of a power subjecting reason to the word of God. No: what looks like faith is a mere hereditary persuasion, not a personal principle; it is a habit which they have learned in the nursery, which has never changed into anything higher, and which is scattered and disappears, like a mist, before the light, such as it is, of reason." Now it appears to me that the explanation that Newman here gives of the singular perversity of mind which is so leading a feature of the Anglican body accounts in a very true and natural manner for the phenomenon in question. If it is not submission to a living authority, but only a kind of "hereditary persuasion," that prompts a man to accept a doctrine without question and with no appreciation of its difficulties, it is no wonder that, directly he gets out of range of this influence, he invariably finds himself at sea. And it is just in this plight that, outside their own horizon, Anglicans uniformly exhibit themselves. They enter upon a critical examination of the *pros* and *cons* of the Papal Supremacy in a spirit as different as



possible from that in which they approach the subject of, let us say, Original Sin. I would ask any candid Protestant, of whatever persuasion, whether he is prepared to deny that such is the case?

Now it should always be borne in mind that a doctrine is not true or false *because* there is or is not documentary or other evidence to prove it so. If a doctrine is true, it does not become false because there is no evidence or no sufficient evidence to put an end to *rational* doubt on the subject. The state of the evidence cannot affect the question. The case is quite conceivable of there being a total lack of any evidence at all, in the proper sense of the word, to support a doctrine, which is nevertheless true. Suppose, for instance, what might easily have happened, that all the early manuscripts had, from some cause or other, been lost or destroyed. Would Christianity be any the less true on that account? Of course not. Did St. Paul, when he wrote of faith as the "evidence of things not seen," mean to restrict his use of the verb "to see" to a single sense? I am confident that it was his intention to include all the rational means of proof and to substitute for them faith in a living authority. Why, we have only to suppose for a moment the case of there being a sufficiency of evidence to establish the historical character of any of the dogmas of Christianity. Where, if such were the case, would there be any need of faith at all? Clearly, it would be left out in the cold; not wanted. Demonstration would take its place. I remember on one occasion hearing an Anglican clergyman speak of the Resurrection as "an historical fact that could not be gainsaid." If the good man really thought so, I wonder it did not occur to him that he was proving rather too much, because, if it were really the case, the necessity for faith in that particular article of the Creed would not exist. If faith is the evidence of things not demonstrated, and the Resurrection can be demonstrated, then it is absurd to say that we receive the Resurrection on faith. The truth is that the Resurrection is no more "an historical fact" than the labours of Hercules or the Egyptian plagues are historical facts. We give our intellectual assent to its truth,—those of us, that is, who do,—because we have faith; because we are ready to submit our reason in all things to an authority we know to be Divinely protected from error; not because, after carefully weighing the evidence, we have come to the conclusion that there is a balance of probability in its favour. Again, I would put the

question ;—Does the truth of Christianity, or does it not, depend upon the evidence which can be adduced in its behalf? If it does not, and it surely does not, then we have no right to conduct controversy as we should do if it did. But this is just what Anglicans nearly always insist upon doing. Ignoring the practical certainty there is that large losses in Patristic and other writings must have been incurred during the chaotic period of the fall of the Roman Empire, they profess to regard extant documents or particular renderings of extant documents as the sole means by which doctrines may be infallibly proved. This aspect of Anglicanism is brought out clearly in the passage of Newman's "Loss and gain," where Mr. Upton, the High Church lecturer, in reply to a question of Charles Reding's, says that Divine truth "*neither was given nor was to be sought, but that it was proposed by the Church, and proved by the individual.*" It must not be supposed, however, that because Anglicans *profess* to be able to prove what they hold, and to disprove what they condemn, from Scripture, that they can therefore do it. Very far indeed is this from being the case. Even upon their own chosen ground, as Cardinal Newman has so well shewn, their results fall a long way short of the level to which, judging from the language used, one would expect them to attain. And now, I think, a point has been reached, at which, the ground having been first of all and to a certain extent cleared of obstructions, we may profitably enter upon an examination of Newman's arguments for the Papal Supremacy. But first I must say a word on the method, which, as it appears to me, Newman invariably adopted in controversy. He never relied, as so many do, upon a skilful manipulation of his facts. It has been said, I forget for the moment by whom, that figures are only one degree less deceptive than facts, and there is no doubt that, in a large field, a clever and ingenious writer may prove or disprove almost anything he pleases, or rather he may appear to do so, which for practical purposes is generally the same thing. Take, for instance, the late Dr. Littledale's "Plain reasons against joining the Church of Rome": I defy anyone, who has not studied theology systematically, to rise from a perusal of that little volume without feeling convinced, for the moment at any rate, of the untenableness of the Roman position. And yet none of these "plain reasons" will have any weight at all with a properly trained intelligence. Now, if I were asked to pick out some sentence or passage from

Newman's writings that I could point to as the key-note of his controversial method, I am inclined to think I should put my finger upon the following, which is taken from the introductory chapter of the "Development of Christian Doctrine." "No one has power over the issues of his principles; we cannot manage our argument, and have as much of it as we please and no more." I certainly think that, if the salient truth here expressed were more generally recognized and attended to religious differences would be far less numerous than they, unhappily, are now. It is just this desire to get the better of one's principles and have as much of our arguments as we please and no more that is responsible for so much religious error. The great feature of Newman's teaching is undoubtedly his regard for principles. If the principles themselves were good, he would not interfere with their issues.

With regard to the Papal Supremacy, Newman wrote in his Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine in the following manner:—"The question is this, whether there was not from the first a certain element at work, or in existence, which for certain reasons, did not at once show itself upon the surface of ecclesiastical affairs, and of which events in the fourth century are the development; and whether the evidence of its existence and operation, which does occur in the earlier centuries, be it much or little, is not just such as ought to occur upon such an hypothesis.

"For instance, it is true, St. Ignatius is silent in his Epistles on the subject of the Pope's authority; but if in fact that authority could not be in active operation then, such silence is not so difficult to account for as the silence of Seneca or Plutarch about Christianity itself, or of Lucian about the Roman people. St. Ignatius directed his doctrine according to the need. While Apostles were on earth, there was the display neither of Bishop nor Pope; their power had no prominence, as being exercised by Apostles. In course of time, first the power of the Bishop displayed itself, and then the power of the Pope. When the Apostles were taken away, Christianity did not at once break into portions; yet separate localities might begin to be the scene of internal dissensions, and a local arbiter in consequence would be wanted. Christians at home did not yet quarrel with Christians abroad; they quarrelled at home among themselves. St. Ignatius applied the fitting remedy. The *Sacramentum Unitatis* was

"acknowledged on all hands ; the mode of fulfilling and the means of securing it would vary with the occasion ; and the determination of its essence, its seat, and its laws would be a gradual supply for a gradual necessity.

"This is but natural, and is parallel to instances which happen daily, and may be so considered without prejudice to the Divine right whether of the Episcopate or of the Papacy." . . . . .

"When the Church, then, was thrown upon her own resources, first local disturbances gave exercise to Bishops, and next ecumenical disturbances gave exercise to Popes ; and whether communion with the Pope was necessary for Catholicity would not and could not be debated till a suspension of that communion had actually occurred. It is not a greater difficulty that St. Ignatius does not write to the Asian Greeks about Popes, than that St. Paul does not write to the Corinthians about Bishops. And it is a less difficulty that the Papal Supremacy was not formally acknowledged in the second century, than that there was no formal acknowledgment on the part of the Church of the doctrine of the Holy Trinity till the fourth. No doctrine is defined till it is violated."

ANTI-RITUALIST.

*(To be continued.)*

## A PAGEANT OF GHOSTS.

A LATE twilight in June. A wood-lark rippling in mid-air. Drowsy scented meadow-sweet in a marsh that was a garden once. On the terrace wall, beside the cedar, a stone urn with a lambent flame.

The casement of my window hung wide open; and the excess of beauty and perfume drugged me, so that, with a sigh, I sank back into a moth-eaten sedan that had borne four generations of ladies to court. Dust of lavender and rue filtered through the brocade covering, and developed into a mist which thickened so that the bird's song came fainter and fainter. Indeed, I was just closing my eyes when the tuning of fifes and violins roused me abruptly.

A shrill titter at the further end of the ballroom drew me from my seat. At the inner extremity of the oriel hung a curtain of philimot velvet, lined inwardly with pale green silk. Behind this I stole, and parting the draperies from the wall gazed towards the musicians' gallery. Five men, dressed in styles varying from the trunk hose and collared mantles of Elizabeth's day, to the pantaloons and muslin cravats of the third George, were arranging yellow music sheets on the table there, and occasionally forcing notes from their instruments. One had struck another's bald pate, and all were laughing. A grave silence followed; then a melody, such as the wind arouses amongst half-blighted pines, began.

All the sconces were lighted suddenly, and the martens and serpents on the alto-relievo above the panelling sprang into a kind of life. Resting between the fire-dogs on the great open hearth were three logs, one of fir, another of oak, and a third of sycamore. The blue-gray flame was licking them, and the sap hissed and bubbled angrily. All the carved work on the mantel was distinct:— Eve peering at the Tree

of Knowledge through delicate foliage ; Judith in triumph with a bloody head ; and in the very centre the Maries at the Sepulchre.

I felt no wonder at the change from stillness into life. As the last of my race :—the holder of a vast collection of traditions concerning the inexplicable things of life, why should I, above all others, be disturbed by this return of the creatures of Eld ? So I dragged forth the creaking sedan and sat waiting.

A rusty, half unstrung zither that hung near quivered and gave one faint note to the melody, then was still. But ere the vibration had ceased, Mistress Lenore entered through the arched doorway ;—Lenore with a rose in her bosom, a large, loose-petalled flower that warmed the iciness. The zither was hers and had welcomed her approach. Her fox-coloured hair was wrought in a web like heated copper ; each separate hair twisted and coiled. A pink flush panted in her cheeks and her lustrous blue eyes were full of mirth. She wore opals, (unfortunate stones for such as love), and hanging from a black ribbon below her throat hung a blood-stone ring, whose secret belonged to the days when she was adored by a prince.

The legends of her character came in one lightning memory. Wantonly capricious at one moment, earnest as a nun at another ; her expression changes a thousand times in an hour. Now she is racking her heart with jealousy ; now pleading, as she alone can plead, for pardon, now, when it is gained laughingly asserting that her repentance was only feigned. As she came near my heart beat furiously, and I cried " Lenore ! Lenore ! " My voice sounded low and broken, for the music gave a loud burst ; and she passed me without a word ; her ivory-like hands almost hidden beneath jewels and lace. The opposite door stood open and she disappeared.

Nowell the Platonist followed ; a haggard, middle-aged man in a long cloak of black velvet edged with sable. Forgetful of all save love he carried a scroll of parchment, whereon was written *To Parthenia*. These poems were the outcome of his first and last passion. As he approached the second window he paused with writhing lips to look on the statue of Phebe, from whose bow he had hanged himself. Then his hands were uplifted to his head to force away the agony of despair, for hurrying towards him came Parthenia herself, the Mad Maid, who would not love him because of the memory of one who was drowned at sea.

"Why art thou in anguish?" she said. "See my joy:—laugh with me—dance with me! Bevis returns to-morrow—the boats are coming in now. Ah, Bevis, my darling!"

And she held up her arms to a girandole whose candle fluttered. But her face suddenly became long and thin and gray, and she sat on a low couch and drew some relics from her pocket. A dusky lace veil enfolded a burning topaz and a heart of siver. How unsteady were her fingers! She leaned forward, (resting her brow in her hands) and talked to the toys in her lap as if they understood.

To the veil she said: "No bride's joy blushes shalt thou conceal."

To the ring: "Thou last gift of him who died and left me!"

To the heart: "Oh heart, thou hast endured: *thou* art not broken!"

After a few tears she re-folded all, and unbuttoning her dress took from her bosom a miniature framed with pearls; but fearing lest it should grow cold she replaced it hurriedly, and seeing that Nowell beckoned towards her, glided on, sighing and with downcast looks.

Then passed a cavalier knight in azure silk and snowy ruffles and long plumed cap of estate. He was whistling a song that threw all bachelors into humorous ecstasy. "Good Morrow, Gossip Joan." Who he was I knew not, unless the courtier who had fought a duel with my Lord Brandon, and had died in the wood near St. Giles' Well, pressing in his convulsive hand a dainty glove of Spanish kid. A merry fellow, according to the legend, who loved the world and all in it, but was over fond of his own jest.

Fidessa, the singer, entered next. She had brought her little gilt harp, and her lips were parted to join harmonies of voice and instrument. Bright yellow hair, wound in plaited bands that form a filigrain bound coronet; eyes half veiled, with sleepy lashes; hands fragile as sea shells. It is the *Verdi Prati*, Mr. Handel's favourite song, that she loves most, and to-morrow she is to sing it at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. At least she intends to sing it there: Fate, however, has ordained otherwise:—the to-morrow will never come, and the sweetheart in the upland grange may well write: "Darkness hath overcome me" over all her letters.

Thin and tall Margot, with manners heightened by dull jet tresses, came forward in her scarlet cloak. There was silent reproach visible in her every feature, and her eyes were stern and long suffering. She was

in one of her repining moods : the prophecy which bound her life with that of her twin brother was rapidly approaching consummation. He was dying —another moment and the direst pain seized her, for a loud cry from an outer chamber told her that the end had come.

As she disappeared in the gloom, Rupert Darrington, himself in life the lover of a ghost, paced slowly forward. A beau of the last century, wearing a satin flowered waistcoat, and a suit of plum coloured kerseymere. Between his finger and thumb he held the jewel he had brought from the East as a marriage gift to the woman who, unknown to him, had died of weary waiting. He was anticipating the meeting with his light of love, and his pale cheeks flushed blood colour at the sound of a light footstep. He turned, saw one with perplexed eyes and tragic forehead, and with a soft murmur they clasped each other and vanished.

Althea came next. A massive creature dressed in white and gold. In one hand she held a tangle of "sops-in-wine;" in the other (as symbolical kings hold globes) a brown clay bust of a priest's head. The contention between the two loves; the old that had tyrannised until her life was of the unhappiest, and the new that filled her with such ecstasy is troubling her, and she is wondering which will gain the victory. She is just beginning to understand that to wait in passive indecision is to be torn with dragons' teeth.

Barbara, with eyes like moon-pierced amethysts follows, singing Ben Jonson's "Robin Goodfellow" in a sweet quaver that is only just heard above the music. How curiously her face changes—from maiden innocence to the awakening of love; from the height of passion to despair and madness.

But as she goes the horizon rips from end to end, and a golden arrow pierces the oriel. The scent of meadow-sweet is trebly strong. The tired wood-lark sinks lower and lower.

The room is empty—the pageant ended.

R. MURRAY-GILCHRIST.



## AN EVENING THOUGHT IN VENICE.

COME with me now at eventide,  
Towards the rising of the moon,  
Where Our Lady of Salvation  
Guards all the broad lagoon.

Where the flush of the dying sunset  
Falls on her marble dome,  
And the pigeons wheel in circles  
Round the sculptures of their home.

See how stately in their glory  
Rise her pinnacles and walls,  
And the grass-grown stair beneath them,  
Where the water beats and falls.

While within the clouds of incense  
Smoke as in days of yore,  
And the solemn chant of a low-voiced priest  
Fills the kneeling souls with awe.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hard by, a lowly long brown fane  
Lies close to Madonna's shrine,  
With fair white windows traceried  
In carven stonework fine.

*THE GROVE.*

But o'er its roof is raised no cross,  
No vesper bell is rung,  
And the cooper binds his barrels  
There where the Mass was sung.

No burning lamps shed crimson gleams  
Where the marble altars glowed,  
For the wine vats climb the pillared heights  
Where the tall white saints abode.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the hush of the silent twilight,  
As the moon begins to rise,  
Think how the glory fades away  
With the warm clouds in the skies.

How the world grows gray in its ceaseless course,  
And the stately fanes of old  
Are crumbling away into nothingness,  
As the end of a tale that is told.

Though the one may escape the ruthless hand  
That shatters the altar stones,  
Yet the grass grows green in the other's aisle  
And 'tis only the night-wind moans.

J. D. ERRINGTON-LOVELAND.

## THE WORSHIP OF THE BIRDS.

### I.

THE Nightingale sits on a twig to sing ;  
 On an eminent separate perch ;  
 And the other birds sit round in a ring,  
 As persons do at Church.

And a wonderful song sings the small brown bird,  
 Till the down of the feathers parts  
 On the breasts of the congregation, stirred  
 By the beating of their hearts.

The little ones dream of their nursery nest,  
 And warmth of their mother's wing ;  
 And the youth, of the friend whom each loves best,  
 And of courting in early Spring.

And the mothers dream of their callow young ;  
 And softly coo, like a dove ;—  
 But, of every song that preacher sung,  
 The beginning and end was Love.

### II.

Under a spreading fir-tree's shade,  
 Where grass was never green,  
 On a lure of whistle and water played  
 A man in velvetreen.

And a magical music spread among  
The birds, as they hovered round,  
Like butterflies on a lamp, and hang  
On the sermon of empty sound.

And the little ones dreamed of their scrambles for food,  
And the youth, of their rivals in May;  
And the mothers, of punishments due to their brood,  
And of cats, and birds of prey.

Frightened, but fascinated still  
They could not but hover above —  
The song had a weird, bewildering trill,  
But never a word of LOVE !

J. W. M.



*Broad Street, Lyme.*

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## A MONTHLY MISCELLANY,

EDITED BY R. HANBURY MIERS.

No. XII. APRIL, 1892.

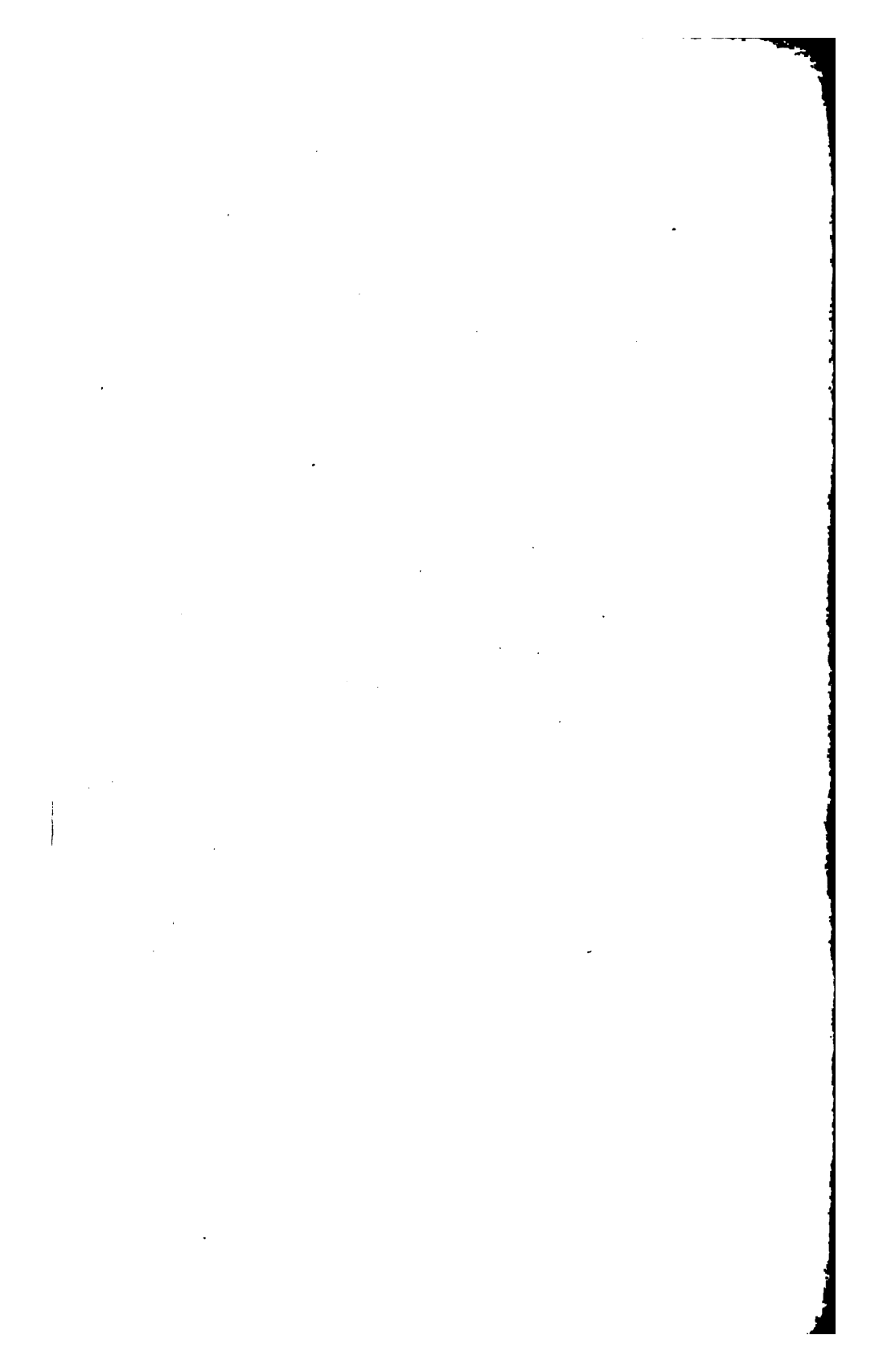
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PUBLISHED BY F. DUNSTER, BROAD STREET,  
LYME REGIS.

1892.

*Price One Shilling.*

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# THE GROVE.

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No. 12.

APRIL, 1892.

VOL. II.

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## MY SISTER CECILIA.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

SUNRISE tenderly bright as that watched some three years before from the Bohemian hill awoke me betimes next morning. The last thoughts of the night claimed naturally the first audience: Cecilia's quiet suppression in regard to Robert, and all past or future relations with one whom I already thought of in a double sense as a brother. Yet, though thus waking with me, I remember how comparatively light that anxiety *now* appeared: a heavy perplexity the night before, in the morning it came before me as a maiden's caprice: at most as one of the subtle phases which affection takes in womanly hearts, and we judge capricious because they are to us unintelligible. Every one must have noticed this strange result of what the ancients hence called the Divine Sleep, and how this "bath and balm of hurt minds" makes grow itself the most authentic and in its real cause undiminished, appear almost like another dream, for a few minutes. "I will speak to her in an hour or so," I thought, "and take her over to Fountain-ll for breakfast"; and the image of my dear Eleanor (a little secured perhaps of late by the nearer engrossments of Ardeley), turned in the sweetness of our last interview.

A sound of light steps as I lay surrendered to this (it may be) selfish enjoyment, rustling on the pathway and dying away on the lawn, awoke me, as it were, again. Cecilia rising before the household had

crept down to the garden, and thence, (I thought for a moment), to go on to the Church at so little distance. But she was without her bonnet ; she walked on till the shadow of the hill which bounded our fields and garden relieved her from the dazzling rays of the yet level sun, then turned, and looked fixedly at the house. I signed to her to wait ; she consented with a smile, and was ready for me at the door when I came down, and without speaking at once of my intention, led her again towards the hill which, as I think I have before noticed, barred our view in the direction of Fountainhall. That we might at last speak of Robert, I reverted to the subject of our evening's conversation. "When I remembered what she had told me of her early experiences, it suggested to me that youth, as contrasted with childhood, is perhaps in a certain sense a passive, an unprogressive state ; and that our individual powers or peculiarities, noticed almost in the cradle, reappear later under the pressure of actual life."

"I have often thought of that," Cecilia said : "and wished to change Wordsworth's famous lines ;—at least we should understand them thus,—that it is in the *infant* child we see the "father of the man." It is like what people so often notice about family resemblance ; so perceptible to parents at least in the baby, hidden then by the full tints and roundness of childhood, and brought out again when the hair falls, or the forehead is furrowed. Very likely those who are wise in such matters would find reasons for this."

"Yes, physical reasons : infants—think of their strange smiles !—appear less identified with the flesh—as if in them the soul were not fully incorporated ; immanent, not identified."

"Shades of the prison house," she replied, quoting three or four of the well-known lines :—"In youth, at least in mine, I think I was less myself—only," she added blushing, "it is laughable that I should perplex you with my philosophy of girlhood."

"You have given me such an interest in your own early days, dear, by all you said yesterday, that I am not likely soon to tire of the matter."

"A novel interest," she said with a smile ; then quickly : "This old Saxon or Danish mound (as Papa prefers),"—the hill we were now fast ascending—"was one of these early fancies, Edmund. When I saw it, not so much from the nursery windows, whence the further and loftier

plantation line interferes with its individual shape and distinctness, but from the drawing-room, outlined brightly with those two cresting trees against the sunset, I often thought how when old enough for the ascent, from the summit what a prospect there would be! It was my mount of speculation: beyond it must lie the real world with all its shadowy glories—crowds of children, and all the maids good humoured, and dolls with real clothes to go to fasten and take off—a dear baby's paradise."

"And I remember," I said, "your first ascent; how you begged and caressed, till half led, half carried, you were safely on the summit. How you condescended one look over Fountainhall, and cried "Take me down, take me down"—finding the pomp of Hertfordshire and its glory I suppose below the anticipations of your youthful fancy, and how". . .

"Stop, Edmund—too much—quite enough—In the new volume of poems, I was amused, sadly perhaps, the other day, to find a fancy so similar to this, told in most pretty verse, only with a moral—deeper I trust than any of my trivial experiences would justify :

And still performs a sacred part  
To my experienced eye  
This Pisgah which my virgin heart  
Ascended but to die ;  
What was Reality before  
In symbol now may live,  
Endowed with right to promise more  
Than ever it could give.

Is it not charming? It is right that the holy prophets should feel for and with us, and better our feelings as they express them!—Let us go home—I should like:—No not that way, Edmund, no, not now," as, having reached the limits of the park field, I was opening the gate towards Fountainhall. "Take me back, please, take me down." She smiled in hope to persuade me without serious argument. But I was obstinate for an instant—how mean at such a time.—"No, no" she cried: "not to Fountainhall: do not, please, dearest, not now:—and I will tell you all."

Dear Cecilia!—when I heard those deeper accents of suppliance I turned back, so repentant and self-convicted of selfishness, that I should have simply yielded to her wish without a word of enquiry. But it was,

alas ! a relief to her now to speak : to say she did not know how to say it :—yet she hoped I would forgive her, and papa, and Robert too—but—She wished so the marriage might no longer be thought of. She did so wish it had never been intended. “She could not give Robert now the return of affection he deserved : it was better to speak now than—than too late.” She hoped I would forgive her : “Indeed, since the death . . . I have known that I only loved you and papa really, as love ought to be” : and she rested her hand on my arm, and looked at me, expecting I should speak, with a look ah ! so touchingly like her own childly glance of supplication.

But I could find no connected words, so deep was the shock to the central hopes of life :—so final, as from my knowledge of this dear sister I was compelled to believe it, to the happiness that appeared dawning once more for Ardeley. If this marriage were broken off, and thus,—how could I, I thought, look forward ever to mine ? “I cannot love *her* less”—was almost all she could say before we reached home, and at my earnest request, Cecilia agreed, (a willing agreement), to defer further discussion till evening. She said she would take no hasty step, and think over these things during the day, but it was with the calmness of those who, where all is determined, fear no precipitancy and can conceive of no change.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

Then at evening came an hour, sad and discouraging even to distant recollection. Perhaps no one ever can fully fathom another's grief ; but I was then able at least to take some admeasurement of my dear sister's, with surprise, with terror, with perplexity. Should such passion so holy and private, be made known ? Yes, to some extent, I think, and for a double reason. Firstly, this omitted, I could not give myself the satisfaction of even hoping I had adequately represented Cecilia. For every one's entire capacity is most truly given by the degree in which he is capable of Passion, if, (as in this instance), it be not a mere transitory fit, coming one knows not whence, or whither going, but the highest tide, perhaps, of a true and enduring movement of the heart, derived from habitual currents of feeling, and in harmony with the individual's *other* gifts and qualities. With such, these are the moments

when the human nature puts forth all its strength, when, as with the prophets of old, something appears to speak through the man ; above him at once, and yet in the truest sense of him ;—a trance, when we can express the thoughts that lie generally too deep not only for tears, but for consciousness : when we reveal that inner self, hidden for the most part from ourselves not less than from others : when we are, not seem to be, and are all that we seem.

This reason, however, bears only on the narrative of my sister's story. But secondly, whatever may be the external language of submission held everywhere and every day by a thousand mourners in every province of Christendom, many, I do not doubt, and the most gifted and precious souls most eminently, have sustained the same perplexity and conflict. It is a battle which, if any other, seems to me worthy record. And when such have found, perhaps, the same relief, like Cecilia herself they have been silent on the past, and suppressed those obstinate questionings, to which an answer has been vouchsafed, not by reparation of the loss bewailed, but by gradual restoration of happiness. They are consoled, and it is enough. But a lesson is then lost, profitable to their successors in the "valley of tears." For all doubt is immeasurably weakened when we know that others have questioned before, and at last, somehow, yet at last, received answer. Consolation is nearer, when we are conscious that the very mode and circumstances of grief, imagined individual, are things in fact that "having been, will never cease to be": that the pathetic phrase in which the Romans hinted at Death, paints only the lot of universal humanity ; "*aliquid humanum passi*."

Cecilia had thought much during that day, she said, of her promise to reconsider, but could find no ground whatever for change. To enter upon the new life of marriage with its many duties and interests, was, she was convinced, not more within her power than to turn the sun backward, and make this year last year again. Was not this a despair, unworthy of Christian hope, a wrongful indulgence in grief, even if indulged only for a time ?—No ; rather it was her duty not less than her fixed and absolute persuasion. Was not happiness, blithesomeness, one of the duties of marriage ? "In this sense, Edmund, I can never be happy again. Much as I love you, and papa, and others . . . yet all such affections, combined and multiplied, what can they avail to give back the love I have lost ? Even when I think of you dearest

brother, (and forgive me,) the remembrance of her appears to swallow up all other affection. If our father commanded this, it would be otherwise; I should recognize a real duty; you know, dearest, he does not, and cannot. No, no; I think it sin to entertain other hopes—to place, if I could place, any new affection between me and her.

“Dear brother, I wonder, if you will let me say it”—But, whatever may have been in her dear mind, I begged her not: I said no words could express how much I felt for her, but she seemed to afflict herself beyond measure: to sorrow as one “without hope,” I said: and that I could not but think that if her dear mother was conscious of our present transitory years on earth, her wish would be that we should each find in others, when she was gone, the love which on her part she had only carried elsewhere, and would greet us *all* with hereafter.

“Ah what an If was there”—this was all her answer.

After a few moments of that hopeless pause, when we feel so strongly the feebleness of arguments that seemed final, an instant before, at the bar of our own reason;—Cecilia recommenced. “We will speak no more of this, it is too painful! I have none, none other but a woman’s reason; I think it so, because I think it so. Tell Robert quickly, please dear Edmund, and beg him to forgive me.”

To forget, (I noticed), she did not care to ask. I gave her the promise required: “But I cannot, will not, think or call the farewell everlasting: or so mistrust Heaven as to believe that in due season my Darling will not find comfort:—that in due season also—”

“Edmund,” she said resolutely, “to no one but you perhaps would I dare to speak thus: but the truth is best. I know you speak such words in full faith and all sincerity: yet think—think what real consolation do they contain? They announce great largesses of blessing, yet what more is there,—than that in time I shall cease to remember her? Years ago, when, before experience, I read in books that after awhile, by the merciful dispensation of Providence, the wound closed, and the mourner was recomforted, I thought, “it is the necessity of the story”: he who wrote thus “*had no children*”:—but such words are now to me a horror,—almost a sin . . . It may be, that this frail nature, this mutable and unretaining soul shall be unable to preserve its best and

once most cherished feelings : but must we anticipate such change with hope ?

" Perhaps you will say this is ingratitude. We have many blessings, and much room for thankfulness : We are happy now far beyond our deservings. I know this, and trust I am thankful :—but it is still, not what I have lost.

" What would the whole world be to me in exchange for that ? What reparation is it that the sun shines, and the earth is beautiful, even that you live, and that I may still love you ! Do these supply what has been taken ? Do they make me less motherless ?

" I know it is written : ' He never leaveth or forsaketh.' But O dear, dear, brother,—there are moments when I do feel as though I was forsaken !—Speak to me, Edmund, help me, comfort me !"

Then I who had thought before that so immeasurable were the consolations provided, I had but to open, or call to remembrance one single holy page, and it would be enough, could now only place the book in her hands, and light her to her room in silence . . . We are strong in the strength of our own imaginings : eloquent in solitude : rich in wisdom we cannot impart : happy often because happiness is easiest. But an hour comes when we find these things also are vanity.

Could I say calmly, it is a chastisement of mercy ? How had this dear one offended ? Was it sin to love her mother with more than usual affection ? Could I say Cecilia, learn to forget ? Could I give her back her mother ?

These thoughts held me long : and with them other cares ; how I should break the determination which I now feared would be final, to Robert :—how the day might affect my whole relation to Eleanor. And as I past Cecilia's room, I felt how much dearer was its occupant to me than any other creature upon earth. Two or three hours had gone by : yet I heard low sounds and words often repeated. It is in prayer, I thought with awe, and went on hastily . . . but the voice grew louder and seemed to accompany me : and it was now " Come ! Mamma—Mamma—Mamma—" She perceived my steps as I turned quickly back, and the " stern silence of night " fell upon the house again. But I have often in fancy heard those accents, and the cry which, if any, might have penetrated to the heart of Heaven.

## CHAPTER XXV.

One of the first of next morning's thoughts was to go to Mrs. Morden's Cottage, half-way on the Fountainhall road, and bring her child to our home, that Cecilia might have some diversion from sufferings, the possible result of which I could neither bear to anticipate, or to ignore. I dressed and went down: then, to fetch some trifle, returned after a few minutes' walk, to my room. There was a sound within of quick steps, and opened drawers: Marie was arranging clothes, and Cecilia kneeling by her side, rapidly examining my father's little medicine chest, forgotten when he started. She looked up at me, very pale and calm: "You must not lose one moment: I have seen him to-night, he is lying very ill at Angers."

I drew out my trunk without a word, compelled and guided by the unhesitation of her calmness.

"Thank God! you believe me *now*, dearest" she cried, starting up and coming close to me: "You will go at once: he is at La Couronne Inn. Write at once when the fever, I think it is, begins to leave him. He will recover, I know it; I saw the worst was over, but he called for you often last night."

I asked Cecilia no questions: not doubting the truth of her conviction, yet with fear what her next words might bring forth; and bade her go and prepare herself now, and find something to eat before such a journey.

"I am not going," she said, and kissed me: But I, "I cannot bear to you: and if he is more ill—O Cecilia!—I must not leave you here: I cannot" . . . .

"You *must* leave me, dear Edmund": and then whispering; "He did not call for me, he cried for you only, Edmund."

Cecilia's words that morning were not to be resisted. She was under the spell, and I was drawn within the circle. Everything was soon prepared, amidst an agitation of mind, mine at least, which I cannot describe: agitation, if so it should be called, coexisting with that peculiar keen lucidity we feel, when some crisis, fearful, and, it may be, conclusive to happiness, first falls upon us. Yet I never doubted: it appeared to me absolutely natural and obvious to go. If the phrase be not too great, I might say I was completely enslaved beneath Cecilia's fascination: I felt her dream a summons no less decisive than the voice of a living messenger from France. What she saw *was* true: and I knew it.



But an hour remained after all was ready; and hardly daring to remain with my sister, (my real duty); hardly knowing how to go without one word, only one, yet that to fancy all-important, with Eleanor, I ran hastily forth whilst Cecilia was, I thought, engaged upon the last directions, alone over the well-known field path towards Fountainhall. The half-way cottage was just in sight, when the long notes of a horn came floating over from the village. Sweetened though they were by distance, there was a bitter message here: they called me to Ardeley without delay, to join the mail-cart by which I was to be carried to the main road at Royston. There was something weird in that clear sound, almost like a voice of human or fairy articulation, a summons from Oberon heard on that quiet valley-side, with its long line of feathery copse-wood sleeping beneath dazzling sky and the full torrents of unclouded sunshine:—an utter human solitude, except the footfall of some unseen wayfarer near the Morden's cottage. One look towards Fountainhall and its white wreaths of curling smoke, and I returned with all haste home. Cecilia was in her own room, they said, or walking out: at least she had fastened the door: they thought she would not come down: Marie gave me her message of farewell, and the request that I would go at once without asking to see her. I made no more precise enquiries: the driver called: "forward" appeared the safest course, where any course was perplexing:—and in a few hours I was in London.

Darkness had fallen when I left the great city by the mail from Gracechurch Street.—How picturesque, how suggestive of a new phase in life, and the romance of adventure commenced, were those old startings! Many, I am sure, must have felt the romance, and its recent withdrawal. Now we looked at the trim equipage, and thought it was with reason they strapped the load on so lastingly, for that carriage itself with its burden would be found, one day, two days, even on the third morning perhaps after, in some far off City,—York, or Carlisle, or Edinburgh,—names in themselves then how powerful, how rich in awakened associations! We are rapidly losing this now: no personal identity attaches to the railroad train: something even of our own individuality disappears as it absorbs its thousand passengers, for the time surrendered to it as lifelessly almost, and not less implicitly, than merchandise. Our destination may retain the ancient interest

however approached, Edinburgh may preserve the glory of its stateliness, and Venice be Venice still: but we have lost the little romance of reaching them. We attain the *dénouement*, indeed, but where is the plot?—I remember to this day the life and animation of departure; the hubbub and din of jarring voices, the trampling of impatient leaders, the steady glare from the coach lanterns, the flaring of the innyard lights, as they fell on hurrying ostlers and cloaked passengers and bright harness and the bar sign-board, and the glistening straw scattered over the stones, while the stable entrances and great inn galleries above retreated into mystery and gloomier gloom by contrast. What a contrast of light and shadow,—of fun and seriousness,—there was, indeed, about the whole affair! what a discomfort of cold and crowding—what a bright and wholesome summoning forth of animal spirits and gaiety to meet it!—A journey then was a kind of miniature of the journey of life; an event in itself, a something worth doing, but not to be done lightly, whether our destination was sad or joyous.

Mine now, whatever hope might whisper, was certainly not joyous: many anxious thoughts were in my mind; yet these little familiar things must have keenly stamped themselves, for they have far survived those anxieties. I think we often falsely say “we did not observe those trifles; our heart and soul were so preoccupied with much deeper and more serious feelings, how could we?”—How could we?—Sudden danger, great grief, joy, anxiety, and beyond all, the passion of love, what are these but stimulants the most powerful nature can furnish, to arouse the being from its habitual middle state of torpor to a life beyond life? The soul that ranges over the widest horizon is capable of scrutinizing the foreground, at the same time, most microscopically; for the mind’s eye has its own optics. When most fixed and strained to the sensation of larger emotions, we observe little things in fact with most keenness, as men falling from a precipice in a moment have been known to grasp in all its details some vast landscape; we think this observation an evidence of derogatory weakness, and deny that we noticed afterwards,—from vanity.

That evening’s papers, just published in time, were brought round at the moment of starting. One was bought by an elderly man, my only companion within. I heard the newsboy advertising his wares: “Dissolution of Ministry: Acceptance of Office by the New

Cabinet," and then "Domestic Intelligence; Terrible suspected murder in Hertfordshire."—"I shall be a borrower presently," I thought, "and see it." "A fine county: excellent particular breed of blackfaces about Hitchin," my neighbour ejaculated as we drove off, catching the crier's last word, and then relapsing into his studies. These, rendered soon impossible as we left the steady blaze of metropolitan streets, he exchanged for sleep. Nor, when at the first stoppage, I ran hastily over the columns and saw that the boy's announcement must have referred to the contents of some other paper—with one thought how curiously provincial, with all our civilization, (centralization was a word perhaps not then invented), we are in our feelings: the county is large, yet the news seems almost of personal relation towards myself—was it long before I followed my fellow-traveller's example.

About five miles above Dover, where the Deal road falls in, I was awakened by my neighbour. A confused patter of horses' feet mingled with his morning salutation and eager remark "The 'Star' has nearly beaten us: look; they left town half-an-hour later, and here they are, neck-and-neck almost." I looked out, and in the gray, cold twilight saw the rival coach rattling gaily behind. The sight of emulation and contest is always exciting; I was thoroughly roused, and watched with pleasure the novel landscape, the hill and valley of larger mould and proportion than Hertfordshire, the vast cliffs, the misty sea below on our left, and then, at the last bend, that huge Castle, to Englishmen and to strangers alike a name of reverence and admiration, which announced the journey's approaching end. Then the clatter and the shadow of the narrow streets were around us: the "Star," close on our heels, redoubled the cheerful echo: till the two drew up side by side; there was a blithe cry from one of our rival's passengers, "just in time"; and we dismounted by that well-known harbour.

The fresh sea-smell and salt spray blew from a sea of haze, curdling above the waves themselves as they beat heavily on the beams and massive harbour wall. Stepping down, I looked at once for the packet boat for France. She lay there; the signal flag for departure hoisted: but a hand was laid on my shoulder, and I turned to meet an unknown face and the question "was it Mr. Marlowe?"

I answered, and was told in the Queen's name to consider myself a prisoner.

My reasons and anxiety for starting were too urgent to permit any mere parley or resistance to a demand, even, as it seemed so miraculously strange. I asked the cause at once, and a few words explained the mystery, if explanation it could be called which left me the more perplexed. "A child," the officer said, had been murdered, or supposed to be murdered, he did not know how the truth was, "but you are to go with me, Sir; may be they say you have done it. I do not know how the truth is, but the truth is you must come along with me anyhow."

Reasoning—bribes—appeals—I thought of all at once; but demanded first his authority. And I surrendered all thought of such palliatives when I saw the warrant. This added, of course, nothing to the officer's statement, but set forth at full length my name, and the signature of Sir J. Flamstead, Magistrate of my native district, with others.

I have no starts and struggles here to tell of; I do not know that I was so much surprised, as now when I look back upon the incident. As after the first blow the wretch on the wheel, in old barbarous days, is said to have been insensible to breaking limbs and fiend-like faces, so, coming upon me when already so penetrated with haste and anxiety, even an arrest like this hardly astonished me. But, if I could at this distance of time, I should not describe the discomfortable odiousness of the sensations which overwhelmed me during the twelve hours that brought me back a prisoner to S. Alban's. They were so far away from every former as from every later experience that they have almost passed from positive remembrance. There was one feeling, as it now appears to me, of a long sickeningly chill dawning—as when we lie in the struggle between uneasysleep and uneasy waking,—till the gray monastic gatehouse with its shutter-blinded windows and fortress battlements was in sight, and the ruinous height of choir and nave and vast Abbey tower cast their shadow over me, with the sadly recalling cadence of the bells that summoned others to the services of a Sunday evening, as I entered the prison.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

## TO A FAIR CHINESE VISITOR.

So they've brought you to England, my dear,  
 From the far Seric land for a treat ;  
 And must carry you now you are here,  
 For you scarcely can stand on your feet.

Yea, a web-footed widgeon may waddle  
 And sprawl, though it cannot walk quick ;  
 But you, pretty pigeon, can't toddle  
 At all, without help of a stick.

A teetotaler, doubtless, you are,  
 And like a teetotum could spin  
 On those terminal toes : but oh ! far  
 Be it from us to so take you in.

For your fair form, where gentlest of suavity  
 Is upstayed by fit stiff'ning of pride,  
 Would o'erbalance its centre of gravity,  
 If it swayed the least bit on one side.

Ah ! what steady ancestral succession  
 Of prejudice held to its rôle ;  
 What periods of cruel compression  
 To this pattern compell'd your sole ;

What gradual absorption of muscle,  
 What patient endurance of pain,  
 Before that victorious tussle  
 'Gainst nature such type could attain.

## THE GROVE.

But though thus you persistently stand  
On inverted pyramidal point ;  
You may yet have a future that's grand,  
With those small straiten'd steps out of joint.

Your poor physical sole they've immured  
And maim'd in exiguous mansion ;  
Yet your psychical soul, be assured,  
May lay claim to the biggest expansion.

For it isn't the spot where we stand,  
Or the path that a rover may tread,  
We regard as our real promised land,  
But the heaven that's over our head.

Though some here would so narrow the way  
Of Life, that their feet you'd surmise  
Were still smaller than yours, and they  
Themselves of proportionate size.

To such let us hope you'll impart,  
Ere they've done with improving your soul,  
That you've pathways unmarked in their chart  
Good enough to lead safe to the goal :

That we've westerly ways of sinning,  
Peradventure might poorly compare  
With your style of Chinese Chin-chinning.  
Or whatever you call it out there :

And your sending us tea that so nice is,  
For our opium, beer, brandy, gin,  
More than makes up may be for the vices  
Of many a queer Mandarin.

J. W. PRESTON.

## NEWMAN AND MODERN ROMANISM.

(CONTINUED.)

IN an essay like the present—one in which frequent quotation is almost a *sine quâ non*, it is no easy task, as may well be supposed, to select passages, which, while not too long, are yet sufficiently copious to illustrate the statements which the writer makes upon their authority concerning the subject with which he is engaged. Moreover, the difficulty is one that may be considerably augmented by the character of the works from which the extracts have to be made. There are, I dare say, many authors from whose writings it would not be very hard to collect, within a small compass, a series of extracts illustrative of their teaching and views upon any particular subject. With Newman, however, it is otherwise. I know of no other writer to whom, when one attempts to indicate the force of his arguments by means of examples, it is so easy,—even with the best intentions,—to do injustice. I am far from asserting that passages from Newman's writings are calculated to produce, when considered away from their context, a distinctly *false* impression upon the reader. The impression they will leave on his mind will be *true* enough, as far as it goes, but it will be *inadequate*. Such passages will not have anything like the same effect or force, whether argumentative or persuasive, as they would have if read in their proper place. Nor do I wish to make it appear as though Newman were a writer whose meaning it is difficult to make out. On the contrary, an entire absence of obscurity is one of his most distinguishing characteristics. You may not agree with what he says, but, at least, you can have no doubt about what he *does* say. It is in this respect that Newman contrasts so favourably with the majority of

Anglican controversialists, the exigencies of whose position cannot but contribute largely to that vagueness of statement which is the most pronounced feature of the "*Via Media*." It is, however, hardly possible to take any one of Newman's works and to estimate to the full its polemical value without having previously made the acquaintance of some at all events of his earlier writings. In order to comprehend the strength of the Roman position, and to understand the hold which the Catholic Church had upon him, one ought, really, to read the whole of Newman's works, Anglican as well as Catholic, in the order, if possible, of their appearance. I do not mean to say, of course, that, before one can become convinced of the truth of Catholicism, it is necessary to read the whole of the works, whether of Newman or of anyone else. Such a contention would be absurd on the face of it. What I wish to insist upon is this,—that, to be fully appreciated, Newman's writings require to be read and studied as a whole. Much may, of course, be learned by the perusal of a single volume, and I should not be writing as I now am if I did not believe it possible for a good deal to be gained—if only by the suggestion of ideas—even from isolated passages. That, however, does not affect the force of my contention. I repeat then,—what I have already stated,—that the character of Newman's works is such as to make it a difficult matter, in an essay of this description, to represent with any pretence to adequacy, the cogency of his arguments, or the logical strength of his position as a controversialist.

With this caution, addressed to those whom it may concern, I return to the consideration of the arguments for the Papal Supremacy which are put forward by Newman in his "*Development of Christian Doctrine*." It will be seen as we proceed,—if it has not been already recognized,—that Newman makes no attempt to ignore the circumstances which are generally considered—among Anglicans at all events—as the inherent difficulties of the case. He is, on the contrary, invariably the first to acknowledge the fact that we do not possess such absolutely unequivocal documentary proof that the Papal Supremacy was exercised in the earliest centuries as we do that it was in vogue in those that succeeded them. But then, considering the general state of affairs during the first two centuries, would it not be a most extraordinary—nay, almost suspicious—circumstance if we did? And we must remember too, that,



if sufficient documentary evidence to establish without the possibility of "rational" doubt the primitiveness of the Papal Supremacy has not come down to us, there are other doctrines which are revered by Anglicans as well as Romans for which the evidence is likewise wanting. Now this is a most important consideration and one that will be dealt with in due course. I will, however, first of all, transcribe one or two passages without which those I extracted last month would hardly be so complete as I should wish them to be. They are taken, as were the others, from Section III., chapter IV., of the "Development of Christian Doctrine."

In paragraph 6, after quoting some remarks of Barrow (a writer, he says, who, except in his imputation of motives, may be followed here without reluctance), Newman writes as follows:—"On the whole, supposing the power to be divinely bestowed, yet in the first instance more or less dormant, a history could not be traced out more probable, more suitable to that hypothesis, than the actual course of the controversy which took place age after age upon the Papal Supremacy." And then, in the following paragraph, he goes on:—"It will be said that all this is a theory. Certainly it is: it is a theory to account for facts as they lie in the history, to account for so much being told us about the Papal authority in early times, and not more; a theory to reconcile what is and what is not recorded about it; and, which is the principal point, a theory to connect the words and acts of the Ante-Nicene Church with that antecedent probability of a monarchical principle in the Divine Scheme and that actual exemplification of it in the fourth century, which forms their presumptive interpretation. All depends on the strength of that presumption. Supposing there be otherwise good reason for saying that the Papal Supremacy is part of Christianity, there is nothing in the early history of the Church to contradict it."

"It follows to inquire in what this presumption consists? It has . . . two parts, the antecedent probability of a Popedom, and the actual state of the Post-nicene Church . . . . It is the absolute need of a monarchical power in the Church which is our ground for anticipating it. A political body cannot exist without government, and the larger is the body the more concentrated must the government be. If the whole of Christendom is to form one Kingdom, one head is

essential; at least this is the experience of eighteen hundred years. As the Church grew into form, so did the power of the Pope develop; and wherever the Pope has been renounced, decay and division have been the consequence. We know of no other way of preserving the 'Sacramentum Unitatis,' but a centre of unity. The Nestorians have had their 'Catholicus'; the Lutherans of Prussia have their general superintendent; even the Independents, I believe, have had an overseer in their Missions. The Anglican Church affords an observable illustration of this doctrine. As her prospects have opened and her communion extended, the See of Canterbury has become the natural centre of her operations. It has at the present time jurisdiction in the Mediterranean, at Jerusalem, in Hindostan, in North America, at the Antipodes. It has been the organ of communication when a Prime Minister would force the Church to a redistribution of her property, or a Protestant Sovereign abroad would bring her into friendly relations with his own communion. Eyes have been lifted up thither in times of perplexity; thither have addresses been directed and deputations sent. Thence issue the legal decisions, or the declarations in Parliament, or the letters, or the private interpositions, which shape the fortunes of the Church, and are the moving influence within her separate dioceses. It must be so; no Church can do without its Pope. We see before our eyes the centralizing process by which the See of Saint Peter became the Sovereign Head of Christendom."

The above sentences were, of course, written long before the Bishop of Lincoln's case was ever thought of, but I need not say that they receive considerable additional strength—enough almost to make them seem prophetic—from the decision of the Archbishop of Canterbury that he had jurisdiction to hear and adjudicate upon that case.

What follows is eminently characteristic of Newman and his method. He proceeds, referring of course to what has gone before,—“If such be the nature of the case, it is impossible, if we may so speak reverently, that an Infinite Wisdom, which sees the end from the beginning, in decreeing the rise of a universal Empire, should not have decreed the development of a sovereign ruler. Moreover, all this must be viewed in the light of the general probability, so much insisted upon above, that doctrine cannot but develop as time proceeds and need arises, and that its developments are parts of the Divine system, and that therefore it is

lawful, or rather necessary, to interpret the words and deeds of the earlier Church by the determinate teaching of the latter." Newman next refers to those "announcements in Scripture, more or less obscure and needing a comment, and claimed by the Papal See as having their fulfilment in itself." With reference to these utterances of our Lord's, he says that they "are not precepts merely, but prophecies and promises, promises to be accomplished by Him who made them, prophecies to be fulfilled according to the need, and to be interpreted by the event,—by the history, that is, of the fourth and fifth centuries, though they had a partial fulfilment even in the preceding period, and a still more noble development in the middle ages." Further on, Newman calls attention to the "indications of what was to be," appearing in the first age. "Faint one by one, at least they are various," he says, "and are found in writers of many times and countries, and thereby illustrative of each other, and forming a body of proof. Thus Saint Clement, in the name of the Church of Rome, writes to the Corinthians, when they were without a Bishop; Saint Ignatius of Antioch addresses the Roman Church, out of the Churches to which he writes, as "the Church which has in dignity the first seat of the city of the Romans," and implies that it was too high for his directing as being the Church of Saint Peter and Saint Paul. Saint Polycarp of Smyrna has recourse to the Bishop of Rome on the question of Easter; the heretic Marcion, excommunicated in Pontus, betakes himself to Rome; Soter, Bishop of Rome, sends alms, according to the custom of his Church, to the Churches throughout the Empire, and, in the words of Eusebius, "affectionately exhorted those who came to Rome, as a father his children"; the Montanists from Phrygia came to Rome to gain the countenance of its Bishop; Praxeas, from Asia, attempts the like and for a while is successful; Saint Victor, Bishop of Rome, threatens to excommunicate the Asian Churches; Saint Irenæus speaks of Rome as "the greatest Church, the most ancient, the most conspicuous, and founded and established by Peter and Paul"; appeals to its tradition, not in contrast indeed, but in preference to that of other Churches, and declares that "to this Church, every Church, that is, the faithful from every side must resort" or "must agree with it *propter potiozem principatatem*." "O Church, happy in its position," says Tertullian, "into which the Apostles poured out, together with their blood, their whole

doctrine"; and elsewhere, though in indignation and bitter mockery, he calls the Pope "the Pontifex Maximus, the Bishop of Bishops." The presbyters of Saint Dionysius, Bishop of Alexandria, complain of his doctrine to Saint Dionysius of Rome; the latter expostulates with him, and he explains. Saint Cyprian speaks of Rome as "the See of Peter and the principal Church, whence the unity of the priesthood took its rise, . . . whose faith has been commended by the Apostles, to whom faithlessness can have no access"; Saint Stephen refuses to receive Saint Cyprian's deputation, and separates himself from various Churches of the East; Fortunatus and Felix, deposed by Saint Cyprian, have recourse to Rome; Basilides, deposed in Spain, betakes himself to Rome, and gains the ear of Saint Stephen."

Newman notices many other utterances from the Fathers and others, which, as the fourth century draws on, shew themselves growing stronger and more definite. I will only reproduce here one more, that of Saint Jerome, who speaking to Saint Damasus (that same Bishop of Rome, who, writing to the Eastern Bishops, A.D. 382, calls them his sons), expresses himself as follows:—"I speak," says Saint Jerome, "with the successor of the fisherman and the disciple of the Cross. I, following no one as my chief but Christ, am associated in communion with thy blessedness, that is with the See of Peter. I know that on that rock the Church is built. Whosoever shall eat the Lamb outside this House is profane; if a man be not in the Ark of Noe, he shall perish when the flood comes in its power."

With the following observation Newman concludes the Chapter:—"More ample testimony for the Papal Supremacy, as now professed by Roman Catholics, is scarcely necessary than what is contained in these passages; the simple question is, whether the clear light of the fourth and fifth centuries may be fairly taken to interpret to us the dim, though definite, outlines traced in the preceding." There now remains another aspect of the question to be considered,—one which has, indeed, already been touched upon incidentally in the course of this and my preceding essay, but whose importance is such as to merit a great deal more attention than it has so far received from me. Though the treatment of this aspect necessarily involves what is called the "*argumentum ad hominem*," I am not of opinion that that is a circumstance which should be held to detract from the force of the argument. As long as a

certain section of Anglicans continues to employ its present controversial methods, so long will the "argumentum ad hominem" be brought into the field as an invincible weapon against it.

It is in his introduction to the "Development of Christian Doctrine" that Newman wields in as masterly a manner the weapon referred to. After enumerating and observing upon the different theories which have at various times been advanced to account for the fact of Christianity and certain apparent changes which it has from time to time undergone, he says that "it is difficult to understand how" the view that Christianity "has changed from the first and ever accommodates itself to the circumstances of times and seasons is compatible with the special idea of revealed truth," and then he observes that in fact the advocates of that view "more or less abandon or tend to abandon the supernatural claims of Christianity." Newman then proceeds as follows:—"A second and more plausible hypothesis is that of the Anglican divines, who reconcile and bring into shape the exuberant phenomena under consideration (i.e. the certain apparent inconsistencies and alterations in the doctrine and worship of Christianity), by cutting off and casting away as corruptions all usages, ways, opinions and tenets which have not the sanction of primitive times. They maintain that history first presents to us a pure Christianity in East and West, and then corrupt; and then of course their duty is to draw the line between what is corrupt and what is pure, and to determine the dates at which the various changes from good to bad were introduced. Such a principle of demarcation, available for the purpose, they consider they have found in the "dictum" of Vincent of Lerins, that revealed and apostolic doctrine is "quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus," a principle infallibly separating on the whole field of history authoritative doctrine from opinion, rejecting what is faulty, and combining and forming a theology. That "Christianity is what has been held always, everywhere, and by all," certainly promises a solution of the perplexities, an interpretation of the meaning, of history. What can be more natural than that divines and bodies of men should speak, sometimes from themselves, sometimes from tradition? what more natural than that individually they should say many things on impulse, or under excitement, or as conjectures, or in ignorance? what more certain than that they must all have been instructed and catechized in the Creed of the Apostles? what

more evident than that what was their own would in its degree be peculiar, and differ from what was similarly private and personal in their brethren? what more conclusive than that the doctrine that was common to all at once was not really their own, but public property in which they had a joint interest, and was proved by the concurrence of so many witnesses to have come from an apostolical source? Here, then, we have a short and easy method for bringing the various informations of ecclesiastical history under that antecedent probability in its favour, which nothing but its actual variations would lead us to neglect. Here we have a precise and satisfactory reason why we should make much of the earlier centuries, yet pay no regard to the later, why we should admit some doctrines and not others, why we refuse the Creed of Pius IV., and accept the Thirty-nine Articles.

“Such is the rule of historical interpretation which has been professed in the English school of divines; and it contains a majestic truth, and offers an intelligible principle, and wears a reasonable air. It is congenial, or, as it may be said, native to the Anglican mind, which takes up a middle position, neither discarding the Fathers nor acknowledging the Pope. It lays down a simple rule by which to measure the value of every historical fact as it comes, and thereby it provides a bulwark against Rome, while it opens an assault upon Protestantism. Such is its promise; but its difficulty lies in applying it in particular cases. The rule is more serviceable in determining what is not, than what is Christianity; it is irresistible against Protestantism, and in one sense indeed it is irresistible against Rome also, but in the same sense it is irresistible against England. It strikes at Rome through England. It admits of being interpreted in one of two ways: if it be narrowed for the purpose of disproving the Catholicity of the Creed of Pope Pius, it becomes also an objection to the Athanasian; and if it be relaxed to admit the doctrines retained by the English Church, it no longer excludes certain doctrines of Rome which that Church denies. It cannot at once condemn St. Thomas and St. Bernard, and defend St. Athanasius and St. Gregory Nazianzen.”

“This general defect in its serviceableness has been heretofore felt by those who appealed to it. It was said by one writer; “The Rule of Vincent is not of a mathematical or demonstrative character, but “moral, and requires practical judgment and good sense to apply it.

"For instance, what is meant by being 'taught *always*'? Does it mean in every century, or every year, or every month? Does "*everywhere*" mean in every country, or in every diocese? And does "the *Consent of Fathers*" require us to produce the direct testimony of every one of them? How many Fathers, how many places, how many instances, constitute a fulfilment of the test proposed? It is, then, from the nature of the case, a condition which never can be satisfied as fully as it might have been. It admits of various and unequal application in various instances; and what degree of application is enough, must be decided by the same principles which guide us in the conduct of life, which determine us in politics, or trade, or war which lead us to accept Revelation at all, (for which we have but probability to show at most,) nay, to believe in the existence of an intelligent Creator."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Nor was this writer without a feeling of the special difficulty of his school; and he attempted to meet it by denying it. He wished to maintain that the sacred doctrines admitted by the Church of England into her Articles were taught in primitive times with a distinctness which no one could fancy to attach to the characteristic tenets of Rome."

"We confidently affirm," he said in another publication, "that there is not an article in the Athanasian Creed concerning the Incarnation which is not anticipated in the controversy with the Gnostics. There is no question which the Apollinarian or the Nestorian heresy raised, which may not be decided in the words of Ignatius, Irenæus and Tertullian."

"This may be considered as true. It may be true also, or at least shall here be granted as true, that there is also a "*consensus*" in the Ante-Nicene Church for the doctrines of our Lord's Consubstantiality and Co-eternity with the Almighty Father. Let us allow that the whole circle of doctrines, of which our Lord is the subject, was consistently and uniformly confessed by the Primitive Church, though not ratified formally in Council. But it surely is otherwise with the Catholic doctrine of the Trinity. I do not see in what sense it can be said that there is a "*consensus*" of primitive divines in its favour, which will not avail also for certain doctrines in the Roman Church which will presently come into mention."

Newman's contention here is plainly that those who accept the Athanasian Creed and reject that of Pius, have no right to say that their acceptance of the one is occasioned by the agreement of its statements with St. Vincent's rule, while its disagreement therewith is the cause of the rejection of the other.

"What," he says, "we have a right to ask, if we are bound to act upon Vincent's rule in regard to the Trinitarian dogma, is a sufficient number of Ante-Nicene statements, each distinctly anticipating the Athanasian Creed."

"Now let us look at the leading facts of the case, in appealing to which I must not be supposed to be ascribing any heresy to the holy men whose words have not always been sufficiently full or exact to preclude the imputation. First, the Creeds of that day make no mention in their letter of the Catholic doctrine at all. They make mention indeed of a Three; but that there is any mystery in the doctrine, that the Three are One, that They are co-equal, co-eternal, all increate, all omnipotent, all incomprehensible, is not stated, and never could be gathered from them. Of course we believe that they imply it, or rather intend it. God forbid that we should do otherwise! But nothing in the mere letter of these doctrines leads to that belief. To give a deeper meaning to their letter, we must interpret them by the times which came after."

Next Newman goes through the testimony of the great Ante-Nicene Fathers and shows that, if we judge by their extant teaching, nearly all are heterodox, if not heretical, on the subject of the Trinity. He then says:—"Let it not be for a moment supposed that I impugn the orthodoxy of the early divines, or the cogency of their testimony among *fair* inquirers; but I am trying them by that unfair interpretation of Vincentius, which is necessary in order to make him available against the Church of Rome."

Further on, with regard to the doctrines of Purgatory and Original Sin, he says,—"The dictum of Vincent admits both or excludes both, according as it is or is not, rigidly taken; but, if used by Aristotle's 'Lesbian Rule,' then, as Anglicans would wish, it can be made to admit Original Sin and exclude Purgatory."

Again, Newman writes, a few pages further on;—"One additional specimen shall be given as a sample of many others:—I betake myself



to one of our altars to receive the Blessed Eucharist ; I have no doubt whatever on my mind about the Gift which that Sacrament contains ; I confess to myself my belief, and I go through the steps on which it is assured to me. 'The Presence of Christ is here, for It follows upon Consecration ; and Consecration is the prerogative of Priests ; and Priests are made by Ordination ; and Ordination comes in direct line from the Apostles. Whatever be our other misfortunes, every link in our chain is safe ; we have the Apostolic Succession, we have a right form of Consecration ; therefore we are blessed with the great Gift ?' Here the question rises in me, 'Who told you about that Gift ?' I answer, 'I have learned it from the Fathers : I believe the Real Presence because they bear witness to it. St. Ignatius calls it 'the medicine of immortality' : St. Irenæus says that 'our flesh becomes incorrupt, and partakes of life, and has the hope of the Resurrection,' as 'being nourished from the Lord's Body and Blood ;' . . . . I cast my lot with them, I believe as they.' Thus I reply, and then the thought comes upon me a second time, 'And do not the same ancient Fathers bear witness to another doctrine, which you disown ? Are you not as a hypocrite, listening to them when you will, and deaf when you will not ? How are you casting your lot with the Saints, when you go but half way with them ? For of whether of the two do they speak the more frequently, of the Real Presence in the Eucharist, or of the Pope's Supremacy ? You accept the lesser evidence, you reject the greater.' "

The foregoing is, of course, as will readily be understood, an imaginary dialogue between Newman the Anglican and Newman the soon-to-be-convinced Catholic. Its force will be perceived by all who are familiar with the evidence. Space and time will not permit me of going in to that. It will be found, however, fully discussed in the work of Newman's from which I have been extracting passages. Nor can I treat of any of the instances, beyond those already mentioned here, which Newman adduces on behalf of his contention. My essay has already reached a greater length than at first I had intended. If what I have written has the effect of inducing even one person, of those who have had the patience to peruse it, to study the writings of Newman I shall be satisfied.

ANTI-RITUALIST.

## BYGONE MELODIES.

THE songs that fashion loves to day  
    Resemble not sweet airs of old ;  
In them a depth of pathos lay,  
    That never failed our hearts to hold.

It may be that we grow more stern,  
    More thoughtful in declining years,  
And let ourselves too often turn  
    What should be pleasure, into tears.

But, sweet words sooth the weary brain  
    By giving life a cheerful zest ;  
They make old people young again  
    And bid the troubled spirit rest.

Sing on then, youth ! ere time destroys  
    The notes that now have power to please ;  
He winneth love who best employs  
    All harmless talents, such as these.

Remember too, awhilest you sing,  
    Sweet sounds can never truly die,  
They only from this world take wing  
    To echo through eternity.

Who knows, but in a sphere above,  
    When free'd from earthly toil and pain,  
In union with those we love  
    They often shall be sung again.

W. MALING WYNCH, (Senior), 1892.

## PALERMO.

It would not be very easy to write anything new of the Riviera, so well is the South of France known, but Sicily is not often visited by English people, and it may be that a few notes upon the capital of the Island may prove interesting to the readers of *The Grove*, and useful to any who may be contemplating visiting it next Winter.

First, as to the way of getting to Palermo, the shortest and easiest way is to journey to Naples by rail, and then take the mail steamers from that port to Palermo. Some of these steamers are very bad, but one or two of them are very good. All of them are English built boats, but many are very old and are very slow. The best of them, the *Electrico*, was built as an English steam yacht, but something caused the builders not to deliver it, and they sold it to the Rubatino Company. The engines are very powerful and the yacht very fast indeed. When she brings the mail, the letters are delivered between nine and ten a.m., when the others carry it, the letters are not delivered before one or two p.m. The only drawback to her is that everyone tries to voyage by her, and she is always very full, and in a gale of wind she rolls very badly. The best of the other boats are the *Malta*, *Göttardo*, *Bosforo*, &c., the two latter being large boats which voyage to Constantinople and Odessa, and are most comfortable. The cuisine on these boats is really very good "*à l'Italienné*," of course, but very well cooked and served.

The most comfortable way that I know of going to Sicily, however, is to take one of the large Orient liners which call at Naples on their way to Australia. Then the baggage can be taken at once to the Palermo Steamer without going through the fearful ordeal of a Neapolitan Custom House. For those who cannot face the sea the long journey by rail to Reggio is the only alternative. Thence a steamer in little more

than half an hour takes the voyageur to Messina. From hence to Palermo there is a line of railway. But the journey to Reggio is very long and slow—about ten miles an hour including stoppages. The scenery is very fine, and one or two places near Naples, Sorrento and Amalfi, can be visited, but it is at the best a fearful infliction.

On arriving at Palermo, or rather on nearing that city, the view is most magnificent. On the right there is the high and picturesque mountain called "Monte Pellegrino," a famous pilgrimage, where once the famous Saint, "Santa Rosalia," lived in a grotto under the crest of the mountain, which is now a Church. This is one of the principal excursions from Palermo, there is no carriage road up, but you can ride on mules and donkeys and reach the summit without fatigue.

On the left, the coast line between Palermo and Messina is seen for a great distance, the towns and villages are very numerous. In the centre is the city of Palermo. I cannot call it a beautiful city, for that it is not. With the exception of two main streets or arteries which cut the town into four equal portions, the streets with very few exceptions are so narrow that a carriage can hardly traverse them.

The disembarkation at Palermo is very simple. The commissionaire of the hotel you have selected meets the steamer, takes charge of all your baggage, leads you to a boat he has secured, sees your things through the Custom House, and then puts you inside a roomy omnibus which soon lands you at your own hotel.

There are three hotels at Palermo to which Englishmen resort, the Grand Hotel des Palmes, The Trinacria, and Hotel de France.

Of these the first is out and out the best, there is indeed no comparison between them. I have been to a great many hotels in the South of France and in Italy, but the Hotel des Palmes is the best I was ever at. Signor Ragusa is not only a most obliging man, but a most highly educated gentleman. He speaks English and French and German splendidly, without any accent, and his great care and desire is to make his guests comfortable. Though he does not dine with them, yet he sits at the table and keeps an eye on the service. There is none of that petty meanness which is so common in hotels. There is a billiard room which is quite free, you may burn his gas all night if you like without paying a single lira for it. There is a reading room bountifully supplied with English, French and German daily news-

papers. Telegrams are put up three times a day. There is no stint or parsimony of any kind. At Christmas Signor Ragusa gave us a grand entertainment, and during the season gave several dances and theatrical representations.

There is a most beautiful garden with a long glass verandah filled with lounging chairs, where you can take your Café Noir after déjeuner.

In this hotel Wagner lived a whole season, and put the finishing touches to "*Parsifal*." Of course he chose the most expensive suite of rooms in the hotel, for which he would have to pay the most ruinous price. As is well known Wagner was a great lover of scents and perfumes, and when Signor Ragusa shows these rooms he opens the cupboard where Wagner stowed away his essences, and the scent is still very strong there. "It will never go quite away" he assures you, and I don't believe it ever will. But it is something to have even a scented cupboard to remind one of such an extraordinary genius as was Richard Wagner.

Palermo is not a very gay town, in fact some people find it dull. One dear little Frenchwoman used to lament *comme c'est triste ici, il n'y a que d'Eglises et des Mendicants!* And certainly there are plenty of both. But I found the latter very interesting. There was one old beggar to whom I gave ten centimes every day. Before I left Palermo he came to the hotel and presented me with a bouquet of flowers. As for the Churches they are legion, but some of them are splendid. "La Capella Palatena," in the Palazzo Reale, is the most beautiful chapel, I believe, in the world. The walls are entirely covered with the most beautiful glass mosaics. There is not so much space as you could put your hand on that is not decorated in this way. Unfortunately it is a very dark chapel, and unless you go on a very bright day you cannot see it to perfection. La Chiesa di San Giuseppe is also a most beautiful church. Here the walls are covered with a sort of Arabesque in marbles and alabaster. I never saw anything like it except in Sicily.

The Cathedral outside is very interesting, it is evidently Moorish. But inside it is terribly disappointing. There is here an immense statue of Santa Rosalia in solid silver. There are two beautiful public gardens in Palermo. Il Giordino Inglese is most prettily laid out after the style of an old English garden. The road leading to this garden is the Lady's Mile of Palermo.

Everyone keeps a carriage. It is said that people will live in one room and half starve themselves, rather than not have a carriage. About four o'clock in the afternoon they all turn out in their carriages and promenade on this Lady's Mile. The scene is very gay—many of the carriages and horses are very well turned out, and a great many horses are English.

The ladies are beautifully dressed, and the young girls are lovely. Palermo is noted for its beautiful women. The Italians are, of course, known all over the world for their beautiful eyes, and the Palermo ladies are credited with the largest eyes in the whole of Italy. They are dreams of beauty. They have extraordinary long hair and the young girls wear it in pig tails, which sometimes come right down to their heels. After Christmas there is a very fair opera. The orchestra is particularly good and the chorus fair, and though, of course, soloists of the first rank are rarely engaged, yet they always have artistes who know how to sing and act, and *never* sing out of tune. For a few *lire* you can have a reserved seat. Whilst I was there Rigoletto, Carmen, I Puritani, and La Groconda were given, and after I left Verdi's last grand opera "Otello" was given, with "*Tamagno*," the creator of the part, in the principal rôle.

The music in the church is miserable, worse even than in the French churches, except on their great Festivals, when often a full orchestra is engaged. But what is very odd is, that after the orchestra has played the "Credo" they all leave the church, leaving the organ and a few boys to finish the service.

The great excursion from Palermo is the Cathedral of *Monreale*. This Cathedral is, I believe, considered to be far finer, as far as mosaics go, than S. Marco at Venice. It is a perfect wonder, the whole of the Old and New Testament history is told in glass mosaic. Some of these are very droll.

Three are devoted to the flood. In one the Ark is resting not on one but two mountains. Noah's wife is getting out of one window without assistance, whilst her inattentive husband is helping a *lion* out of another. What is very remarkable here is that over the High Altar in the most conspicuous part of the Cathedral, a huge mosaic represents not the Madonna and Child, or the Madonna alone, as is so common in Italy, but the *Saviour* alone. This dominates the whole Cathedral, the

figure being of enormous size. Close to the Cathedral are the cloisters of the old monastery, the most magnificent ones I have ever seen. Nothing at Rome, as far as I know, will come near them.

In the neighbourhood of Palermo is the remains of a church, now used only as the chapel of the cemetery, where the signal was given by the bells for the commencement of the massacre known as the "Sicilian Vespers."

Also within a very long day's drive is the interesting *Greek* town of "Piano di Gorcelu." This is a little bit of Greece planted in the midst of Sicily. The language, the religion, the habits, the attire—everything is Greek. The girls here are most beautiful, and when dressed out in their material costume, are most bewitching. Many of the costumes and jewels have been handed down for generations and are most costly.

Another interesting drive near Palermo is to the top of the mountain where Garibaldi reviewed his forces before descending on Palermo to drive out the Bourbons. A huge obelisk is erected to commemorate the occasion.

On the whole I found Palermo a most interesting and agreeable winter residence. The Temple of Sagesta, the most perfect Greek one, I believe, now existing, can be visited in a very long day. The Temples of Girghenti can also be seen in one day if necessary. And Taormina, the most beautiful spot in the whole of Italy, with the glorious remains of the old Greek Theatre, can be seen by passing only one night away from home.

The Italians, and above all the Sicilians, are most cordial and kind to English people. In France we are tolerated, in Italy we are welcomed. Of course there is no Monte Carlo near, where, when the weather is bad, we can take refuge, but there is everything else, with the addition of a better, or at least a warmer, climate than that of Mentone, only, I must own, a much more humid one. The wet days and the long evenings can be well and profitably spent by studying the most musical, and, in my opinion, the most beautiful language of the world.

I venture to think that few Englishmen, or, for the matter of that, English women would regret a visit to Palermo.

JOHN B. CAMM.

## A VEGETARIAN BANQUET.

It was a warm spring evening, and I was sauntering home, racking my brains in a vain endeavour to remember the contents of my humble larder, but the widest stretch of my imagination could not produce more than some desolate cold ribs of beef, which had gone from my table the evening before.

I could not possibly dine on partially covered cold ribs of beef, so with a sigh of envy for the married men of my acquaintance, I glued my nose to the window of a pastry-cook's shop, in the hope of seeing something to eke out my humble fare. Whilst I was in a conflict of doubt between sponge cakes and custards (my purse is light), I heard a deprecating cough, and a mild "How d'ye do?" behind me. Turning quickly, with thoughts of pickpockets, I saw a little man with faded blue eyes, flaxen hair which fell in apologetic curls on his shoulders, and a general appearance of mildness, holding out his hand.

He was a total stranger, so I glanced enquiringly at him, wondering in my mind whether he wanted a subscription for Darkest England, or for providing the Obbijeway Indians with underclothing and bread rasps. Seeing I did not know him the little man grew extremely red and stammered.

"Have you forgotten me, Mr. Monkburn? I'm ——"

"Jesse Jones!" I broke in, for a light had dawned upon me. "I should have known the blush and the voice anywhere. Forgive me, I really didn't know you; so Romeo-like, don't you know?" looking at his hair.

Jesse Jones and I had been to school and college together, but when I came to town I lost sight of him. Four years had passed since I had last seen him, and considering the metamorphosis from a pink and



white youth, with a little bit of the devil in him, to a milk and water young man, whose hair floated with the breeze, and whose once blue eyes had turned lack lustre; it was little to be wondered at that I did not recognise him.

My diggings were not far away, so I trotted him off there, letting him do all the talking by the way. His voice was mild—singularly mild, and it seemed to me that he had been living on milk and jujubes ever since our last meeting. His very skin exuded mildness.

I noticed this particularly when he was sitting opposite to me, lost in the depths of an arm chair. There was quite a halo of mildness about the room, in spite of the smell of stale tobacco smoke, and as time went on the halo appeared to increase.

I rang the bell, and my meal was placed on the table. "There ain't enuff for two," said the grimy abigail, looking Jones up and down as if he were a personal enemy.

"Pray don't trouble about me, dear Monkburn," Jones broke in (mildly, of course), "I was going to ask you to dine with me. I have tickets for a banquet, if you would care to go."

"A banquet!" I cried, visions of champagne and ortolans flying across my brain, "Why the deuce didn't you say so before. What time does it commence?" I went on, beginning to tear off my outer garments.

A mild look from the lack lustre eyes stopped me. "Are'nt you going to dress?" I asked.

"M' no!" Jones answered, clearing his throat, "It is merely an association affair, with a public meeting to follow.

"Oh!"

It was only a word, but it meant libraries. "Good idea," I went on lamely, "No trouble about dressing. Where does it take place?"

"In the immediate neighbourhood."

Another new thing about Jones was that he used fearfully long words. "He has gone in, hot and strong, for æstheticism," I thought, but after a careful examination I came to the conclusion that I was mistaken. An æsthete would never wear ill-fitting black clothes, and linen, usually worn stiff by ordinary mortals, limp and starchless. "Perhaps he is a Mormon," I thought, "and wants to convert me."

The conversation was desultory, and chiefly on my side. Jesse,

however, was thoroughly interested in the story of my ups and downs, so much so, indeed, that his eyes began to get back their old fire, and once or twice his old laugh rang out. He noticed it at once, and covered his confusion with a mild "te he he."

As the clock struck eight we sallied forth. It was half-an-hour after my dinner-time, and I was beginning to be aware of the fact. I faintly asked what time the proceedings commenced. "Half-past eight," Jones replied, "but they are never punctual."

"Half-past eight," I groaned inwardly. How I longed for my ribs of beef, and that line of Tennyson's crossed my mind—

"—— all the current of my being sets to thee."

Jones linked his arm through mine, and, after a great deal of throat-clearing and modesty, informed me that he was a vegetarian, and that we were going to a banquet given by his association.

I was delighted. I had never tasted a vegetarian meal, and when Jones expatiated on the cheapness of living, my heart leapt within me, for I thought of the increased splendour of my back if the cost of my table could be reduced.

"But if one is a vegetarian, is it necessary to wear one's hair long and present a generally limp and draggled appearance?" I asked.

This remark was made after considerable cogitation, for I was afraid of offending him.

The answer vouchsafed was mild and dignified.

"The members of our association are above worldly appearance."

"So much the better for the world" was my involuntary thought.

"By-the-bye, Jones," I said, after a short silence. "is your clear complexion due to your diet?"

"M' yes!" Jones answered, and I thought I could detect a note of triumph in his voice.

Now if there is anything calculated to upset my equanimity it is to discover spots on my face. I hinted this to Jones, and he assured me that spots and vegetables were sworn foes. "It is the meat," he wound up sententiously.

Soon afterwards we arrived at the hall. Two narrow tables down the sides and one at the top of the room were crowded. It seemed to me from a cursory glance that all the men were another edition of Jones, and the women—I could not help contrasting their faces to

bladders of lard. We paraded the hall, amidst a weak smell of cooking, in search of places, at last finding two chairs, well in the centre of one of the side tables. Jones sat on my left, a youth with red rimmed eyes and endless pimples on my right. Immediately opposite a fat man with flowing hair, and his better half, who looked as if she had arranged herself in a bed cover and valances, regarded me affectionately, after informing me they had been vegetarians for 20 years.

I felt uncomfortable. The table decorations looked flabby and limp, and the array of spoons and forks in front of me seemed to apologise for their presence. I was hungry, and the depressing flavour of mildness was on every hand.

Somebody murmured a grace and soup arrived. I clutched the *menu* and saw "Vegetable, Tomato." I am fond of tomatoes, so when the plate was placed before me, I broke the sad brown bread, and prepared to make a meal.

It is a wonder I am alive to tell the tale. The soup was terrible. Imagine the taste of greasy pink water, with a dash of tartaric acid in it, I sent it away in disgust. Savouries came next. Haricot and tomato pie tempted me, but the result was a failure. The same taste of tartaric acid contracted the muscles of my throat, whilst the paste was indescribable. Plaster of Paris would have put it to shame.

I sent away my plate after the first mouthful. The fat couple opposite regarded me with solicitude, and the lady addressing me as "young man" besought me to try cheese pudding. I was practically starving, so assented. It arrived and looked like custard. I coquetted with it at first, having learnt a lesson, but summoning up courage I shut my eyes and took a spoonful.

The stuff would not go down. After wildly trying to swallow it I was about to give the attempt up in despair, when it suddenly fell down my throat, scraping the skin off all the way down. I am perfectly convinced the cooks had been practising their powers of aim upon that pudding. They had singed pieces of cheese in front of the fire, and then as a baker is supposed to throw currants into his buns, had heaved them into the custard. Mushroom and lentil rissoles were in vain proposed by the benevolent couple opposite. I was adamant.

With the sweets I was more successful, but although I had enormous quantities of stewed gooseberries and rhubarb, I felt as if I had eaten nothing. They were so flat and tasteless.

I was eating strawberries and longing for something with them. The fat gentleman opposite, who had made a stupendous meal, was piling his plate with some white stuff, which I thought was cream, especially as he ate it with great appreciation. In my politest tones I asked him to pass it. He did so and I helped myself largely. I saw the lady in the bed cover elevate her eyebrows as high as a very tight skin would allow, but took no notice. Now if there is one thing above all others of which I am fond, it is cream. Consequently I took a large spoonful. No coquetting this time.

A burning pang shot through my mouth and a veritable Tartarus commenced.

It was horse-radish.

I seized a jug which I had heard contained lemonade, and drank off a glassful, but it was almost worse than the horse-radish, for the suspicion of lemon in it had turned the water sour.

Amidst gulps and tears I upbraided that old vegetarian of twenty years' standing, but he was proof against my language, which was forcible, saying blandly "Horse-radish is good for the blood."

Yes! the tight-skinned lady echoed "Horse-radish is good for the blood."

I wanted to go after that but Jones entreated me to stay. To please him I sat on, longing for the time when I might fall upon the fruit.

The time at length arrived, and I helped myself to a banana, thinking I would make up for all my other disappointments. I noticed considerable rustlings and rattlings round about me, but being intent on skinning my fruit did not look up. When I did so, I was astounded. Every fruit dish was cleared, and the people were eating for dear life.

The lady and gentleman opposite viewed me enquiringly over a mound of orange peel, but were so busy that they had no time to speak. Jones must have been invisible from the other side of the table, for banana peel was heaped up almost as high as the top of his head. The young man on the other side of me had evidently made an exceedingly good meal, judging by the peaceful look in his face, and the inconsequent way in which he played with an apple.

I felt cross and hungry, and supposed I looked it, for the lady opposite, in intervals of swallowing whole quarters of orange, pressed me to take some muscatels, and what I thought were almonds. The raisins were musty and old, instead of almonds there were nuts with shells like

a stone, which, after a quarter of an hour's hard work in breaking, only gave a green nut, which a monkey would have jeered at.

This was too much, and I sat in stolid silence until the chairman asked the company to retire whilst the tables were cleared.

It was nearly ten, and I never felt so wretched in my life. My hunger had reached that stage when one longs to sit down anywhere and weep. Jones, on the other hand, was cheerful and chirpy, insisting on introducing me to more ladies in bed covers and antimacassars, and gentlemen with long hair.

At last the tables were cleared and we returned to the hall. The old vegetarian of twenty years' standing was on the platform, his wife beaming on him from the front row of chairs.

He was called upon to open the proceedings with a speech on "How to live on sixpence a day." I jeered inwardly when he said such a banquet (?) as had been partaken of that night only cost one shilling a head. He was followed by another who raved much in the same strain of the health-giving properties of vegetables, how they purified the blood, &c.

The awful feeling of nothingness beneath my waistcoat increased to such an extent that I could endure it no longer. I seized my hat and flew into the street, dashing madly for home. The cold ribs of beef had been dancing before my mental vision all night and now their magnetic force had become so strong that I could resist it no longer. In my flight I passed a cookshop near my diggings. Without a thought I rushed into the shop and ordered a substantial hot supper to be sent in.

Before it arrived the ribs had disappeared.

I meant business. Half a huge beefsteak had followed the ribs, when the door opened softly, and through the steam I saw the mild face of my friend Jones.

The thought that he had come to seize upon my long deferred meal occurred to me, for he looked reproachfully at me, so I arose, and brandishing the carving knife and fork, stalked towards the door. It was enough. With a thin scream of "Carnivorous animal," he fled, taking with him the halo of mildness, but leaving me to my supper.

I have never seen him since, but often wonder if he ever sighs for the flesh pots of Egypt.

FRANK HIRD.

## IN DREAMS.

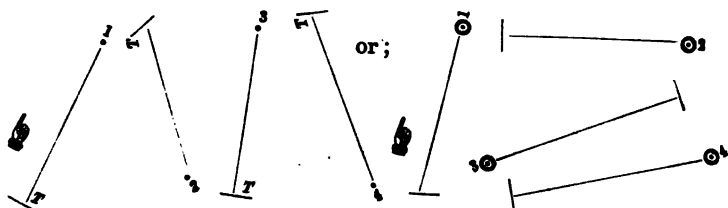
IN dreams I see once more the Lion's wings,  
And in my ears some lilting boat-song rings  
As once again I glide through dark canals,  
Bordered with palaces and mouldering walls.  
Oh ! waterways of Venice—ever dear—  
Although the passing of each fleet-winged year  
May show me other cities, other lands,  
And mem'ry's mist gather on Lido sands :  
Come back in dreams, and let me pass along  
Thy ebbing causeways, musical with song—  
Come back in dreams San Marco's glowing pile,  
And let me wander down each well-loved aisle.  
Come back, my love—ah no ! my cry is vain,  
I cannot call thee to my side again.  
Nay, gather mists and press the poppy leaves,  
Oblivion with the cypress crown Time weaves.

J. D. ERRINGTON-LOVELAND.

## SOME REMARKS ON GOLF.

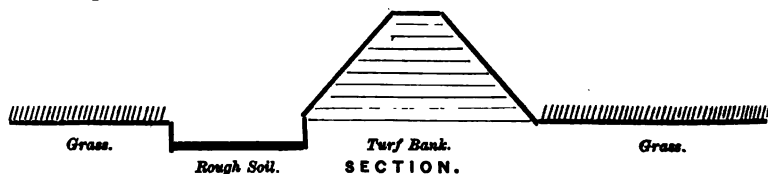
As there is a probability of a Golf Club being started in the neighbourhood before long, the Editor thinks the following remarks, with which he has been favoured by a practical exponent of the game, may be of interest to some of the readers of *The Grove*.

That is to say, that :—Having the ground free, you ought to have but little difficulty in starting a club. If you do so, you will find it necessary to have regular membership, with entrance fee and annual subscription, to keep it going, and to meet the inevitable expenditure without which no club can succeed. There ought to be two courses, one for ladies and another for men, or the ladies should play on certain days of the week. It is a mistake for ladies to play over the same course as the men at the same time, but the latter can always join in the feminine game if desired. For men, the course itself ought to be not less than three miles—that is to say, the whole distance traversed during a round, but this may be, by ingenuity, condensed into an area of from 70 to 100 acres, or even less. The correct number of holes for a full course is 18, but 9 is sufficient, and they can be played twice over. For men, the holes ought to be different distances apart, from, say, 120 yards, the shortest—to 400, the longest; but there is no objection to having them both shorter and longer. There should be as little *crossing* as possible, for the sake of safety, but it is often necessary, for economy of space, to plan the holes in a zigzag, thus :



For each hole there must be a fixed place to hit off from, and marked out by whitewash; about 20 feet long by 6 feet wide. This is known as the "Tee," or "Teeing Ground" (I have marked them with a "T" in the first four holes sketched above). The "Tee" should be far enough from the last hole played, say, 20 yards, to avoid danger from the balls of the players following. Round each \*hole a space of grass from *at least* 15 to 20 yards in diameter must be kept well mown and rolled. The surface of it need not be *level*, it may be slightly undulating, so long as the hole itself is on the flat, but it should approach a billiard table in smoothness as far as grass will allow. This is known as the † "putting green" (pronounce the "u" as in "but"). The rest of the course is left in its natural condition, with the exception that you *cannot* play in long grass, as every ball would either be lost or extraordinarily difficult to find, besides the damage to the grass. There should, however, be a certain number, one or two to each hole, of obstacles or difficulties, such as gorse-bushes, patches of rough grass, ditches, fences, roads, ruts, gravel or sand pits, ponds, brooks, and the like, at points where they are likely to catch the travelling ball, and get the striker into trouble. These are called "bunkers" or "hazards," and to clear or avoid them, or to get out of them cleverly, is one of the great points of the game. Certain of the "Rules of Golf" deal with these "hazards," showing when and how and *under what penalties* you may lift your ball out of them, and play it again behind them from clearer ground.

Where there are not enough natural "hazards," as in a park, they can be created at the right points by bushed hurdles or banks made of turf and soil, with a yard or two of artificial ditch before them—in this shape :



A ladies' course ought to have holes from 70 to 150 yards apart, otherwise it is similar to that described above.

\* A golf hole is  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in. in diameter and about 6 in. deep.

† Marked with circles on last four holes sketched.



Golf may be played as a match between two players, with a ball each, or between four, *two* on each side, who play the *same* ball alternately. The one game is called a "single," the other a "foursome." Three players can also play together, each with their own ball, but this is not a popular game.

The object of each *side*, whether consisting of one player or two, is to get the ball into each successive hole in the least possible number of hits from the starting place, or "Tee." Any attempt to strike the ball, even though it be missed altogether, and every actual *displacement* of the ball, however slight, counts as a stroke, and adds one to the players' score, even if it be accidental; except when at the "Tee," where an accidental displacement of the ball without real intention to strike it counts nothing. At the "Tee," for the first shot, the ball may be placed on a little heap of sand or earth, about  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch high, known as the "Tee" also; but in all subsequent strokes it must be played exactly as it lies, unless lifted under the penalties described in the rules. Nothing is more necessary than that "Golf" should be played with the utmost rigour and strict observance of every rule, otherwise it loses all its charm, and is indeed not Golf at all. Many of the young players now-a-days commit all kinds of breaches of the rules, in the matter of improving the lie of the balls, by clearing away grass, etc., round it, displacing it slightly whilst taking aim at it, and in failing to drop it, when lifted under penalty, *behind* the "hazard" from which it was taken, so as to keep the said "hazard" *still between them and the hole*.

The side which at any given hole "holes out," that is, gets the ball into the hole, in the fewest number of strokes from the "Tee shot," wins that particular hole; and whichever side wins, most holes out of the whole number played wins the match. This is called "match-play," and is very simple. Any number of players, *starting in pairs* and *scoring for each other*, each playing their own ball, may play all against each other, to decide which can do the whole round of 18 holes in the fewest number of strokes. This is called "medal play." Each pair can, of course, if they like, at the same time play a *private* match against each other, *for the holes*, but as against all competitors, the score for the *whole round*, irrespective of holes, is counted only. When playing either in pairs, or fours, the plan is for each match to start as

soon as the one immediately before them is *safely* on ahead. In this way many matches can be played round the course at once.

A good player will do most holes in from four to six strokes, but a beginner or inferior player will often take double and sometimes treble that number before holing the ball. Round most courses the best or "scratch" play is reckoned at about 83 or 84 strokes for the whole 18 holes in "medal play," but this is modified by weather, wind, and other circumstances; 18 good long holes have been done by "cracks" often in scores from 75 to 80 and under adverse circumstances in from 90 to 100. But first-rate players are *generally* very even and steady in their play, and make but few mistakes. Golf is equalized by handicapping, the "scratch" players giving the "duffers" so many strokes—that is, allowing them to *deduct* so many from their scores in "medal play," or one to two strokes at each hole in "match play." It must be remembered that in Golf parlance, "*losing* a stroke" means *adding* one to your score, and "*giving* a stroke" allowing one to be deducted.

It is, of course, best to have the golf links laid out by a professional, or at all events by an experienced golfer, who knows how to make the most of the ground, and to utilize its "hazards" to the utmost. In order to have good golf permanently, it is absolutely necessary to employ someone to keep the course in order, especially by mowing and rolling the "putting-greens" daily, or often, according to season; cutting the grass where necessary between the holes, and mending the scars made by the "irons" on the turf, by filling in with earth or turf, or resowing. It takes at least one man's whole time to attend to this, and for this reason subscriptions are annually necessary, and entrance fees, to meet the original cost of mowing machine, roller, tools, etc., construction of "bunkers," laying of "putting-greens," flags for the holes, iron tubing to line the same, etc. Of course when a club is *fully* established with from 100 to 300 members—there are now scores of such clubs in the United Kingdom, it becomes needful to provide some place of shelter on the links, and some sort of workshop, often a small wooden shed on wheels, where clubs can be mended—they constantly require it—by a professional, who will also supply balls, clubs, etc. A small club of say 50 members can be *started* and kept going fairly well with occasional labour, say two or three times a week—

the ground being free—by an entrance fee of £1, and subscription (annual) of about the same. I do not think it can be started on less. Unless Golf is of a fairly good class, with decent “putting-greens,” it is hardly worth playing, but any ground will do merely to practise hitting on.

Each player ought to begin with about five clubs for men and four for ladies. The former require:—1—a “Driver,” a long wooden club, to hit off with from the “Tee”; 2—a “Brassey,” a wooden club soled with a brass plate, for hitting balls lying fairly well, as far as possible; 3—a “Cleek,” an iron club which some players invariably use whilst playing “through the green,” that is between the “Tee” and “Putting-green”; 4—a common “Iron,” an iron club with a broadish face, slightly “laid back” for lifting or “lofting” balls over difficulties, and for “approaching” the “putting-green” from moderate distances; 5—a “Putter,” a short club, for playing with on the “putting-green” and running the ball into the hole. The “putter” is usually wooden, but many players now use metal “putters,” or “putt” with the “cleek,” which has a perfectly straight face.

To these, on ground where there is gravel, sand, rushes or tussochy grass, or roads with deep ruts, it is necessary to add a “Niblick,” an iron club, with a small heavy head, particularly adapted for getting a ball out of such difficulties.

There are besides “light irons,” much “laid back” in the face, for particular “lofting” shots without much distance; and “spoons,” of various lengths, “long,” “middle,” and “short,” which are wooden clubs with their faces slightly sloping and hollowed out. All these are useful in their way, but the 5 (or 6 with “niblick”) may be considered a sufficient set for men to begin with.

Ladies do not require more than four clubs, I think. A short “driver,” or a “middle” or “short spoon,” a “light iron,” a “light cleek” and a “putter.” But I have not had much experience as to ladies’ clubs. The professional maker who supplies your clubs will know best what to send. Tell him not to exceed six for men, and four for ladies.

I send you a few numbers of “Golf,” the periodical devoted to the game. You will find an advertisement on the back of one, of P. Paxton, Eastbourne, who is an excellent club maker, I hear, and a professional

player. You could not do better than apply to him. I know him and think he will do his best. I conclude that he has ladies' clubs in stock as well. If not they may be had from Mr Patrick, professional, Royal Wimbledon Golf Club, Wimbledon Common, Surrey; or, I think, from Mr. T. Dunn, Tooting Bee Golf Club, Tooting Bee, Surrey; or you may get them from "Slazenger" (whose advertisement is in another number of "Golf"); but myself I always prefer getting clubs from a professional player.

I know all three of the professionals named, and you can use my name in writing to them.

There is no better man than Dunn for laying out a course. He has been employed to lay out a great number in England and abroad also. He is a very superior man, and quite above the ordinary run of professionals. His charge is, I think, all expenses and a guinea a day, but it would be as well to ask. It would take about two days to mark out a course, but a month perhaps to make it playable on. Of course Dunn would only do the marking. The "New Rules of Golf," issued by "St. Andrews," are now *the* rules all over England—with exception of local by-laws, necessary on most courses. They can be procured, price 3d. or 6d., according to cover, from Messrs. J. Cook and Son, 80, Market Place, St. Andrews, N.B. Of course you will require a supply of balls, as well as clubs.

If your club becomes well established, you will in time find it necessary to employ a number of boys, to carry the clubs for each player in a canvas "carrier," and to make the "tees," or little mounds to strike the first shot off. Such boys are called "caddies" (an old Scotch term) and receive from 4d. to 6d. per nine holes. They ought to wear good conduct badges.

P.

## REDISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH; OR, SPOILING THE EGYPTIANS.

WHEN the Rt. Hon. Mr. Goschen, M.P., had turned the sweet simplicity of 3 per cent. Consols into the rugged inadequacy of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., a great many people (not fund-holders) joined in saying what a clever thing had been done, and triumphantly pointed out that the nation would be saved an annual expenditure of two millions for interest on the National Debt, forgetting that the National Exchequer would also lose £50,000 a year in Income-tax and ultimately £100,000 when the further reduction to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. is made, and which £100,000 will have to be raised in some other way. Now, I venture to think the credit due, if there be any, for this vast accomplishment, may fairly be measured by the means adopted to obtain the end and the resulting consequences. It has been said, and probably with much truth, that the Government broker, just before the Conversion Scheme, was very busy buying up large blocks of Consols, thus forcing them up beyond their natural price, and making it appear that 3 per cent. was not the fair measure of England's credit; secondly, advantage was taken of trustees and others, whose hands were tied to investments in Consols, and further, a bribe of 5s. per cent. was offered, with a continuance of 3 per cent. for another year to all who consented to convert, thus leading a large number of people with very little knowledge of figures to spend at the rate of £3 5s. for one year and then to come down to £2 15s., and this only for a limited number of years, when a further reduction to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. is to be made. The effect of this clever manipulation of figures, to those whose hands were not tied, was to drive them into all sorts of wild and risky investments of more or less doubtful character,

and to develop a large class of hungry borrowers to get money for this or that Republic or Colony whilst it was so cheap, for this conversion, of course, made money cheap not only in England, but all over the world, and thus large sums of money were borrowed, and, it is to be feared, upon the easy-come easy-go principle, spent upon works that will not be remunerative for many years to come. Now, it might reasonably have been expected that those who had been spoiled by this conversion would have been allowed to benefit by perhaps a modest penny off the Income-tax; not a bit of it, indirect taxation is taken off currants, benefiting mostly the non-tax-paying portion of the community, and the balance of the plunder thrown into the vortex of free education for the masses, who were too poor so it was said, to pay the school pence for the education of their children. But, no sooner had free education become law, than the Government impress upon school boards and managers of voluntary schools the desirability of starting penny banks, for the purpose of inducing parents to save for the benefit of themselves and children, what had previously been stated they could not afford to pay, thus effecting a real transfer, or redistribution of wealth, to whet the appetites of the recipients for the plunder of one or more of those admirable institutions which are a credit to this country.

F. WILLS.

## BUSHEY AND PROFESSOR HERKOMER'S STUDIO.

A PLEASANT and easy excursion from London is a visit to Bushey, either by road or rail. A coach runs daily through the picturesque villages of Edgware and Hendon, past the fine piece of water known as the "Welsh Harp," and over the brow of the hill through the Stanmore Estate to Bushey.

By rail, about forty minutes from King's Cross lands you at Bushey, Harrow-on-the-Hill, and through pleasant larch groves, which in spring are carpeted with blue bells. The train sets you down at the bottom of the hill, a sharp turn to the right on leaving the station leads you up to "Our Village," past the handsome parish church, from the grounds of which you get a refreshing view of green slopes and fine trees. Near the church is the spot chosen by the professor for the picture of "Our Village." Picturesque it is, but still idealised by the painter. The cottages straggle all the way up the hill, and few, if any, are without one or two art students as lodgers. In spring the little village is deliciously gay with pink and scarlet thorn, golden labernum, and pear trees white with blossom.

Professor Herkomer's art school is nearly at the top of the hill. On Sunday afternoons he holds receptions in his studio for his pupils and their friends. The studio is on these occasions usually crowded—an interesting gathering of bright young people, eager and with a purpose, loving their work and anxious to excel in it. As you enter, Mrs. Herkomer and the Professor receive you, and the crowd rapidly thickens, then tea is dispensed, and everyone is looked after by the young art students. At the farthest end of the studio are hung the pictures; some

have graced the walls of past academies, some destined to be an attraction this year at Burlington House. One picture is veiled, very tantalizing. It is a water-colour portrait by Herkomer of Ruskin. Amongst other things to be seen is a full length portrait in needlework of Elsa Herkomer, the Professor's daughter, and an exquisite bit of needlework by the Professor a head of Mrs. Herkomer, done in black thread on white silk ; so fine are the stitches that it looks like a pen and ink etching.

When the duty of receiving is over the Professor unbends, and seated in his carved oak chair a group of adoring students soon gather round him, laughing at his pleasantries or discussing some points with reference to their work.

The students love their time at Bushey, they generally work from about ten to three, and have evening classes till nine.

Naturally they divide into sets, according to affinities.

There are "The Tramps," a set of jolly Bohemians, who are, perhaps, a trifle rowdy, have banjo concerts, and awaken the villagers from their first slumbers with their songs.

Then there are "The Lilies," who toil not, neither do they spin, they take life easily and work too, and are not perhaps over anxious about passing the examinations.

Above these two divisions sit "The Aristocrats." They are select and careful about proprieties, work conscientiously, but allow themselves a little gaiety in their own set. Before leaving it is quite worth while to go into the garden, on to which the studio opens, and see the new beautiful house the Professor is building. The cedar beams for the ceiling of one of the rooms are all carved in fine tracery, and there are other beautiful carvings for chimney pieces. The Professor, like a true Bavarian, includes wood carving amongst his many gifts.

E. STARBUCK.



## STUDIES IN SHAKESPEARE.

(CONTINUED.)

*Hamlet.*

As a portrait of a noble character falling short of its ideal through lack of sustained energy, the hero of this play is ably sketched. Hamlet is so much more contemplative than practical that he excels in thoughts and speeches rather than in action. His intellect is of the highest order, but he broods too deeply on the duty imposed on him—on the deed he has to perform—and gets entangled in the foresight of difficulties. All the while he is intensely averse to brooding on it at all. He is a man who never ought to have been called to act such a part in life, a student, a lover of art, a good companion, a philosopher. Nature had not fashioned him for bloody enterprise: the obligation laid upon him is too onerous; his mind seems to give way under it. So, at least, we must assume, though an opening is left for doubt how far his madness was real or feigned. Probably the warning he gives of his purposed simulation may be but a cunning trick such as the truly insane sometimes practise. His mind is, however, at the worst, rather unhinged than absolutely unsettled, capable of profound lucubrations, and deep insight into human nature. He is interesting throughout, and his infirmity of purpose is relieved and somewhat redeemed by gusts of determination. His treatment of Ophelia, almost brutal at times, can only be excused on the plea of a morbid irritation, and the frigidity of his demeanour towards this unhappy maiden at one time is somewhat atoned for by his transports of passion on her grave.

On the whole, Hamlet is the play. We never lose our interest in him. Laertes is but his foil. The contrast between them at first—between the determination of Laertes and the Prince's characteristic irresolution gives way at last to a contrast to Hamlet's advantage. Never would *he* have been a party (as the other was) to schemes of treachery. Of the other characters, Polonius is, with all his wisdom

(what Hamlet calls him), "a tedious old fool." Horatio is an honest friend. The King is a crafty, unscrupulous plotter, and the Queen an infatuated conniver in his plots, untrue to her lawful husband (a noble figure), but not wholly untrue to her son. Conspiracy is the order of the day, but a brilliant episode occurs when Fortinbras is launched on the scene, "a worthy son of a worthy father marching for honour's sake against the Polacks." This stirs up Hamlet's conscience, and he owns that he has "cause, and will, and strength, and means" to do his duty. Yet still he vacillates; and perhaps, if we ask the question why, with all his infirmities, Hamlet is such a popular character, the true answer would be that most of us can sympathise, and have at times done so, with his weariness of life, his vacillation of purpose, his procrastination of an unpleasant duty. Yet he is not the handsome, melancholy young man whom the ladies long to comfort—but rather, the burly Teuton whom none can comprehend.

It remains to say a word about the Ghost—the prompter of the whole tragedy.

The popular ideas about ghosts in the Elizabethan age would seem to have been much in accord with those of more modern times.

Thus, the Ghost of Hamlet's father appears in his own image, but with unearthly aspect—(his mission the avenging of a foul murder committed upon his former self)—is invulnerable as air—is forced to return to his prison-house at day-break. It is no aimless Ghost, but one with a definite aim, none other than to expose and punish a brother's base and cruel outrage, while sparing the scarcely less guilty consort of days gone by. Such an apparition changes the whole tenor of young Hamlet's life, which, from being bright and full, becomes "weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable" under a burden too heavy for him to bear.

We recognise the stage-craft of a master of the dramatic art in the introduction of this spectre whose five appearances give a weird character to the drama; and be our opinion what it may as to the authenticity of ghosts in general, we are, perhaps, more inclined to believe in one who, like this, had a distinct *raison d'être*, and good grounds for interference with the family to which he belonged. Would that all ghosts who cannot give equally good reasons for their appearance amongst us would abstain from troubling mankind!

C. R. PEARSON.

## “THE GENERAL.”

### A REMINISCENCE.

I **FEEL** this ought to be entitled “The Life of a Good Dog.”

It came about in this way :—I was sitting after dinner before a cosy fire one blustering winter’s evening, with the wind whistling round the house and shaking the window panes as if it would break each and all of them, when I happened to glance at the row of photographs on the mantel-piece, and my eye fell first on a little blue portrait framed in Forget-me-nots.

The memories it called up started a train of thought, which led me to ponder on the subject of biographies, and it struck me—as everyone now-a-days is writing either their own or other people’s lives—why should I not do the same ?

Not my own—have no fear on that score—only that of a very old friend, whom, perhaps, I knew more about than most people

It is a very common-place little tale, yet it seems to me more worth the telling than the greater part of life histories, and I promise you it shall, at any rate, have the rare merit of brevity.

The subject of it could not have written his own story, and had he been able to do so, I feel sure he was far too wise, and had too sensible a mind ever to have attempted an autobiography.

He was a dog.

His friends called him a pug ; his enemies—no, not his enemies, he never had any, but those who did not know him on terms of friendship—called him, but never mind, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. However, I am prepared to admit that his pedigree, had we known it, would probably hardly have permitted a close inspection.

He came to us in this way.

Many years ago, on a stormy afternoon in late winter, when the snow was whistling along the bitter London streets, he sat himself complacently down at the head of the steps by our front door. There he remained, stedfastly refusing to quit; dusk fell, the lamps were lighted, the evening wore away, still he persisted. Towards eleven o'clock he began to think it time he was attended to, so he slowly got up and began to bang himself against the door.

The house was quiet, and presently his increasingly irate thumps were heard. The door was opened. In he walked, head erect, tail wagging, and with a distinctly aggrieved air at having been so long kept out in the cold.

Taking not the slightest notice of anyone, he marched straight into the first lighted room he came to, and complacently curled himself up in front of the fire.

Of course, there he remained, and there metaphorically he remained till the end of his life.

Next morning he condescended to make friends, and sat erect as a ramrod on his hind legs all through family prayers, which showed at all events that he was a dog of a proper spirit.

We soon got to know that it was as easy to him to rest on two legs as on four, and it was this military position that gained him the name of "The General." We promoted him to Field-Marshal's rank in his old age when the Jubilee year came, but it was only a title of courtesy, and "The General" he remained till his dying day.

He learnt more than the ordinary number of tricks, and had a developed intelligence which was almost human. If he had misbehaved himself, no need to say much, he would walk upstairs to the bath room, and sit up begging there with his face to the wall, until fetched to his own comfortable basket.

The head of the house, who had never before, and certainly has never since, been suspected of entering the regions of philosophic speculation, declared that "The General's" existence afforded him a positive proof of the doctrine of the Transmigration of Souls.

We ultimately settled he was the re-incarnation of the great Duke of Wellington. This was before the days of Mahatmas, or we might have sought a different solution of his preternatural sagacity.

"The General," like many another of his rank, preferred London to

the Country ; and when in town used to make his daily promenades unattended, with the most scrupulous regularity.

He confined himself to a radius of about a mile, and knew and was known to every butcher and grocer within that circle.

Many a weary journey did he lead us to the police-station : it was at the beginning of the muzzling time, and as "The General" strongly objected to any interference with the liberty of the subject, he invariably slipped out without his muzzle : and there he was always to be found, sitting in the police-station, waiting patiently to be taken out of pawn, without a symptom of shame on his ingenuous countenance.

One terrible habit he had : the itinerant gentleman who supplied the neighbourhood with cats' meat, always passed on Tuesday at noon. By half-past eleven every Tuesday "The General" was to be seen eagerly watching at the junction of four streets for his low friend : when he at length put in an appearance, that miserable dog would sit and beg in the middle of the road till he had got a meal that took away for a time even his unusually healthy appetite.

For he had a healthy appetite ; on an average, in his prime, he could manage between dining-room and servants' hall eleven square meals a day : and woe betide the person who poured out his afternoon tea, if it lacked the proper modicum of cream or sugar, especially the latter.

Music he loved, and, when one was playing, would come and lay his head against the back of the piano, as if to get as much of the sound as possible.

When any of the family were going away, or coming home, he was always told, and always knew. Once I came back after an absence of a year ; he was all down the road watching, and when he saw me, nearly knocked me down in the exuberance of his delight.

Such were his town joys, interspersed with an occasional fight, involving now and then the loss of part of an ear.

In the country, and more especially at the seaside, his passion was stones and tennis balls, even an apple would do. If you would only throw a stone for him, he would be after it like the wind : if you would not, he would get it on to some bank, and push it with his feet till it rolled away from him, when he would pounce on it as if it were a rat.

In his youth he was slim and handsome : as he got older he grew asthmatic and stout, and lost nearly all his teeth ; in extreme old age

his figure was that of the Great Tun of Heidelberg: and he became quite white.

But though he lost his form, he never lost his manners. "The General" was always a gentleman; and when, after several threatened strokes of paralysis, he knew his end was near, I think he grieved as much for all of us who were left behind, as we did for our faithful friend and companion of childhood, youth, and early life.

Well, he is dead. Shall we never see him again? I know not. We have lost a true heart, and to the many who knew him, his little story is as dear as that of any human friend.

We buried him in that green country he had learnt to love so in his old age: he lies under an apple tree in the rose garden, and its delicate spring blossoms fall in showers upon his grave: roses will bloom all around him in the summer time, and even though the trees be not always in leaf nor the flowers in bloom, yet will his memory be green in the hearts of those he loved, and who loved him so well.

Good old "General"! but I must not end on such a sad note; let me rather try and find a merry one, as was said of our late Sovereign Lord King Charles II. (forgive the paraphrase).

"He never did a foolish thing,

"If he could, he'd have said a wise one."

J. D. ERRINGTON-LOVELAND.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

To seek a change in Sunny South, no need :  
 We pay our change and get its worth indeed.

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- I. Swift writing of a "Fair" in days gone by,  
 Was furnished with a name by butterfly.
- II. A cricketer, although not to a "T,"  
 Allied to one long famed for industry.
- III. A water-course in India, sometimes dry,  
 An evil course to fall into say I.
- IV. How often "Verbum sap" we see in print,  
 And therefore here I'll give you but a hint.
- V. "How use doth in a man a habit breed."  
 So Shakespeare wrote and many have agreed.
- VI. "Far in a wild, unknown to public view,  
 From youth to age a reverend hermit grew."

W. MALING WYNCH, Junr.

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## ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

|   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| V | A | N | E | S | S | A |
| E | M | M | E | T |   |   |
| N | U | L | L | A | H |   |
| I | N | N | U | E | N | O |
| C | U | S | T | O | M |   |
| E | R | E | M | I | T | E |

## EDITORIAL.

ONCE more I am called upon to write an Editorial, epilogue, or what you will. And this time I know what I have to say, although I don't know how to say it. Brevity, we are told, is the soul of wit, so I will try and be as brief as possible.

I cannot do better, I think, than begin by stating a fact. This is the twelfth number of *The Grove*, and just a year has gone by since it burst into leaf, like the flowers that bloom in the Spring, and loomed brightly on the literary horizon of Lyme Regis.

Alas, for those bright hopes of the past!

There is no use mincing matters, *The Grove* has not been a success, at least from a monetary point of view. It has not been taken up locally in the way I had hoped and believed it would be, so nothing now remains but to say farewell and exit decently.

I remember long ago reading somewhere of how a certain youth one day remarked to Dr. Johnson, "that he was going to set up for being a wit." The Dr.'s reply was brief: "Then you had better sit down again."

Well, I feel somewhat like that luckless youth. I have set up for being an Editor, and now, I fancy, it is high time I sat down again.

I will not inflict upon my readers pathetic laments upon the early death of *The Grove*, but I must just take this opportunity—the last I shall have—of once again thanking all those who, during the past twelve months, have so kindly aided me, both by writing articles, poems, etc., and also by becoming subscribers to my magazine.

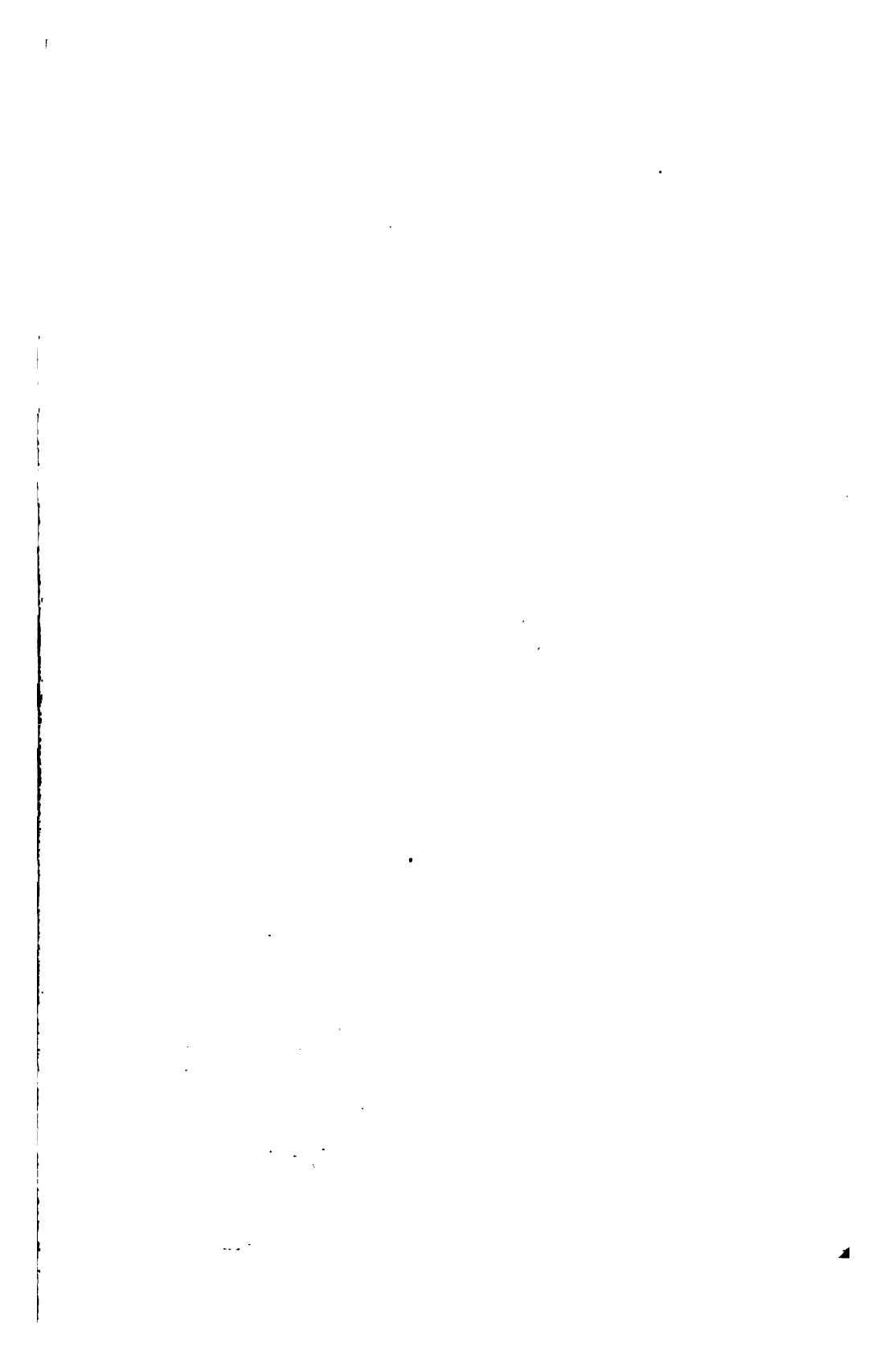
A special extra number will be published shortly, containing the conclusion of Mr. Palgrave's story, "My Sister Cecilia."

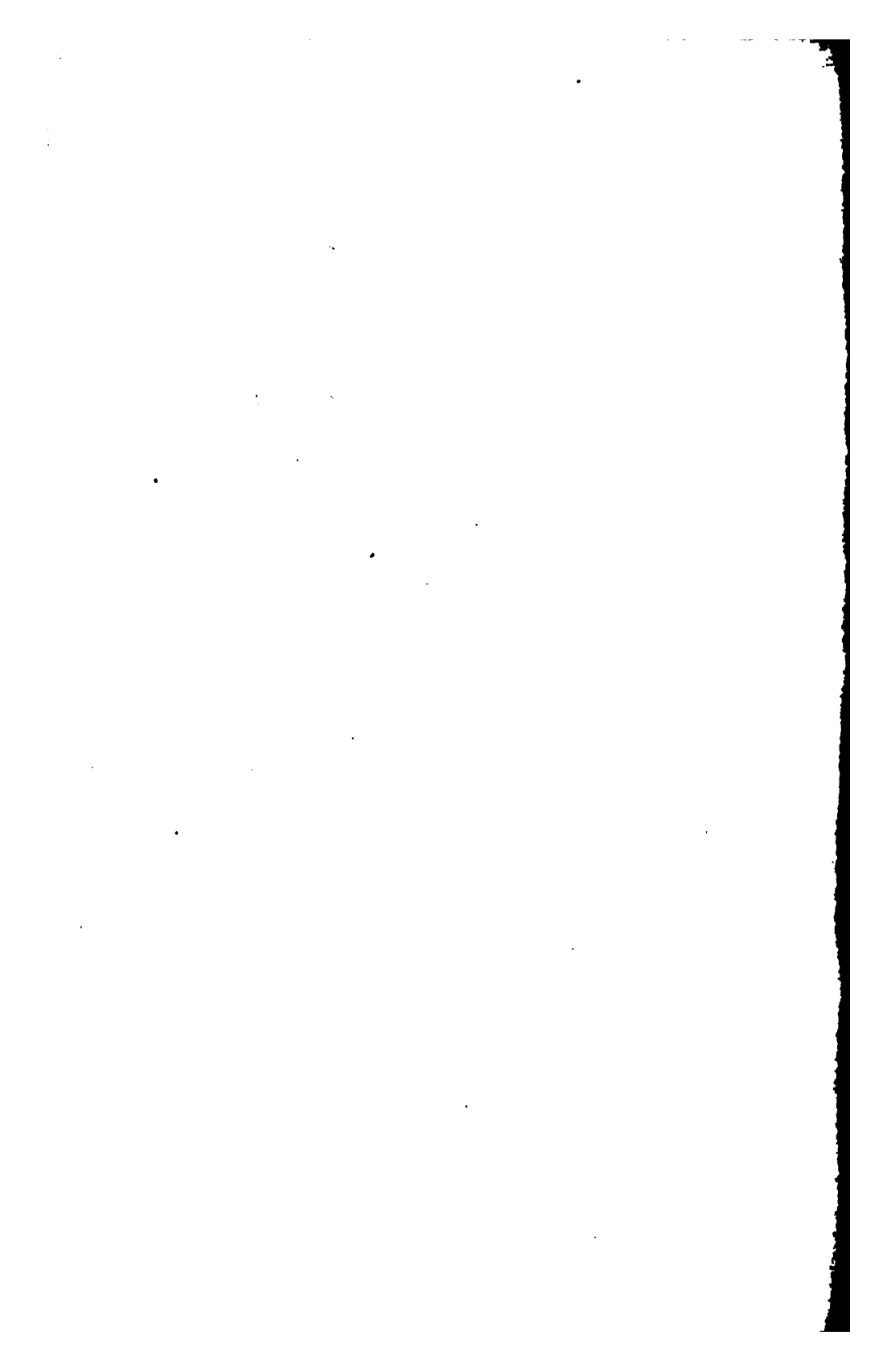
And now—

"Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been—

A sound which makes us linger;—yet—farewell."







# THE GROVE.

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No. 13.

MAY, 1892.

VOL. II.

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## MY SISTER CECILIA.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

THROUGH the two great Experiences, Facts and Books, every Englishman is acquainted with prison life in its main features. Few, perhaps—it is a truth strange at once and significant—have not accompanied Mr. Booth and Dr. Primrose, except those whom circumstance has conducted thither in person. But the contrast with the scenes described by Genius in the last century is what in general strikes modern explorers and students in romance :—Silence now where we had expected the oaths of Wild, or the speeches of Robinson ; the solitary cell for the Bedlam crowds of Hogarth ; the eager attempt and appliances for reformation in place of the contagion irresistible by few except those already beyond further ruin. Yet (not to dwell on the fact that the difficulties and evils of prison-life are amongst those by their very nature perpetually reproduced,) the modern system has or had in some degree failed to penetrate gaols which like Chester, Norwich, or Newcastle, were originally constructed for defence, and in later times appear only conducive to picturesqueness. How often, when a boy, visiting the S. Alban's toy shops (there were two, Mrs. Gaunt's, the little one, and Hotchkin's, out of the market-place, where the genuine stamped cricket-bats were to be found), or later on the rare occasions of a county ball, had I admired this building for that picturesque character, without a thought of what arrangements within, a building

so constructed and so alienated from its original purpose, must necessitate ! But after one glance at the small paved court and single hall-raftered room, the day-resorts for the wretched inhabitants, I was taken to a chamber within the portion added in far later times to the ancient gatehouse, and informed by the governor in words—brief from respect to my known county-position—that next morning the adjourned enquiry would be held, and I should therefore be removed for the day to Letchworth.

Meanwhile to obtain some knowledge of the cause of that suspicion which had deprived me of liberty at a moment so peculiarly adverse to restraint, and to communicate such knowledge with the least possible shock to those whom the mere intimation of the fact would affect so poignantly, were of course my almost only desires. My dear father must be spared ; but two letters—to Robert for information, and O how much a severer task ! how unspeakably ! to Cecilia, were inevitable. By the Governor's kindness both were despatched on that evening : but occurrences stranger than any previous facts of this strange experience, deprived me of answer to one, and the other was next morning dispensed with Robert's own arrival to accompany me, on my return to Ardeley.

Long before sleep, however, a cause, obvious perhaps to everyone already (and like most obvious things, mainly the truth), for this arrest had suggested itself. If during the journey I had been able to think, so clear did the cause now seem, that my sole real regret, (so far as self was concerned), would have been the delayed journey ; my sole real pain, the fear that some terrible crime had stained, perhaps for our recollections through life, the tranquil innocence of Ardeley. The character of the man Morden, his circumstances in relation to wife and child, his often-noticed personal likeness to myself, my own hasty departure, these were reasons which might be ample enough even to account for such suspicion as had fallen on me. Almost before his expression of tender and confident affection these reasons were given by Robert, and the Governor's long experience of the dreary ways of crime confirmed the explanation. It was with a curious union of personal deference and official suspicion that he superintended the details of my transference to the officer, (a man, I may here note, to whom I was quite unknown), who was to take charge of me to Sir J. Flamsteed's : "Bring the prisoner's register to the turnkey," and "May I trouble Mr.

Marlowe now to write his name" (in attestation I suppose of my legal departure) "to me." But as we stood in free air at the gate, and a cheering sun streamed over the great Abbey, and the voices of townsmen and sound of wheels on that frequented road came cheerfully down the hollow, where S. Alban had died without the walls of Verulamium and the monastery rose to commemorate the martyrdom, he congratulated me, on what he could not avoid miscalling my release; and Robert thanked him with the confidence and smiles which were not yet within my power.

One portion of anxiety he was able at once to relieve. Robert gave me a short letter from Angers in which Mr. Gray, introducing himself as a friend of my father's, stated that he had delayed writing till he could inform Mr. Marlowe's family that he was recovering from an attack of spring fever which, as a medical man, Mr. Gray had never feared would be serious. It was my father's wish, he concluded, that I should, if possible, join him for a few days, returning then together to England. Yet even this relief was itself united with a peculiar anxiety. I had fully trusted Cecilia's visionary warning: I had started for France: This news only confirmed what I did not doubt: yet I recoiled from the confirmation. How often, I wonder, are we really, and in the very fullest sense, *convinced* of what transcends common experience! Mr. Gray's letter, by force of this secondary effect, seemed to deepen my alarm on what lay most upon my mind, Cecilia—

But of her Robert could tell me little as we journeyed, and that reluctantly. The message, so fraught with sadness to him, I had of course been hitherto without opportunity to communicate: and this, in my new and so unexpected extremity, I felt a comfort, strange indeed, but most real. Strange I felt it, because *not* to reveal Cecilia's renunciation, to speak of her still as his nearest interest, was in itself a treachery, a suppression of truth at the least, of which friend *could* not be guilty towards friend, without reasons the gravest and most exceptional. Yet the comfort was most real; for, founded on feelings, as they appeared to me, overstrained in a mind of my sister's temper, therefore transitory, I could not look on her sentence as absolutely final to Robert's wishes, or refuse the hope, vague, yet confident, that in this mysterious crisis of family life something might arise, whence I could not say, nor what, define,—which, by a full restoration of suspended

affection, might render such communication needless, or delightful only, by the contrast of present happiness.

Although, however, I now guarded myself with care against any suggestion,—that some sense of the fluctuation of feeling in one so deeply dear had overshadowed Robert was evident. She would not see him, he said, nor Eleanor, when at the first incredible tidings their hearts' instinct had brought them over to Ardeley. "She had sent word that she was ill—not so much ill as—as desirous in fact of solitude. She begged they would not think of her: but was it not strange, Edmund? She sent me a special message that I should do the best to find legal advice for you, and witnesses as if—as if I mean" (for a terror till then absolutely unfelt had fallen on me, and probably with signs clear to his friendly observance, though not rightly understood)—"she who was at home, at Ardeley, at the very time, could not best supply evidence."

"Evidence," I cried, "Advice! Robert, Robert, she must be under—must believe—no, no! it is impossible!" And I felt as if in broad sunlight and full waking I had passed suddenly, and with consciousness unimpaired, into the shadow and bewilderment of some frightful spirit-world, some dream of insanity which at the same time I could not deny to be real and peopled by those I knew and loved. With what added impatience did I now watch the passage of every known landmark that divided us from Ardeley! I believe I was silent: I was fearful of a word, a cry: as if I *could* not speak without giving expression to anticipations which, if by God's mercy unfounded, it had been worse than madness to have uttered. Robert took my hand at last as the carriage stopped at Letchworth Lodge, and led me at once before the Court, with a look so sad that it must have appeared, if any noticed, the reflection of a full belief in his friend's criminality.

Then followed a few minutes' silence allowed evidently that I might without delay, and before a charge so unusual, and if in the smallest degree supported, so subversive of my whole life, future and preceding together, were realized in formal words, proclaim my absolute innocence. But the time was better spent in the effort to regain self-possession. The enquiry recommenced, with an apology, I might call it, from the presiding Magistrate;—an expression of surprise and of a certain sympathy; far less confident, however, as I could read in the looks of

the two other magistrates present, than they before the confusion and what seemed shame-struck silence of my demeanour, had probably anticipated.

These gentlemen, I should add, were little known to me except as decidedly smaller county people than Sir John. He briefly summed up the facts. On the morning of the Saturday before, one of the Fountainhall labourers, passing by the Morden's cottage, had been summoned with cries by the mother. Whilst employed for a few minutes in the upper sleeping-room some one, she declared, had carried off her little girl, and in her phrase had, she was sure, killed it like a sheep. Traces of blood at any rate were plentiful on the cottage floor; and her conjecture was that on the child's waking, its cries, (she had heard something, she said, but not distinctly), had provoked the criminal to sudden violence against it. But running down instantly she had found nothing but the empty room and a silence so absolute that, in the belief no one could have left the house thus noiselessly, she had wasted the first and most precious instants in examining the two ground floor rooms and then a farm-shed for a cart adjoining. At this moment she had called the labourer: they had then observed the signs of violence, and formed the conjecture,—improbable, Sir J. Flamsteed thought, yet it was difficult to suggest any more plausible,—already mentioned.—But all further search was useless: for the valley side where the cottage stood, as I have perhaps noticed, was fringed with wild copse that ran with little interruption to the Ardeley plantations in one direction, in the other towards the Fountainhall. A few footsteps on the Ardeley side were traceable; but these signs soon failed, and they had given over in despair their own pursuit, to seek help from the village.

"These are the only absolute facts," Sir John observed. "Before commenting on them, or conjecturing from the circumstances of the Morden family what might have led to a crime, which, we may hope, has perhaps not been completed, it will be preferable to put a few questions to Mr. Marlowe. In doing so, I may deviate, doubtless, from common rule, but the case is very strange; if your answers should clearly allow me to—to regard you as wholly out of the affair, no one could rejoice more than myself to see you leave the Court . . . . Hence," he added, "We are anxious to hear anything you have to urge

in your defence. I never found myself in a more painful position," he was pleased to say, "never: I look with the greatest anxiety, Mr. Marlowe, to your answers."

Where I had been, how employed that morning, and where I spent the rest of Saturday, were the enquiries. The officer deposed to the search he had made for me in London: his arrival at the office after the first night coach had left for Dover; his chase and act of apprehension, with the words I had used when taken. One of those present, Dillwyn the blacksmith, enquired whether I had made resistance. "None; he gave himself up at once." "None! that was strange—such a young man too—was he certain?" "Yes; he stood quite still." I saw the blacksmith grin, and whisper to his neighbour: I confess months after the trial appeared some fancy piece of my own imagination, I had difficulty in forgiving, and dislike to employing him;—a real cowardice. "I had asked only to see the warrant," the officer continued; and now he remembered, that when he first spoke to me, "I had given some other name for my own." But this of course I denied. I have never been able to ascertain how the misconception, evidently involuntary, arose.

Then one of our own servants was called, and witnessed to my having left the house alone and gone hastily towards the cottage ("at least it was towards Fountainhall, your worship") on the morning of Saturday: that I had walked beyond his sight, but returned quickly just when the mail cart had stopped in the village:—the sounding of the driver's horn identifying the exact moment.—"Was there not something of that too in Mrs. Morden's deposition?" Sir John remarked, turning over his notes—"No, not in hers, but in Owen the labourer's. He heard the horn: it was just before Mrs. Morden called him—"it was just like as if it called him with her."

At this point I strongly thought that I could cast some light on the affair. Whether this was in accordance with rule I know not: but the magistrate, catching my wish, at once gave permission, with the caution, twice repeated, that my words might more or less turn against me in the future. I was well acquainted, I said, with the history of that unhappy family: the mother had lived in our household once; (here Sir J. Flamsteed interrupted me hastily, I thought, with the remark that the whole of the circumstances of her life and marriage



were known already to the Court). "Could they doubt for a moment that it was the father who in savage desperation had entered the cottage, perhaps to injure the mother, perhaps meaning only to carry off the child, and in his drunken fit and fear of discovery had, it was to be feared, turned his violence against the little one? How could they imagine me guilty? What reasons could be thought of for such a crime? How should I have borne to present myself before this meeting of those to whom my character and position must be known, with that guilt upon me? What shadow of evidence? Where the *corpus delicti*?—I, on the contrary, could give proof—could give my own word and oath for facts strongly corroborating the father's crime."

Such a defence was obviously (although at the time I could not feel it so) more conclusive to the speaker than to his hearers. Yet my neighbours and acquaintances present were, I could see, more or less moved: Sir John, however, firmly and not unkindly, felt it his duty to remark that the Bench was here only to execute the law, and with the single wish for justice. "Whatever the probability may be, we must try all means to discover the perpetrator":—and he repeated his former caution, not to state anything that might criminate myself as I might, (or might appear to do), by the offer of evidence. "He almost doubted now whether the permission he had given on this point had been to my advantage . . . But he had reached the saddest portion of his duty. Before I tendered further defence, it would be best that the witness on whose word he had been compelled to rely when ordering my apprehension, should be summoned."

## CHAPTER XXVII.

Alas! for that witness was my own darling Cecilia.—As she entered, and how different from the rough steps of village curiosity crowding to what was to them, beyond any other feeling, a delightful excitement, was "the pace of her chaste footing!" I was looking steadily on the door: and by mechanical impulse my eyes continued fixed: It was the saddest sight they have ever witnessed. She was pale, but composed as usual: nor could even I, accustomed to read the records of her face, discover anything that appeared the impress of peculiar feeling, except

that unquiet drooping of the eyelid which one of the Poets has noticed as evidence of sorrow suppressed : or in her case, it might be, of sights seen beyond common experience. But, after a moment's glance, her eyes appeared unwilling to rest on her brother ; she turned to Sir J. Flamsteed, and in a few words recounted her story. " I had been with her on that morning : had left the house : " facts already known, and in themselves absolutely unimportant, but to which her confirmation gave, as I could read on the features of my judges, something of a new and already ominous character. " He went to the Morden's cottage ; took the child from the fireside, where it was quietly sleeping in a little chair ; something, (I supposed it must have been a sound above, or the screams of the child terrified by sudden waking), alarmed him ; he quickly drew a knife across its throat, and then . . . " (here an instant of hesitation and silence was interrupted by low murmurs among the crowd which Sir John at once suppressed)—"and then left the cottage at once with the child, running towards Fountainhall."

" And the little girl ? "

" He muffled the child in his cloak. It seemed dead. It was not the cloak he generally wore. It was dark blue, with a collar like a coachman's "

" That was the very cloak in which "—I began, (for Cecilia had described precisely the dress in which I had seen Morden the day before disguised near his cottage):—but again Sir J. Flamsteed requested silence till Cecilia's evidence should be completed :

" You may of course speak, but, if you will take my advice, you will wait till Miss Marlowe has finished."

" Something seemed to fall from the cloak as he ran ; seemingly drops of blood—but I lost sight of him presently in the copsewood."

" What was the time when you saw this, Miss Marlowe ? "

Cecilia identified it by the sound of the mail-horn.

" And how long passed before Mr. Marlowe returned to Ardeley ? "

" About a quarter of an hour."

" Had she noticed anything then peculiar ? "

" She had not seen me : I had started at once for London."

" How then did she know the time that elapsed ? "

" She was out then : did not know he had returned so soon : the servants told her."

Then Marie was brought forward, and like a person repeating mechanically what he has uncomprehendingly learned, swore to the time of my return, and to my hurried and excited appearance: "he did not wear any cloak: only a short sailor's jacket."

"Was Mr. Marlowe accustomed to go out in this?"

"No, never at least beyond the garden," she answered.

"He would not have been dressed for going out in it?" some one asked.

"No, she supposed not."

"But he would have been dressed enough if he had worn anything over it, a cloak, for instance?"

"Yes, no doubt he would have been dressed then like a gentleman."

"And was there any—any marks of blood about Mr. Marlowe?"

I, who felt as if all was a dream, whilst one by one this chain of circumstances, so absolutely null in themselves, in this correlation so magically powerful, was drawn out before and around me, looked up now with an expectation unconcealable, even if I had thought of the importance of concealing it.

"Yes, she answered, on his wrist and jacket sleeve."

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Sir John looked at me: he waited for an instant: then as if feeling that to prolong silence would be to intensify suspicion, said slowly "Call up Richard Lilley." Now, at least, I ought to have spoken. Lilley, although there has been hitherto no need to notice him in this narrative, had been for years familiar to me and probably to others in the neighbourhood of Ardeley, as a man of more than doubtful character. He was one of those strange beings who are seen off and on, like ghosts, especially in villages where every human being is known and accounted for,—for whom, however, no one can account; their ways of work, and of finding support, always obscure and mysterious. There was again a pause, when I should have mentioned what I knew, and named those who could witness to my statement. But a new and stranger suspicion than any had now arisen, and overcame me with its

horror. Having thought this incredible accusation due only to some frantic hallucination of Cecilia's, it now appeared as if some dark conspiracy must be at work for my ruin. My sister's evidence I could mentally explain : but how this declaration of Marie—a woman known by long experience as of sense and character, devoted to me (I thought) as to Cecilia from our childhood ?—I covered my eyes, and endeavoured to recall, almost I may say, in that perplexity, to recreate the circumstances of my own life into conformity with what appeared to others thus convincing. Such are the mysterious deceptions which the mind, when suddenly confronted with some ghastly phantom of mortal danger, can impose upon itself !—The heavy step of the rustic witness startled me : and as I looked up, I saw across my wrist a cut or scratch, now nearly cicatrized. It had been given, no doubt, in the hurry of preparation on that fateful morning, and unperceived in the anxiety of the moment. Although recollecting many little incidents of packing whence this wound might have arisen, and as it were almost guessing the exact instant by the stress of quiet thought, I have never been able to recall the particular cause distinctly : still less then :—but the sight was as a reprieve from horrors worse than death.

I could now immediately refer Marie's testimony to accident, and the strong control held over her by her young mistress' mind : I could reattribute all to Cecilia's visionary excitement. Thus, and from my natural disgust at the tenor of Lilley's words, the evidence of that poor wretch affected me less—far less, than any preceding. Whilst he swore, (and these, from previous circumstances so easily explainable,) to the only falsehoods uttered that day—that Morden had told him long ago he believed me the father of his child—that he had said a week or so before, "he would expose young Mr. Marlowe now, the gay ruffian, and knock up their fine marriages at Fountainhall" : and finally, that under this threat I had offered Morden a bribe as hush money ; "and I'll see he doesn't back out, as he looks like enough to do, or it shall be worse for him" :—I was thinking, with all concentration of mind attainable, how best to act so as not to bring before the knowledge of the whole county what so nearly touched my darling Cecilia ; the wandering of her judgment, the strange excess of her imaginative temperament.

The question, "Then Morden has been in the neighbourhood" ? again

aroused me: and the simple answer "Yes," with no further enquiries asked, shut out, I saw, in a moment all avenues for exculpation except that which could be opened only at the price of Cecilia's exposure and confusion. Better to suffer awhile, than to make her delusion the common gossip. I had indeed thought that my own evidence as to Morden's presence, to his dress, and to his real words with me, would suggest at once an explanation final then to any doubt who was the criminal. But this also by the malice of the man Lilley, long a confederate of Morden's in lawless courses, was for a short time converted into another argument against me. Taking Cecilia's evidence with it, his account supplied what might appear justificatory reason sufficient for my resort to violence so strange a crime, so repulsive: the last mesh in the net that had thus woven itself about me during these few hours.

Thinking the case thus concluded, I stood up and said simply, I would reserve my defence for the Assizes. This, to those present, for a man so circumstanced was I suppose practically equivalent to confession: and O the stricken look which now at last—the look of surprise and novel revelation—I received from Cecilia! In a moment, I thought, and the worst is over.—But Sir John, a man, though intelligent, unpractised or thoughtless of method and order in such an enquiry, quickly hushing the outburst of noisy whispers, put one question more to Cecilia, so formal apparently that to me only could it have seemed the re-opening of the whole sad history. "Was Miss Marlowe present herself in the Morden's cottage?"—It seemed absurd that he should have made an omission which no reader can have failed to observe: that he should so long have reserved an enquiry which if answered before and investigated, as no doubt it would have been in my absence, would have inverted the whole aspect that so complex a chain of unbroken circumstantialities had by this time given to the accusation.

Cecilia's voice, firm before, was uncertain as she replied "Yes."

I cannot say that this answer surprised me: that it was anything I, who had within my hand's reach a direct proof that Cecilia had passed that morning not only beneath the power of second sight, but had seen truly, did *not* expect. But the contrast between my knowledge of her mental state and of what that delusion was inevitably producing upon men now judging me, and on such a charge, deepened sorrow into fear. Suspicion, I read on their faces, was passing into certainty, as my

sister's declaration remained unshaken by their cross-questioning. "I knew my brother was going to Fountainhall," she said: "I wished to give him a message for—for the family there: I was standing just within the plantation when he came from the cottage."

A new presence—the touch of shame and death—now seemed to rise like a phantom and place itself beside me, accompanied,—should I be ashamed to confess it,—with a fear almost distracting to reason, and indifferent to consequences.—I felt condemned already: I trembled "like a guilty thing surprised" before myself. But the Magistrate presiding rose to sum up. His words showed sufficiently the result of the morning's evidence even on a man not ignorant of the irrationality and unexpectedness which are the peculiar characteristics of crime—a sense of shame—sorrow—astonishment. Yet firm English sense, (or is it English alone?) had not deserted him. "He could not," he said, "consider Miss Marlowe's evidence as absolutely conclusive: it was strange, no doubt; but beyond the fact that an act of intemperance or passion had been committed by carrying off the child, there was no *proof* except circumstantial that any further violence had accompanied it: that no corpse had been found. Yet nothing, he must observe, had been brought on the other side to contradict the general tenour of suspicion: nay, he could hardly speak of the evidence as *conflicting*: nothing suggested as to any other criminal, or further reason given for an act which he should have considered itself in the highest degree improbable (there seemed so little *cause* shown) had not a deed of violence been of course beyond question. But with reference to Miss Marlowe's evidence," he repeated, "it must not weigh with the Bench too far: we must not be carried away by the *peculiar circumstances* in which she stood towards the accused:—that on his own responsibility, at least, if he were acting alone, he could hardly have ventured to commit Mr. Marlowe on a charge so heavy."

The common sense of the educated man is folly to the ignorant. His thoughts are not their thoughts, nor his mental processes theirs. The jury were overmastered not more by the apparent cohesion and conclusiveness of the evidence than by its strangeness: for strange things, when once they appear at all credible, are believed by common minds with credulity. It was, I suppose, almost evidence enough for them that it was my sister's story —The Court deliberated for a few, a

very few minutes; I can see the three heads together at this moment: Then: "The case must go before the Assizes: it has taken a turn more serious than we had hoped. Conduct Mr. Marlowe back to the gaol":—and then, doubt: shame: wonder beyond expression:—the removal as a prisoner: the burning sense and certainty of degradation:—but this, again, was one of those dark hours which the soul cares not to recall. In one of the mysterious caverns of Memory doubtless it is laid up:—May it please Heaven, that nothing shall ever quicken it into its terrible vitality!

## CHAPTER XXIX.

Rapid wheels were soon bearing me back: and alone: for indeed I had little thought and no wish for companionship: I was rather pleased that whilst under the shadow of crime no touch as it were might convey even a transitory infection to those I loved; that they might not at any future moment associate their feelings towards me with recollections of a period thus painful, or think, "I said that when he was under arrest at Letchworth." This perfect calm was itself a comfort after the agitation of the morning. I reviewed the events in their sequence. No decisions are, obviously, so perplexing as those formed from step to step during one hurried series of circumstances: but a moment is allowed to reconsider the past, whilst in a moment more, we know, (but must decide first), new aspects and combinations will present themselves; new avenues, it may be, to doubt, or to conviction. Measured against these difficulties, it appeared that I might justly be thankful in the main for the course which, so rapid had been the alternations of trial, I could hardly say I had pursued:—rather, which had pursued itself for me.

Many friends have since given me the deep pleasure, should I conceal it? of praise for my earnest and indeed irresistible eagerness to save Cecilia from the wretchedness of public notoriety, from the exposure of what could only have appeared frightful guilt, or infatuation almost as frightful. Few, without knowledge of all her life, would have been able to judge of her peculiar gifts with her own calmness. I did not think of this, as I can now: I thought, of course, only of saving her: in that, and in this praise, far over-rewarded. Sensitiveness to any fellow-

creature's approval is, I suppose, the last faculty man could lose. But approval bestowed by friends, and known to translate itself into increase of friendship, how precious ! I think there is no triumph so animating, as to have given cause that those we have never seen should love us, and those we love, love us more : *cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit cras amet*. If it were so now, I am glad with justice.—But enough on the praise of praise :—and no one, with such alternatives presented, (and such a Cecilia), could in truth have chosen otherwise.

Meanwhile I had reached S. Albans ; was received by the Governor almost in silence within the precincts of his "obscure kingdom ;" and as nothing further could be expected or accomplished that day, wrote at once to London to secure, for my sister, the aid of Counsel, practised beyond most in the perplexities of that Physical Law which modern research and insight have reduced to a code more universal and more enduring than Justinian. As I described to Mr. G——, eminent in science, not less than in law, competent as physician and as counsel, the details of Cecilia's last, and, to explain that, of her former hallucinations, with how deeply interested a mind did I recall the particulars of her conversation with me, with how thankful ! Except by that assistance, a connected, a credible relation of a case so peculiar would have been scarcely possible : if indeed, (my *own* position considered), I could hope—and hope I must—that it *was* credible. I begged him to go at once to Ardeley, and then the further favour of a visit to S. Albans. This letter was completed with comparative ease : so safe we feel when communicating symptoms however mysterious to perfect science ! But to Robert Therfield the far harder task and sadder was to recount, step by step, facts which might perhaps render the separation from all hope of Cecilia, which I had now to announce, even more painful and conclusive to happy anticipations than yesterday I had thought it. Had I written then, it would have been with the confident belief that Cecilia's resolution would have yielded to the blessed influence of Time, and Life at the season of its highest buoyancy : in a word, to God's own merciful consolations. And her clairvoyant experiences, if at all, I should in Cecilia's language have described as facts, in themselves, of course, curious, yet similar to many recorded and uninjurious phenomena ; and mainly interesting as giving a deeper and richer tone, a new and special enhancement to affection for one



made so fearfully and so wonderfully. To-day a new aspect had been given to "the vision and the faculty": her delusion had passed into a new and fearful sphere, through an error, (if I may venture on these subtleties of the supernatural), in the vision itself, (confounding a brother with a man to whom she, in some moments, knew he bore a resemblance which, like most personal resemblances, extended hardly further than to provoke laughing notice): an error by which something of the balance of the dear mind appeared, for the time at least, disturbed and shaken:—some wrong done to Nature. Yet, this cloud once removed, I could not doubt she would regain her ancient and often admired steadfastness of mind.—Something to this purpose I wrote. My love to Eleanor was the only recognition of that tie to Robert and to his, which I could bear to add: and ah! even that with hesitation.

Whilst thus employed, night had come on: a rough tin candlestick had been set on the naked table: but the hours went by, and the strange sounds and clamour of prisoners marched off from the common room to their cells scarcely touched my consciousness. I was meanwhile in London, or Ardeley, or Fountainhall: but when the letters were finished, the thought how to despatch them—how rudely and coarsely this retranslated me to S. Albans! Like André Chénier, that great Poet, when imprisoned in S. Lazare, I might I saw, cry *Le Cordon* . . . there was none: no means, even with my gaoler, of communication. When he had brought in the light I now remembered he had given a formal message from the Governor, enquiring if I wanted anything: I had said no, wishing not to be interrupted; "when I had finished I would ring for him again": and he had bade me good evening with a manner so much like the manner of any other servant that neither the words nor the sound of the door double bolted from without when he had closed it, had recalled me to myself and . . . my prison.

That there was, however, no *real* disadvantage in this, I knew: the letters any way could not have left the town till noon: it was a trifle: yet the privation appeared I cannot say how ungracious and personal. Law in her ruder and more constraining operations is so little familiar to the educated Englishman; he is apt to regard Law so much in fact as his own protection and screen from rudeness; that many beside me have

no doubt wondered, by a first instinctive impulse, to find the penal circumstances of Justice less abstract than the Sword or the Balance.

I looked at the blank walls: the coarse defaced furniture: the plaster of the ceiling half falling from the laths: sights that awoke me to the full consciousness that I lay in truth between two verdicts; and *one*, on grounds so strange that yesterday I should have judged such grounds simply incredible, decided already against me. Should I be surprised, I thought, if Robert and his family were meanwhile to shrink from any communication? I felt guilty myself by the force of these all-pervading associations of guiltiness. Have others, I wonder, who have suffered similarly, felt thus? It was to me one of the unknown terrors of imprisonment.

Then, forcibly endeavouring to divert thought from unmanly fears and fancies, I wondered again how the falsely flattering Poets had sung their exaltation of mental liberty: their contempt for inexperienced restraint. Was it nothing to be shut from the presence of our most beloved, and they perhaps at some absolute crisis of life? to be driven back to the distracting recollections of illness I could not watch over, and grief which I had caused, by the simple impossibility of relieving the mind through other employment? As these thoughts came pressing in, and with them the singular experiences of the morning, almost incredibly distant already in time, like the inn where we slept, when we have travelled far, and it is sunset again,—I, however desirous not to surrender courage and prudent hope, or reliance on Heaven, yet could not cancel the conviction that innocence even entire might at last fail to shelter me from some result ruinous to honour or to happiness. Strong in our confidence of absolute justice, of the great wisdom and moderation of its English executants, strong in our own sense that by no possibility can we fall ever beneath the slightest verge of Law in its personal penalties,—until awakened as I was, we cannot believe that authority thus trusted, powers thus venerated, can become, (to put an extreme case, yet not at some moments quite excluded from my own fears), the instrument of irreversible and final doom; a penalty so terrible, that it has seemed to some, by virtue of its own nature conclusive against infliction by man on man. This, indeed, is to push the logic of sentimentalism to a destructive extreme: it is an argument valid against the infliction of any punishment, except by an infallible judge;

it unconsciously but inevitably postulates a world from which that subtle mysterious blending of evil with good, everywhere met with even in the purest and best human endeavours towards right action, is excluded. That Utopia is not for earth! Yet,—Unjust Death! a mistaken sentence! the innocent condemned! Even an allusion to a catastrophe so deplorable to actors and to sufferers, in common life one scarcely ventures on. And yet, as things now stood,—I could have cried out aloud to Heaven that this shame might pass from me; that I might be spared for a life henceforth, it was my hope, less pitiful and selfish: (for at such moments we cannot but condemn and humiliate ourselves):—that nothing might at least befall me, no stain or severance which could destroy or diminish the love of the dear and the near:—and when should I use these words in their entire truth again; in the full blessedness of their significance!

## CHAPTER XXX.

One of the dear, and O soon to be how much dearer! was indeed already in immediate neighbourhood; and, ungifted or uncursed, like Cecilia, with sympathetic insight, I knew it not. Certainly if anyone had said, The first who will visit you, “like the afflicted spirits here in the dungeon,” and make it her pride to share your shame in the whole world’s sight, were that possible, will be Eleanor,—I should have denied that anything in Eleanor’s character, in her affection towards me,—perhaps, thus far, in mine towards her,—could warrant that announcement. Hitherto she had indeed been dear to me and I to her, from our early years; with an affection so simple, so equable, that (as before intimated), it had been long ere anything further had occurred to me. There seemed no room to say, any morning, Love me more than yesterday. Even now, it may be, the thought of Eleanor as the heart’s central object lay rather in the future than the present. She stood before me as a creature rather of sweet promises than records: as a child who would hardly pass from childhood till to a wife’s responsibility a mother’s should have been added.

She too, from a diffidence, which (differing thereby from reserve), is a sign rather that Nature is immature than unable to express its own

fullness, had given no token of more than what I might almost call a dutiful affection, or that her own hearth and father's house were not the real anchorage of her maiden thoughts. This young lamb's heart "had been hitherto with the green meadows" of home alone: measuring other girls by Cecilia's gradual and unbroken growth of character, I did not know how much a day might bring forth in Eleanor's. How untruly do men value women's love has been often observed; I would say rather how frequently do we underestimate that peculiar feminine *weakness* which is at the same time, from another point of view, a main element in its strength. There are few *men*, very few, (and these I should think without exception men of a high order in gifts and graces), to whom so far as their own personal experiences are concerned, Wordsworth's pathetic phrase the "hauntings from the *infirmary* of Love" is not a dead letter: a something they have never realized. It was so at least with me — and my surprise when next morning (Tuesday) the Governor entering the room announced a visitor, in words unfinished before Eleanor almost threw herself on my neck, and at last kissed me in official presence,—was not indeed too great for delight, but so great as to render it even more delightful.

When left alone, and the first words (in which we grasp rather at explanation than receive it), over, I wished I had not already spoken to her of surprise: so far from Eleanor was that idea. What was then in her mind answering to my doubts and fears and defects of confidence? "Where else could you have thought I should wish to be? It was my duty. You must have expected me! I came last night, after ten: but they told me of prison rules, and the Governor's wife, who is kind and sensible, hearing my name, would not allow me —. But I may be here now, may I not, dear?"

I gave her the one seat, and found another for myself on the table to look at the bright vision. She had come like the Nutbrown Maid of the sweet song:

For I will prove that faithful love,

It is devoid of shame:

And the lines of the gallant poet re-attested their truth in her presence:

When love with unconfined wings

Hovers within my gates,

And my divine Althea brings

To whisper at my grates;

When I lie tangled in her hair,  
And fetter'd with her eye,  
The Gods that wanton in the air  
Know no such liberty!

Does any one fancy I wish for the credit of having translated the prose of the moment off-hand into these famous verses? That the quaint image of the Cupids flying around Love, as in Raphael's beautiful Farnesina fresco, was in my fancy?—I write my story and quotation out at length now, and years between. Then, after an instant's enjoyment of her mere presence, a thousand questions were to be asked and answered. I learned Robert's indignant surprise as the result of the investigation: his great perplexity; his concluding belief that some inexplicable, and as it appeared for a time triumphant conspiracy, existed to work my ruin, through what he naturally conjectured was deceit successfully practised on and through Cecilia. "He was certain the whole, in every part, was a shameful untruth: but at what point to begin unravelling the web baffled him completely." But he sent his most faithful love to me and to Cecilia (she persisted meanwhile in absolute retirement and was stated by the terrified servants to be not worse in health than on the preceding days), by his sister:—and thinking he could serve me best so, remained to make active enquiries in Ardeley.

Eleanor's parents meanwhile, willing to accept Robert's view, staggered by the evidence and re-commitment, yet more unable to conceive that a neighbour of their own rank could possibly have committed any act amenable to penal degradation, were neutralized by such conflicting thoughts into a state passive so far as help was concerned, or resistance to others. They would not hear at first of Eleanor's proposed journey to S. Albans: then begged Robert to go: consented lastly to their daughter's repeated entreaty. Such events, we hear often, try the temper of friends:—and as I look back on these matters, passed and buried like so many who were affected by them, I see that to Mr. and Mrs. Therfield these events must have been a discomposure of their whole way of thought so great, that like those who live in times of revolution, the contagious panic which follows violent change, the despair at this shock to the Established and the Respectable, had probably rendered them indifferent for a few hours to

the doings of Robert and Eleanor, and frightened the manor house from its propriety. So great national crises are mirrored in little by the microcosm of family life. Robert, Eleanor said, had overcome the last objections to her absence by the promise that after a brief delay he would follow her to S. Albans, to give tidings and to receive them.

By this time Eleanor was a little exhausted. "And now," she said, looking timidly at me:—"Now perhaps," I continued, "you will like to return to the Governor's house: I am sure you are tired, dearest, and should lie down. I shall prescribe for you."

"Thanks: but not quite yet: now I wish"—but as I smiled without speaking, (for I did not catch her intention), she looked at me again more fixedly, and her eyes filled with tears. But I, still ignorant, came only to her side, and kissed her, and dared to call her "dear wife," and that I should think this the happiest of all my days, and that I must not let the joy of her company be too much for her . . . . She only laid her forehead against mine and whispered "Edmund, oh! you have not told me yet what it all is. I hope I can bear it!" Then she put her hand firmly over my wrist, and waited. O how difficult it seemed to put into words, and to her, a defence! How much at that instant did I feel the imputation of guilt resemble guilt itself! This, enforced in many ways, was, I think, my own main personal lesson from those days. I took my letter to Robert, (retained when she came in thought it might somehow be superseded by Eleanor's visit), and put it into her hands. She read it: I added a few words on the Mordens, circumstances already through his office known to her brother: "Robert, my poor Robert," she cried: "I see it all now: I had no suspicion of it: no idea whatever, nor he—And Oh, how I feel for you!"

Then several hours went by, and there was no thought of fatigue. To these hours perhaps, and to that careful and solemn act of Recollection I am partly indebted for any vividness of narration, (if any except to my own fancy), these pages may present. For I had to set forth with a thousand minute circumstantialities my sister's story to one who for the first time began to claim with Cecilia an equal portion of love; a full right to hear; and how deep an interest in hearing! Nor was I, too, without my share of augmented knowledge. Then I heard many more instances of my dear Cecilia's childly terrors, and of that haunting anxiety which the passion of her love had produced with

reference to her mother than she had cared before, herself, to tell me, although to another girl, somehow, she could confess all. I could more truly estimate the vastness of that loss, the shadow and desolation it must have been, must still be, to my sister's life. Then Eleanor, also, made confession of the terror with which long since she had regarded her : how, though the elder by those few years which in childhood are multiplied almost into a generic difference between two, to older eyes children together,—she had felt always far youngest. Coming from a home of very different training and associations, she had been perplexed, not less by the unearthliness of Cecilia's childly fancies, and the absolute conviction with which she regarded them, than by the rapidity with which she passed from thought to thought, and from the natural fluency of young lips to silence and abstraction. I had not experienced this in youth : she was my little sister and nurseling : but by others that strange emanation of power and hidden influence which attends marked character from childhood to age, had been, I saw now, felt as really from her infancy as I for the last few years had felt it. "How often, Edmund, when you took me up to the nursery door to see "*Silvia*," except for the greater fear of you I could have run away, all the way home again ! I declare as your hand was on the latch I trembled—as much as young ladies perhaps when they go to their first "Drawing Room." I think there is as much alarm, and intrigue very likely, and nonsense about these little visits, when we were both little mites of things, as any when we grow up ! But I soon forgot my fear when Cecilia began her strange stories, and told me the innumerable fancies of the fairy world, which without having then read one single such book, or heard any told, (so Marie always said, but I can scarcely believe her), she had created for herself." And Eleanor repeated some of these : but such confessions from the "majesty of childhood" (to use the imperial Roman phrase), are not for the hearing of our colder and more sophisticated society :—not for the "age of Reason."

And then, too, as we touched on matters of more recent interest, and the sorrows in which childhood could have no share, Eleanor's chastened hope and quick sympathy revealed to me how vast a blessing God held before me in her ; how great the loss . . . but I knew I could not lose her ! It was a glimpse of Heaven for the coming years. I recognized how high beyond all others is that ordinance of Nature, by

which a second fountain of life is opened : a home provided beside what had been hitherto home, only. Eleanor was indeed different then from those who had been hitherto my models of womanly perfection : years, a very few years,—have brought since the “endurance, strength, and foresight” :—yet there was a peculiar pleasure in those artless arguments, that absolute confidence of self-surrendering love, that hopeful Faith, so blithe and unreasoning, the purest and the most consoling of the many consolations of womanly affection. When I compared these blessings with the imaginations of the past evening, they seemed the very “draughts of security and long forgetfulness” of evil. With Dante, similarly favoured, when after many years of exile and bitterness, the vision of the Lady of Blessing was before him again, I could gladly have closed my eyes for pleasure, and changed thoughts into dreaming.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

A hundred delightful trifles followed, when some dinner was brought in, and we shared it together. We felt like children again, trusted to each other once more, and no doubt acted so : I in part from the curious sense of deprival of liberty, she because she had frankly as a child transferred to me her life and all its responsibilities . . . . I pass over the details, but we were absurdly happy.

As the day, however, wore on, and no tidings from any quarter, this lightness of heart diminished : it was too late, when we gave up hope, for messages or returning to Fountainhall—and solitude was doubly dreary when Eleanor bade me farewell to spend another night, not far distant indeed, yet parted from me by the few feet which, to those “in the first fire of love,” seem the interval of a hemisphere.

At such a moment Absence alone appears to effect a change almost incredible in the summer height of our happiness. But beside this, solitude brought back the knowledge, during the day effaced, or remembered almost with pleasure for the compensations it had brought, that I was still in stern truth a prisoner. I had indeed the right of innocence for confident hope : yet if another day went by, and the proofs of innocence remained quite unestablished, I could not anticipate



that either could hope so confidently. And as, looking on some mountain lake, clear as the sky and rippled over in lines of golden light, we watch the gradual advance of irresistible and devouring shadow from the cloud we had observed stretching itself forth in huge arms and promontories from the higher valleys, and feel a sudden change of temperament and new trains of thought and remembrance as the brightness is effaced, so when Eleanor returned next morning, I could see, as I anticipated, that she was already beneath the chill of doubt, the shadow of crime unexplained. But I should add that her own fears had been increased by the casual words of her kind-hearted host. It is one of the characteristics of woman to seek comfort and advice from any one : every grove is her Dodona. So, finding she was anxious to hear his opinion, the Governor had spoken without hesitation or reserve indeed as to his prisoner's entire innocence, yet with what seemed to qualify the declaration—an equal surprise at the apparent fullness of the circumstantial proof—especially when supported by Miss Marlowe.—“Nothing,” he had said, “take my word for it, so irrational as crime : so impossible to say, this or that is not likely.”

He had promised the assistance of a messenger in case no news came from Ardeley. And at all risks I now began to think some communication must go to my father. Could Cecilia's second sight, I wondered, divine what might be now passing at Angers? And how I wished I could then place myself in our own house! Eleanor sighed : “Oh do not wish it so : that would be presumption and impatience.” She sat holding my hands in hers, and the minutes going slowly by, when suddenly was the sound of steps without, and news more comforting than any that Ardeley could afford was brought us by a messenger more sure than any dream :—Robert with the Home Secretary's warrant for my instant liberation.

“Tell us all, all at once, and everything distinctly,” cried Eleanor. “Order a chaise first,” I said. “Is it very interesting?” asked she. “Very,” Robert answered ; “to us at least.”

“Then Captain ——” (the Governor) “and his wife must hear it : they have been so thoughtful, dear Robert, so kind to me. When I came that other night—But I see you are laughing at me ; you are going to say something severe ; is it not so ?”

“Only that Edmund will never call you his dear silent Eleanor again,”

Robert answered. I took her hand : "She is my own, my very own, my dearest Eleanor, speaking or silent," I said ; "and her advice must be always wisdom. No doubt you have some things to tell not so satisfactory ; but as this matter must be known in a certain degree, it is best that the Governor perhaps should hear everything."

On the afternoon of the examination Robert went at once for advice to one of the magistrates who had attended, whose name has throughout escaped my memory. He said it was a strange business : that the proofs implicating Mr. Marlowe were to the last degree only circumstantial, and that Cecilia's evidence of course alone gave them coherency. But the fact she could give this evidence, and so calmly, was the greatest wonder. As his first step, he could not but venture to suggest that she should be put under medical care, if only to protect her from the reaction which must follow ; he wished that when able to bear it, she should be questioned again. But of this Robert would not hear : insisting, without further explanation, that all such measures must be absolutely left to me. If not, the magistrate's next advice was, to visit Richard Lilley privately, and endeavour to obtain from him any further particulars as to his meeting with Morden. "I shall be ready, most ready, to assist you by any counsel I can give," this gentleman concluded : "but I cannot take any more overt part at present."

The rest of that day, (Monday), and the next morning were spent by Robert in a vain search for this witness. He had gone to spend the fee paid him at Kimpton, a neighbouring village, and returned at last, worn out and stupefied by a bout of drunkenness. He was less unwilling to speak of Morden than Robert had anticipated : said he had seen him more than once lately ; "you'd like to know how lately, daresay, sir ?" "Yesterday," cried Robert, guessing rightly that Morden's hiding place was near that village. "There you're out, sir !" said the man with a grin, and would make no further disclosure.

Finding this enquiry useless. Robert returned to his friend, who though unable to give much assurance of success, sent on his own responsibility at once to search for Morden in Kimpton. He repeated his opinion that only through Miss Marlowe could the mystery be solved : and twenty-four hours having now passed since his last visit and no tidings from me, Robert changed his mind and was willing to

obey. At Ardeley he had found Mr. G——'s carriage, and, waiting half an hour, learned his full opinion on Cecilia's case.

Eleanor drew closer to my side as Robert reached this point in his story. He smiled, and I could have given many reasons for his smiling: but was then too thankfully glad to recognize more than one. Between the perfect judgment of science, and my own opinion, (and, indeed, dear Cecilia's also), of these trances, there was indeed little difference—except that which separates conjecture from confirmation. He had known several similar instances of "clairvoyance"—a name which already seemed to remove us from the shadow and supernatural associations of second sight. The power had been almost without exception exhibited by young persons, and during or after recovery from violent illness, or that strong emotion which can only be called *mental* in the sense implying also that the body is, for the time, absolutely subjected to the mind. There was nothing in it to excite alarm, he said: he had rarely seen anyone of firmer sense or saner judgment than Miss Marlowe. Unless under similar excitement during her youth he would venture to prophecy himself that she would never experience any renewal of the phenomenon.

I begged Robert to repeat everything he could recall of this conversation. But Eleanor again, with a look I well remembered and an approving word from Captain —, asked "what explanation Mr. G——e gave of the present matter?"

"Curiously little," Robert answered: "almost nothing: so far as his small experience," so he put it, "in pathological cases, in cases of a mind diseased, went, *he* could not have felt justified in altogether refusing to admit Miss Marlowe's evidence."

"There is the Release, however," murmured the Captain, to his wife's great amusement.

"Your letter had informed him fully of the facts: and when Cecilia had at once confirmed the likeness between yourself and the man Morden, he had been satisfied, he said, and would now leave the house with me.

"I have not time," he continued, as we drove away, to go round by S. Alban's: that, with your leave, I shall depute to you: and you may add that Miss Marlowe has just received a letter from her father, which confirms her idea of his illness, but speaks of himself as out of all

danger.—I should now first like to go to this cottage. . It is rare to be able to put one's finger, as it were, on cases of this kind, as you probably know. I wish to see myself the spot to which the clairvoyance in this instance was directed."

"Nothing could be easier," I told him: he would find the place empty, as the unhappy mother had been taken in at our own house. But when I spoke of you; "An unfortunate business: we will talk of it presently, if I can be of any service to Mr Marlowe," was all he would say.

"It was then about four in the afternoon, and everything silent and sunshiny in the little valley. 'How quiet a place for a deed of blood' Mr. G—— said: 'I am sorry you will have to connect such associations with it. That is your house, I suppose,' looking towards Fountainhall;—and we presently entered the deserted cottage.

"Now for the wonder, Eleanor!—the real thing! Mrs. Morden's child asleep in its little cot was the first thing we saw! Imagine the surprise—the relief—finally the amusement! Mr. G—— lifted her gently up, to see I suppose, it was not a changeling after all; something that would fly through the chimney;—the poor little creature screamed, and a rude bandage fell from its neck, leaving visible a long ugly scar or wound half healed over. 'A case for me' Mr. G—— said: 'If my resolution to come here had not been private, of but half-an-hour's existence,—one might say, in your enchanted neighbourhood, Mr. Therfield, the child had been brought here on purpose, or foreseen at least by one of us!' He quickly, how quickly! had bandaged the wound: 'I am the doctor, but you must be nurse: could you not take her to her mother if she is at—at your house? I must return at once to Town, and see what can be done for Mr. Edmund at head-quarters. You will do what you think best for Mr. Marlowe. But one thing I have to add respecting his daughter, may I to you? Without clairvoyance I think I may assume some interest on your part in her.'"

"I beg your pardon for these family details," Eleanor said blushing, with a look to the Governor.

"Not at all," he answered quite gravely, but his wife smiled.

"If he had any cause for alarm on Miss Marlowe's account, Mr. G—— said, it was from a far different quarter. 'I have no doubt that this late incident—this second sight at once so true without doubt,

and yet so partial and so false, has arisen solely from sorrow ; natural but violent, and violently repressed, for her mother's loss, acting on a nature evidently deep and passionate beyond most. She spoke of her to me very openly and simply ; nothing could be simpler : but thinking of her dearly as the one thing—almost the one thing, her Father and Brother excepted,—which was her interest in life :—in death I should perhaps more truly say.' That was strange, very strange, I told him : for to me and to you also, Edmund, I knew, she appeared unable to mention her. 'A curious sign' ; he said, 'a rare nature. We see such instances now and then : they require more than common love from those about them, and repay it :—It is the atmosphere in which their souls have life and being. What can Art do for such ? We, you know, are notoriously incompetent : 'pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow'—Macbeth has forbidden it ! All I can say is, in separation from her family lies the greatest obstacle to the restoration of a state which you must all so heartily desire—to the health of the soul.'

"Mr. G—— begged I would ultimately inform him of all details, if ever Morden were discovered and the crime brought home : he would be curious to know how far Cecilia had seen actual facts, and that the confusion into which she had evidently been led by similarity of person was by far the most peculiar incident in the case. 'According to the proof given in any instance, one easily acquiesces in the perfect truth or perfect baselessness of an act of clairvoyance : it is the blending, as here apparently, of accuracy and error which is so curious : it seems to replace this exceptional condition under the common laws of humanity.' He promised he would not fail to communicate with you regarding her, and we parted.

"At once I went to Lilley's cottage, and told him I was convinced he could, and would now clear up everything. This conjecture amongst so many at last was right : the whole was told in a word : there was no further need for concealment : Morden, who seems a strange union of jealousy and passion, violence and yet something not unlike tenderness, was the sole agent. Irritated by his wife's determination to keep the child, believing this decision to be influenced by yourself or by Cecilia, after lingering a day or two as you know, he had stolen in to carry it off : fearing detection from her cries, in the moment of confusion, had attempted, (he declared solemnly to his confidant) to frighten her into

silence by the sight of the knife: had wounded her accidentally and escaped. Finding, however, from the rumours in Kimpton, where he had ensconced himself for the first hours, that examination and discovery were afloat, and that his rude surgery would not suffice to bind up the wound, he concluded the only way to save the child's life, and perhaps at last his own, was to restore it to the mother."

"So the crime, so far as it was a crime, was as irrational and without motive as you were saying," Eleanor observed to the Governor.

"Mr. Marlowe need not trouble himself to look for 'un now," Lilley had concluded: "Off to America, I fancy."

"That evening, only yesterday, Mr. G—— and I laid the whole before the Home Secretary: you have the result here:—Now for happiness!"

## CHAPTER XXXII.

We returned to Ardeley; "the world," in the words of a great writer, "looking strangely about me." And, far from any immediate accomplishment of Robert's exclamation, the first days of peace were,—it may seem absurd to say so, but I cannot reverse the fact—almost less happy than the days of storm that went before them. Fortunate or miserable, we love change: but by another of the paradoxes of nature, we consent rapidly to the new state, love permanence in its turn, and regret to lose even discomfort by a new alteration. All excitement pleases; common natures at least; and this was over. The revolution was past, and we had to reconstruct what must be a new home for an altered family.

The week before my father came back was inexpressibly toilsome. Though pleased for her brother's sake with the prospect of my marriage, a matter I now spoke of, as I looked forward to it, with confidence, yet so far as she was concerned, I could see that Cecilia separated herself in thought from Eleanor. The change, the excitement, powerful as I have described them over me, to her deeper nature were I suppose simply things of aversion. They were like bodily ailments, vexing the settled invariable tenour of an immortal soul, as the necessity for a voyage, or business attending the accession of great estate, might have been to

Heracleitus the philosopher, when "seeking himself," or answering the riddle of Nature. With reference to Robert, the same causes affected her of course more forcibly. "She was unworthy of him," was Cecilia's only answer : and I could perceive in it no regret that, on his account, such unworthiness existed. Her sorrow, her abasement of mind towards me was even more touching. She begged me to "talk to her" when conversation began, and I naturally could only speak as one speaks to those who are to supply the main answers. But she seemed to wish to put herself towards me in a servant's place ; giving counsel when called for, cheerful for duty's sake, and affectionate through devotion. I could see the old clear and powerful intelligence striving against this restraint : but checked again by the recollection of what she would call "her sad and wicked error."

At last, one day after a visit from Sir J. Flamsteed and his wife, Cecilia, who had retreated upstairs from the sound of strangers, came to me with a more real cheerfulness. "This is kind of you, most kind !" she cried, holding up a letter in our father's handwriting. "Now that he knows all, I shall be so much less afraid of seeing him ! Do you know, I hope it was not wrong, but the thought of his return had been almost a pain to me." I kissed her, and said I had written at once on my return to Ardeley, thinking it was really best he should without delay know all ; and in hopes that she would approve of it. Cecilia looked grave : then gaily, "See, he will be here in two days : who is Mr. Gray whom he will bring with him ? I daresay he will not stay long, however : and then we shall be a happy home again, and you will soon fetch dear Eleanor here," she added, growing very pale, "and I shall take up *her* work again, and look after the school and village, and read to Papa and you in the evenings."

"First, Mr. Gray is Robert's and Eleanor's half-uncle, Cecilia : secondly, he is a physician and a great friend of Mr. G——'s : next, probably you are right as to the length of his visit : lastly, I wished to tell you something I have just heard from Sir John and ask your advice upon it."

"I knew there was something unpleasant at the end," she answered, "or you would not have wandered so."

Sir J. Flamsteed, with the natural complement of somewhat awkward apologies, following curiously on the phrases of pleasure and congratu-

lation for my return to Ardeley, had observed that he, as the nearest magistrate, must now decide on taking fresh steps in the enquiry as to the violence lately planned, if not absolutely executed. Morden must be apprehended, and Mr. Marlowe would of course desire Lilley to be indicted for perjury.—The first was entirely the Magistrate's business : I wished now to ask Cecilia whether she would be quite satisfied to concur with me in dropping further enquiry so far as I was concerned. For the petty scandal Lilley's evidence suggested would soon, I thought, die out of itself when all the surrounding inferences had been so signally refuted.

"I was sorry," I said, "to allude again to that train of circumstances : but if she agreed with me, we should have the satisfaction of thinking the matter closed on our side before our father's return."

"And I entirely agree," she answered. "Though I am almost sorry at times that you have spared me so much by silence on this matter. For my own sake it is perhaps useful I should be compelled more often to think into what risk I led you, what suffering . . . Our dearest mother, I am very sure, Edmund, if anything can now touch her with grief, must have sorrowed in Heaven itself at the excess and obstinacy with which I then allowed myself to sorrow :—at my pre-occupation of mind, at least upon that thought which left no room as it were for any other :—but indeed I cannot explain how it was : how I could think : how I could speak it, dear."

"And she, I am sure, would smile, and wish only that you should put away the recollection for ever."

"Amen—that and much else, willingly ! if I may allow myself to think *she* wishes it."

To hear my darling Cecilia speak thus not *only* made me confident we should be happy once more, but gave the additional happiness of confidence. I begged her next day, when going over to Fountainhall, that she would let me bring Robert to Ardeley. But Cecilia entreated earnestly I would defer any such wish at least till our father returned : "I wish to have to-day and to-morrow," she said, "for thoughts of *her*—her only !—to look over her books, and re-commence her work, and revisit the places she loved, and be a little . . . with mamma again,—You need not fear ; and I know you can be happy at Fountainhall without me ! Sufficient for the day I trust my strength will be, Edmund."



And I went with a thankful heart : not loving Cecilia less, but called on daily, a blessed task, to love Eleanor more. Her simplicity and singleness of heart ; her confiding conversation ; —when compared indeed with Cecilia's, "like the child's, that can scarce frame or disentangle words, knows not how to speak, but silence pains him rather" ; yet only the more engaging, and sweeter in promise : her blithe gaiety, and those smiles, proper to youth and girlhood, as if to breathe, to move, to speak, to look, were in themselves happy privileges and novelties : and how as I retraced that road so often, "Love came to talk with me and I with him"—why should I dwell on these things ? "We have a Yarrow of our own"—They are *my* story, and not for this telling.

Meanwhile her newly-directed thoughts and employments, the return to ways of life disused for many months, the sight of those poor her mother was accustomed to relieve, the re-visitation of so many places consecrated by her presence : even above these, perhaps, the sound of the name so long a stranger to her lips :—the courageous confession and acceptance of her loss in a word—all, with whatever struggle, yet were of high and blessed use to the dear Cecilia. She rather shunned sympathy ; she said little : but as I sat in the dwelling rooms where every article of furniture, every arrangement, even to the disposition of the books, was a remembrance and an appeal, and she moved noiselessly about on her household tasks, the sighs, as of the deserted Margaret, described by Wordsworth with such pathetic tenderness, that came on the ear how and whence I hardly knew, were proofs how far loving regret may restrain and supersede the excess of grief without shame or measure, as at first her's had been :—and yet be hardly nearer to consolation.

During these days how little she and I spoke together ! Many hours, as just mentioned, I spent at Fountainhall, in happiness so pure and deep, so graced by smile, and light word, and that enchanting iteration of trifles, that whilst these hours lasted, I could frame no wish but for their eternity : I thought "the violet-crowned Cytheraea" must have left Paphos and Amathus with delight, to receive in an English manor-house an adoration more devout,—and to inspire it. But when my spirits sank as I re-entered the chastened atmosphere of the house, so long of sorrow, Cecilia would hasten to meet me, and by cheerful welcome, and looks of returning peace, and an affection so long bestowed,

that few words were now needed, and those how tender ! for confirmation, unconsciously do away with all sensation of contrast, by reversing it. Ardeley now bore the palm away from Fountainhall. Then she would speak of Eleanor, and praise her in terms so well chosen, so expressive, yet here and there with those humourous hints and by-play of quiet irony which spring from woman's insight into woman, that I could hardly believe that Eleanor was in fact by some three years Cecilia's elder. But holy Genius, though in one sense so far younger than its years, is also much beyond them. Growth is rapid in the spiritual world ; and in them whose childhood has past continuously and without break into maturer life, whose early experiences have been enlarged, not rejected, wisdom and rational existence may be dated not from the first ball, or emancipation from the schoolroom, but almost from the nursery. A day will come, I thought with triumph, when Cecilia's sister will receive from her that most authentic and elevating education, which, by Love, leads to wisdom.

And when Cecilia, evening by evening, rendering to me as she had once to her mother, an account of the household events, told unavoidably at the same time the story of her hundred acts of tender and farsighted charity : care to save servants from risk, and provide them with fit pleasures : service to the unthankful and the needy in the village : counsel to uncertain minds on their life and business : hours given to the tedious task of children's training :—the remembrances of Fountainhall appeared a something less holy. To be highest in Eleanor's affections was a proud privilege : but this was blessedness. All these impulses of the fair soul no doubt existed before in Cecilia : but during her mother's lifetime less manifestly. They were amongst the excellent things called forth by God's chastisement and by His days advancing in their season : fruits of faith, and flowers worthy of Paradise.—My own Eleanor, now that years have passed, and her sister's gifts have so much become her's also, would forgive this confession : and from Robert it requires no forgiveness.

Meanwhile also Cecilia's firmer step, and joyful eagerness of preparation for our father's return, were assurances that these merciful engrossments of common life, with time, and the force of youth, and answered prayer, were bringing her nearer peace, and the happiness my darling deserved so much, that Heaven could not bear I thought, to

withhold it from her. And to this time belongs, I believe, a song or hymn which my father put into my hands shortly after his return. The Desire in truth was now come, a Tree of Life, and healing with it. I do not think Cecilia would have felt or written so during the previous months. And by inserting it I may fitly close this record of the days when in the pathetic language of Scripture the Spoiler came up, and the Hand was heavy on us : when we walked in "a land of darkness, as darkness itself, and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light was as darkness." But she now saw the light spread upon the mountains.

At dawn from flower to flower  
 The footless soul on fairy pinions went :  
 Eternity seem'd in each several hour,  
 And joys come quicker than an infant's breath ;  
 The wish scarce past, the cry scarce upward sent,  
 Ere the Desire cometh.

Heaven's gate to youth is wide ;  
 No vain prayer empty-hand with shame returns ;  
 God suffers not his children be denied ;  
 Youth's highest lavish visions far beneath  
 Their sweet fulfilment, when the bosom burns  
 And the Desire cometh.

Why then, my God, when less  
 Advancing years implore, and deeper cries,  
 Should'st Thou give least ? why this scant haste to bless  
 When blessings are thrice blest ? why license Death  
 Love's hand to wither, as we touch the prize,  
 And the Desire cometh ?

He, the Compassionate,  
 Past hope, when all seem'd taken, grants us more,  
 And on drear earth flings wide the Heaven's own gate :  
 Immortal Love dawns o'er horizon Death :  
 A glory of lost faces fills the door,  
 And the Desire cometh.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

"I am very glad Papa brought Mr. Gray," Cecilia observed twenty-four hours after their arrival. "It was very kind in him to leave his pretty place too, and come to a house where he could not expect much brightness or amusement." I told her she forgot Mr. Gray might have other rational grounds for not thinking a visit to Ardeley and its neighbourhood onerous. "I don't know how it is," she answered, "but he does not seem much in harmony,—not altogether in unison at least with the rest of his family. He is most, of course, I suppose," Cecilia said smiling, "with Eleanor, whom no one can see without loving: and he is too sensible to mark any difference in taste between himself and Fountainhall: yet I seem to feel it."

"No one, however, would dispute his good taste in the interest he shows in your father and in you, darling. It is curious that, lame as he is, he should have been so active a traveller."

"He is not so very lame," Cecilia answered: "and so much quick insight and courage together could hardly fail to drive such a man as Mr. Gray to wander. There is nothing I envy men so much as their privilege of travelling: and he has used it so well."

Cecilia had indeed taken a strong inclination to our guest: and had she been herself of less open disposition, in my own despite I should have imagined a deeper feeling might be involved. This would have been, I afterwards knew, a foolish fancy: and there were many sufficient reasons for a liking which, by aid of two subsequent events, passed naturally into affection. For he was a man equal perhaps to her father in force of mind, but curiously opposed to him in general tone of character:—common sense contrasted with love of the ideal: blithe heartiness with the finer feelings never perhaps unaccompanied by melancholy and that peculiar reserve which springs from an abiding sense of the transience of life: A reader of men, and student in physical science, set against one who was habitually "most pleased with the joy of his own thoughts," or perhaps, unwilling to reveal their secret reflective sadness. With whatever difference the woman's nature must occasion, "Uncle Gray," as Cecilia, too, afterwards learned fondly to call him, stood thus also in implicit contrast to my dear sister: whilst I was again even if other spells had been wanting, impelled to love

her by virtue of the same attraction which within a few weeks had united himself and my father in a warm and equal friendship. Happy those who in middle life, or later, preserve this noble capacity ! this privilege of the ancients, as my father in his country retirement, at times, too hastily had named it ! We could remember indeed no visitant so gifted : none certainly of more opportune arrival. His cheerful common sense, his discursive experience, even the little occasions of friendly aid which his lameness originated, were all restorative to Child and Father.—How often such a person seems to come on the scene almost too late ! I wished, (one of the frequent foolish wishes), we had earlier won his friendship.

“You did wrong,” he said to me one day, “in permitting Mr. Marlowe to take his last journey.”

“It was his wish,” I answered : “not mine : And could I have interfered ?”

“Decidedly, you ought. He and Miss Marlowe are so like in mind, both so peculiarly imaginative and impressive, that there was risk to both. Sorrow flies to solitude, because solitude feeds sorrow. It loves dreams, and seeks darkness. But bring it to the light, and what was fancy flies off. You will not be angry if I speak plainly. What I, who had not the happiness of knowing your dear mother, see, you also might have seen :—that her death destroyed the balance of the house.”

“It was too true,” I said : “but great as was the loss, I had imagined the many consolations of religion would have been more immediately availing than ”——

—— “Than you and many others have perhaps found them ! a fact I have often noticed. You inherited from her, I do not doubt, a bright and naturally hopeful mind : a faculty, pardon me, of more facile consolation. But even without the symptoms of clairvoyance you might have known how imaginative, as I said, Miss Marlowe is : how subtle, at once, and deep in her thoughts. I have seen several such cases. By a curious paradox, the more impressible the soul, the less it appears receptive of certain religious ideas in their literal sense : what to the multitude are consolations, to such organizations suggest only an analysis of the grounds of relief afforded ; and this in turn leads them to detect further causes of sorrow, as one mountain ridge ascended only brings in sight a further and higher height for the traveller. Or I might

say in the words of the old axiom, What is gained in strength is lost in quickness. But "Here comes the lady"—lightly and quickly enough to refute my mechanics.

"Now tell me one thing, dear, about that last clairvoyance," he said, as Cecilia ranged herself by his side: "no, you are not to go. I adjure you," (and he drew a circle round her with his crutch). "Tell me whether you saw the *dress* of the person in the cottage, as he took the baby?"

"No," she said, "I saw only his face."

"And you were at the moment thinking of Edmund, I daresay."

"Naturally."

"And if you had noticed the dress, you would have recognized the man."

"I suppose so," she said with a smile; "but not having seen it, or known what dress in fact Morden wore, how can I be certain?"

"Fairly beat," he cried. "What I was thinking, however, was that I had before known instances where apparent clairvoyance failed entirely, never when an error, a false judgment like this was committed."

"There is some likeness between dear Edmund and the poor man: but certainly except when so confused and shaken in mind, I should not, I believe, hesitate much."

Cecilia paused. "Do you then, Mr. Gray, absolutely believe in this power?"

"You dislike giving it a name which sounds superstitiously, I see," he said:—"another superstition! Yes Second sight in a certain sense is a fact—rare happily, but I think undeniable. Those who can demonstrate the absolute meeting point of soul and body may, as your father said, explain or refute it. But I have never seen it exhibited except in two classes of patients: weakly nervous persons of feeble judgment, and persons suffering under fever or passionate excitement of mind or body. Let us go to Mr. Marlowe."

"You give me an agreeable choice," Cecilia cried as she rose to assist him. "But I can serve as your crutch, so you see I am not the one: and I can talk to you patiently and impassively."

—"Which must manifestly clear you from the other alternative! Come! I have a new prescription in store for you all, to prevent future

mischief." I was anxious to hear the matter discussed further: but he would say no more at present.

By one of the very few "curious coincidences" I have met with, Mr. Gray had come lately into possession of a house on the Lincolnshire coast just below Saltfleet, at one time the property of our dear mother's family. It had been the scene of my father's courtship: and here Mr. Gray now proposed we should all return with him. This plan he laid before my father with a delicate and warmly affectionate apology, honourable rather, I thought, than natural to his character. The consent was given with thanks: provided all enquiry into the "baby lifting," (the only name Mr. Gray would give a crime that appeared so great in the annals of the village), were first concluded. And we heard next day that Sir J. Flamsteed's eager researches had simply confirmed Lilly's intimation: Morden had disappeared—and Lilly with him.

Thus that obstacle was removed. Mr. Gray was in the ascendant, and would take no denial from me, or listen to the plea of duties at Fountainhall. He bade me go and shake hands, with his compliments to Robert, observing "you're o'er young to marry yet, Edmund," and "that my duties were not always to be synonymous with my pleasures."—I fancied him strangely indifferent to his relatives: and wondered what his wishes on Robert's own behalf might be. Thoughts somewhat similar, I am sure, passed through my sister's mind: but with the dissimulation upon matters of vital weight which will at times assert itself even in the most open-hearted families, nothing was said; and a few hours' journey carried us to Mablethorpe.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

This place, an old house on the strange desolate Lincolnshire coast, brought back many recollections of youth to my father. Here he had met her who was to be his wife, in the entire unconsciousness of boyhood: here, after that magical change when the playmate of last summer, observed with interest, but left without regret, becomes the all and the everything of to-day,—he had first felt the blessing of blessings, Love returned: and here, after the anxious anticipations and blithe service of the period of betrothal, he had wedded one who was to be

the unalloyed and satisfying happiness of the years now past, and the remembrance and hope of the remaining. How should he not be sad ? Yet much thankfulness was united with sorrow : and as men are wont in the calm of later life, he was rendered patient during the present suspension of that enjoyment, by the yearly, the monthly, the daily deepening roar of that pre-ordained inevitable inexorable hour, when the river of each man's life must dash through darkness into the world unseen. Resolute to supply the mother's place as it were by the children, he gathered us much about him ; and whilst he talked to the young of his own youth, appeared at least as if for a moment to regain it. Many little tender revelations were now made : the secret fountains of the soul, as on that night at Riesenheim, were opened afresh and more fully : past plans, and wishes happily perhaps unrealized, and the story of relatives, taken to their rest before our first birthdays. Such matters we keep often buried in the graveyard of the soul, and write Sacred to Youth on the sepulchre. But there are times also when such recollections may be wisely revealed : for by their confession the " hearts of each other sure " are even more securely united.

From Cecilia also her father now learned for the first time the particulars of those visionary experiences I have already related. Some months after I was present when she repeated that story to Robert, and to my question " Whether what Cecilia said did not confirm the belief of his favourite Sir Thomas Browne in second sight," he surprised me by answering only, " I had rather not think about it."—But Robert's uncle, equally fearless in enquiry and tenderly wise in judgment, after a few well-considered questions to my sister, startled, as I thought, my father a little, one day during our residence at Mablethorpe, by the remark that Mr. Marlowe also, he was convinced, had experienced further evidence of the truth of the supernatural in this region, than most men.

" There were few things a reasonable man more shrinks from," my father said, with a smile, " in the present day, than any approach to profession of belief in such agency : invisible manifestations of it, at least."

" *We*, of course, lie under an ancient ban :—*tres medici*, you know :—and are not compelled to conform," Mr. Gray answered : " But I should



have fancied what you have said truer of the last age than of ours. I thought it generally acknowledged that with Scott's writings a reaction in favour of such beliefs had set in."

"People in general, and common sense, with eyes ever fixed on the immediate and the tangible, are, I think, quite disposed to follow the opinion of science. But something of this movement no doubt exists: Coleridge, I suppose, and Kenelm Digby, and the gifted Oriel man I heard preach when I was last at Oxford, offer additional symptoms: Yet so much more dominant is the advance meanwhile of physical science and our glimpse into natural laws, that, like Scott himself, the most ardent "mediaevalist" might hesitate before asserting his absolute belief in phantom and second sight, before mid-day at least,—or even before a University "Common Room."

"I do not mean," my father continued, "that there is not a real remaining mystery: the blessing of recovery God has granted this dear child would convict me of gracelessness if I denied it. Perhaps we differ from the tone of the last century, (when, however, men like Wesley and Johnson, if not Goldsmith and Cowper, regarded the matter as still under judgment), rather thus:—that we know distinctly and confess that many things do remain at present beyond our philosophy. By such confession of ignorance imaginative persons think they have made room, as it were, for the fancies, the believed experiences, of the older time, and reinstated their own minds in the belief of "supernatural agency": I use the words, of course, in that restricted sense. Yet, as I have said, this notion seems to me a return of the mind upon itself: a luxury, perhaps, for the romantic. It is a belief in belief—an enfeebled and enfeebling attitude of the mind, which Education, whence we gain so much strength, is also apt to generate in obedience to that great and unfailing law of compensation under which lie all human efforts:—It is not the spontaneous conviction of an Irish peasant to-day, or any peasant five centuries since."

"And to me it appears that science meanwhile gaining way has re-conquered the territory seemingly lost from the material world. Finding the evidence for second sight, for example, all deductions made, yet really incontrovertible, science accepts the fact, but places it under a new and wider law. It remains exceptional indeed, but credible:

mysterious, but not more mysterious to the thoughtful than any Cause or any Effect:—than the mystery in a word which is synonymous with Nature."

"But why," said my father, "did you assert a conviction that I also must have been subject to this exceptional influence?"

"Papa has something to tell, and longs to tell it," Cecilia cried with a smile.

"Because such phenomena attach themselves in a manner yet unexplained by science to our fearful and wondrous organization; and in many points, more perceptible perhaps to me than to yourselves, I see the likeness between your temperament and Miss Marlowe's strongly marked. It is one of the strange accompanying beliefs of Second Sight, and one also, I must confess, which fraud or mere fancy would not naturally *invent*, that animals, or human creatures in the immediate neighbourhood of the clairvoyant share in his power—are rapt, as it were, within the sphere of the trance. The truth involved is in part, at least I do not doubt, that this power in some degrees is a family inheritance, as such strange phenomena also distinctly connect themselves with certain races of mankind. In my notes" . . . .

"But do pray tell us, Papa; excuse me, Mr. Gray," interrupted Cecilia.

"So far I shall confess, dear, that on that night when, as you truly said, you saw me lying ill at Angers, my thoughts had been long and steadily fixed on my darling at Ardeley. But with this kind and skilful friend at hand, and God's help, I did not require other nursing,—even tender as your's. Perhaps" . . . .

"Not perhaps you did *not* wish it, Papa!" said his daughter, kissing him: "did I not tell you so, Edmund?"

"Cecilia is in a very interrupting humour to-day," he answered gaily. "All things considered, I prefer to see her when in good health myself,—in the body rather than in the spirit."

"Hush!" cried she; "I see the story coming."

"As you like it. My younger brother, Edmund's namesake, of whom I was speaking yesterday, remained at home, (we were then living in S. Alban's), when I went to my first school, a populous establishment kept by a clergyman near Watford, as you go past I think it is Cashibury park towards the Lea valley. About the middle of one

of the half years, it must have been in Autumn, for I remember that a hamper of apples accompanied the letter, my dear mother wrote in much alarm to say that a terrible scarlet fever, then decimating the children of the town, had seized on her delicate darling Edmund. The little girl in Wordsworth's exquisite ballad that "felt its life in every limb" surprised the poet, we know, by a familiarity with death far beyond what most older persons feel, in its intense and heart-appealing simpleness. But no one had as yet "gone away" from our household: and it was not till evening that the reality of the coming evil so far forced itself on my careless mind that I showed the letter to our master and begged leave out, to go home. When he refused this, and stated the reason, I felt first what the terrors of an illness must be, which could threaten with death not the sufferer only, but any who might even for a few minutes, a last farewell, come within that contagious neighbourhood. "You may pray for his recovery," he added; "do not be frightened: almost every one has the fever once; and depend upon it, your little brother would far prefer seeing you after this illness has left him."

"I tried to find comfort in these words, and went thoughtfully to our dormitory. But there the clamour that every night preceded the hush and the long breathings was in full cry. Boys have little sympathy for each other's grief: men hardly more, perhaps, have they, Gray?—but the difference is in boyhood we are not ashamed to show it. A large body set on me at once, and I was to jump blindfold over a chair, or at least fight a round at single stick before bed was possible. When I refused and prayed for release, the sturdiest persecutor, a boy named Fellowes, insisted that if so, "poetical justice" required Marlowe's hands, "like Dolon's," he was pleased to remark, (Virgilianizing, you see, schoolboy fashion), should be tied for the night behind his back. And so, dressed as I was for the day, Fellowes and another performed the ceremony of laying me down in bed, and acted the part of nurses, assumed next in the caprice of the moment, with many facetious remarks and sly pinches. They blew out the lights and left me with laughter:—but schoolboys, though fond of prolonging a joke, require also that it should be varied: and in half-an-hour they returned, meaning, perhaps, to release the captive, or to exercise his patience with fresh ingenuities. But I had fallen meanwhile into a sleep that defied

their attempts at awakening : a sleep where indeed all they could have awakened would have been, I suppose, a soulless organization : I was taking farewell of my little brother.

"In a dream, yet more conscious and collected than most dreams, though not to my sensations I think *specifically* different, I was in Edmund's little room by the nursery at S. Alban's, and saw him as I had never before seen the dear child : pale and motionless in the last exhaustion when fever has spent its force, and life hesitates in the balance. I was alone with him also, as it seemed : I went to the bedside, I did not speak, but he knew my presence, and turned his face towards me from the shade. That I shall never forget the light of childly love in his lustrous eyes, the gleam of recognition, the sick effort by which he pointed with a smile to his shaven head, (for this remedy, resorted to so often amongst the many vain attempts to diminish the fatal fires of fever, had probably laid stronghold on a child's imagination),—it is little to say, with our short life, that I shall never forget them :—if I were to outlive the patriarchs they could not be forgotten.—Edmund, my darling, Edmund !—He raised himself as if in the passionate wish to clasp his hands round me for one kiss more :—and then, who could explain from what conviction,—or was it, perhaps, from the last absolute faintness—fell back on the pillows. Instantly I was longing to support and lift him again : but something held my arms back : his lips moved, with a look at the same moment, ah ! so touchingly wistful : but I heard nothing : with the strongest efforts and what to myself seemed violent cries I struggled for freedom : Then the Enemy, as I fancied, let my hands go : a loud laugh was in my ears : I was awake : and my school fellows with lights standing by my bedside. "We thought we should never waken the dormouse," one cried, "till Fellowes did it—did he not ? He cut the string across your hands, and how you screamed and started up !" "Now undress quick and go to bed really, Marlowe : you look as if you had got the fever !"

—"And perhaps you had," Mr. Gray remarked.

—"And was that all—I mean—did the others—did your mother"—Cecilia cried, after the one long breath of deep interest.

"Next day I was sent for home, too late, and my darling brother was already with angels. Long after, for then the fever, Gray, very naturally seized me, but when I had recovered, my dear mother said,

she knew well how rash it was, that proposal to bring me to the house, but that Edmund *would* have it, and so she yielded : partly, I suppose, from the distraction of despair, in part from a fear she could scarcely bear to own. For she, dear, watching that last long night through,—which, when all is over, seems ah ! how short, how hopelessly irrecoverable—by her dying child's bedside, saw me, she knew, come lightly in, but rather as if gliding than by ordinary footsteps, and go up to Edmund ;—and the rest, all as I have told you. She denied noticing that my hands were fastened, (which she could not, she thought, but have noticed if it had been so), but said that as I bent down to kiss him, something did appear to drive me back from his dear face, something, she said, that blew me before it like a strong wind. She closed her eyes for fear and prayer :—If it was so, that I was thus present, my soul had gone : and when she went at once to the bedside, Edmund's too had forsaken him."

"I am glad to have heard the story, and sorry," said Mr. Gray hastily, and as if anxious to prevent further remark. Then to me, "without second sight, Edmund, I think I know of something coming ; something that will please one of the party at least ; all I hope."

"I know," Cecilia said : "it is the new boat from Saltley, in which we are to sail one day soon to the Dudgeon Light."

"Not at all," Miss Marlowe, he answered archly : "Eleanor is to set out to-morrow from Fountainhall, and will be here by evening."

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

No one after that conversation in our family ever, I think, alluded again, at least without strong reasons, to the second sight and these mysterious legends. Heaven gave us peace, and exemption from anything beyond the common occurrences of life :—if, indeed, happiness like ours can be truly held common. The tale of my dear sister's visionary hours has been more vividly present with me whilst engaged in thus setting it forth, than at any moment since I heard her retrace it to my father or to Robert. It was so connected with images of error and of sadness that we were each, I think, silently anxious to let the recollection go by. As I looked back on the past months, a vague, a

fearful, a daemonic power appeared to have been amongst us: the spectre, as it were, projected from itself by the fire and intensity of suffering. Heaven laid the spell and the tempest: and, as when night and storm go by, and the traveller with a cry of joy wakes and looks round, we saw above the unchangeable stars, and sun, and around us sea and earth, and trees, and streams, and cities of men, and those who called us before long to share in quiet affections, and simple interests, and the familiar matters of the day. Human nature is such, that it cannot but be consoled. Once we made war with fierce impulses, and overmastering passions: but years have gone by, and we are now the same nature, but perhaps hardly the same individuals. Not Death, but Life is our Lethe. Our grief was absolute, and our joy is real: but Existence is more real than either. And it is perhaps not presumptuous to believe that things are thus ordered, and thus universally, not without some divine Providence: some merciful Intention. Only the fool has said in his heart, There is no Hope. It is best that some things should at last be forgotten.

Yet throughout this change, (I have gathered here in a few lines the thoughts of months), with our identity every past passion, as I have already noticed, survives; the lost sorrow or delight unconsciously mould the heart, giving deeper seriousness to subsequent grief, or adding security to happiness. For as botanists tell us of the tree, every sunshine hour, every night of frost, mark their traces first indeed on the outermost bark, yet record them there for life, as the surface passes to the centre.

Thus Time, as one of God's messengers, and His Hours, so lavish in blessings, *horai polyanthemoi*, "rich in blossoms," as the greatest of lyrical poets in old days named them,—came for our gradual healing. But unlike that Angel who of old in one moment brought to a Galilean cottage tidings of "the Peace wept for, how many years!" by the world, the visitations of this Gabriel led us with steps of varying retardation to our final happiness. There was indeed "one hour of home" before death for our dear father, when some two years later Eleanor restored to Ardeley that peculiar and indefinable charm which a house gains only by the presence of childly life: one hour, not so glad, perhaps, yet even more thankfully welcomed when he joined Cecilia's dear hand in Robert's. Yet throughout even these, the most heart-animating events

of years otherwise unbrokenly tranquil, we could observe that a deeper, a more holy and sadly-solemn joy was the spirit of his inner life, the source of his unfailling and golden serenity. And Death in due season, coming before the encroachments of a too extreme old age, justified that calm cheerfulness by a restoration thus not long delayed to the treasure laid up in Heaven.

But these things were the work of years that appear brief only in retrospect: and my dear sister meanwhile was not spared one of the days which made up the long sum of her recovery. More easily and more imaginatively impressed than common natures, scenes which I soon learned to connect only with the thought of Eleanor, and her father with the strong conviction of speedy re-union to the lost, touched her with an anguish that I might almost call bodily.

It seemed the eternal soul was clothed in her

With purer robes than those of flesh and blood:

And hence, perhaps, arose the fascination that external objects, as if by direct contact with the spirit, exerted over Cecilia.

Such, when we resumed home life, were of course all things about Ardeley: it is one of the painful blessings that belong to a fixed family dwelling-place. But long after she told me, It was not these familiar matters, nor again objects most allied to the actual circumstances of loss,—the room, and the last book used, or that final resting-place, that most affected her:—but the casual incidence upon scenes recollected in connection with her mother, years, perhaps, before the days of wrath, and where the visit or gesture or word spoken, by some mystery of memory, came freshly back, and as though but of yesterday. It might be a shop perhaps, where Cecilia had gone as a child with a child's wonder, a wooded by-lane, a distant house, which by accidental suggestion had led her mother to speak of her own childhood . . . . . Such things touch by their strange vividness: but there are other spells, I have sometimes thought, surer and more powerful to call up these undying and inexorable phantoms:—the trifles that remind us there was a time when life appeared as long and as secure to the departed as to ourselves:—the mark left where they laid aside some volume of purely *human* interest, as Romances or Poetry: the notes of visitation or business headed formally with the name we can hardly now endure to hear spoken: the work put away in the higher drawer

and forgotten : the first music books, marked with the maiden name so unfamiliar to us : the colour-box we wondered at when children ourselves : "We see these things, and then go back into common life," Cecilia once said, and "collecting her thoughts into one sigh," was silent.

But just then the cry of my own little Cecilia called her upstairs, and presently, I remember, I heard her talking gaily to her nurse, and singing to the cradle.

If to encounter such thoughts was a trial, far harder, I do not doubt, (to return to my narrative for a moment more) as appealing not only to "holy remembrance," but as contradicting the current of her innermost feelings, was my dear sister's first struggle to welcome her brother's happiness, when Eleanor next day joined us at Mablethorpe, and after some hours of laughter, perhaps, too little tempered, I, alone with Cecilia for the last minutes before bedtime, dwelt with a glow of pleasure (expected to be contagious), on the many images of delight natural to a lover re-united to his mistress—the smiles and trifles of to-day, the larger glories of the coming years ; "the graceful acts and the apt words, and the pleasure, and the desire and the hope" :—no, she was too patiently firm, too kind for tears : but like the Beauty, reminded in Heaven of her earthly charms, she could give no echo to the tones of terrestrial joy :

--tacque, ed allargò la mano.

To the afflicted the intolerable burden is, not added infliction, not even the misfortunes of those we best love ; to rejoice in their happiness is the trial beyond all others. There was a hand on the door : I smiled, but Cecilia turned quickly round, and took Eleanor to her arms, as she entered, with a sister's unrestraint, and tender kisses, and the playful words with which a child is welcomed.

Many months, however, passed before all outward shadow of her great grief had gone from my dear sister's features, or the old blithe serenity and that "holy health without which wisdom herself is less lovely" altogether resumed lordship over the spirit. Indeed I do not think that the whole trial was over before the birth of our first infant just alluded to :—at least it was then that Cecilia consented to many wishes, earnest and unanimous, that a time should be definitely named for her own marriage. I wondered why exactly when the presence of



this little one filled the house with greater cheerfulness, and gave her Aunt especially pleasure so deep and tender by the ministrations of (I had almost said), that *worship* women lavish on the firstborn, Cecilia should decide at last on the absolute term of removal to Fountainhall, till then only vaguely contemplated.

## BETWEEN TWO WORLDS

She will not come again, or bless thy bed,  
 Fair lamb asleep, softer than thy soft nest;  
 Or count the heavings of a grandchild's breast,  
 Kissing the pure fresh lips rose-garlanded,  
 Life's open gates: - ah vain, ah vain;  
 She will not come again.

Unseen by her thy face, warm nestled Dove,  
 Snatch'd ere she knew the fruitful hours to be,  
 Her own child's blessedness fulfil'd in thee,  
 This waxen miniature, this roseblush Love:  
 Here, Angel Mother, here!—ah vain—  
 She will not come again.

Thou smil'st on me: thy baby grasp repays  
 The touch of mine: I see her in thy face:  
 Her heart informs the lastling of her race:  
 I hear the fairy feet of jocund days,  
 The dear remember'd voice: ah vain;  
 She will not come again.

Sweet smiler! so! 'tis blithe Love foots the stair,  
 A mother's carol cry beyond the door:—  
 O she would smile to hear, who smiles no more,  
 And bid me wipe the fond tears of despair  
 And joy where all is joy:—ah vain!  
 She will not come again.

I heard Cecilia murmuring these lines over the cradle one day, and with some reluctance she copied them for me: I have no doubt they explain in part the struggle of many feelings then with her: the desire to accomplish what her mother had regarded always with such pleasure;

that it now appeared a duty to fulfil it : the fascination exercised by the deep blessedness she witnessed in her little niece's thankful parents :—last perhaps and most, the sense that old times had now altogether passed away ; that a barrier had been set up by that new Life between us and the Ardeley of childhood ; that “mother” within these walls bore now a fresh significance.

And so my sister's story bent itself at last to the very common ending. Perhaps I might rather say, in a deeper and more authentic sense, it now truly began. What were these earlier years, with their visions and their schoolroom discipline, their laughter and their tears, their trials and compensations, except a preparation, not for one morning of bridal bells and blended feelings, but for a calm, a holy, a happy life ? As the set season of training, they were of an importance in her case, as in every one's, altogether apart and special. Cecilia's girlish experiences more than most had also the peculiar interest that these were things which were and could not be again : a visionary gleam that fled with the glories of youth :—yet even so, her childhood was only something prefatory. “The reason firm, the temperate will” ; whatever else, in my eyes, is essential to the perfect woman ;—these qualities were then nursed from seed to flower : but the fruit was borne hereafter. Childhood and Youth, when, as now, I look at the consummate result, in Cecilia's instance also, by comparison almost appear vanity.

Yet the magic of those years exerts a secret charm : an ineffaceable and peculiar influence. We two are happy each in our homes : but there is something about that older home wanting even in our own nurseries. I love Eleanor much : and so much that she would forgive the confession of a love almost deeper still which binds me to Cecilia. Nothing, in one sense, I think, so precious as the Past : for nothing so absolutely irrevocable. Hence to all imaginative minds the peculiar interest of the buildings or other relics of bygone days. The charm of many years is beyond all we read of magic : magic, which could not give it, in Eastern legend never gave anything so charming. Woman's love in its height, manly friendship in its largeness : each wants that peculiar preciousness which Time, who consoles from grief, can alone set upon affection. Little hands in little hands are a bond more absolute, I think, than the pledge given before the altar : an alliance more devised, sealed, and guaranteed by Nature. Heaven has set us each

now on the high rock what seems its own happiness, and the blessing of the day is amply sufficient. But to those "first affections," to the home with my nurseling, to the little Cecilia,—to the sweet stammering lips, the warm kisses unasked and reiterated, the lavish love:—even the frock, the shoes, the trembling venturesome feet,—I look back most fondly: I have laid these images aside as the sweetest and securest matter for the remembrance of old age. Such are joys which no calamity can reverse, and treasures that cannot be taken away: such endearing recollections will be, I think, amongst the everlasting thanksgivings and songs of Heaven. But whether so or not, they will at least be blessings throughout life, whatever fortunes Providence may have reserved for me in the ambushes of the long Hereafter.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

Thus ended A Sister's Story.\* As I look back over the pages, the fear cannot but strike me that the occurrence of the single moving event in a life hitherto otherwise uneventful has tempted the writer to undue minuteness,—into a perhaps almost morbid length of analytic narrative. The manner of Goethe's *Elective Affinities*, (if I may name that celebrated—or should it be said, that once celebrated?—story in the same breath as my small attempt),—maybe has misled me. Yet when I think of Cecilia, of all she has been to others, of all she then underwent herself, it is a kind of pleasure,—of pride I may not say,—to a brother, that he has put together this memorial to one, gifted and fated so singularly.

Petty indeed was this drama, enacted within the gracious precincts of a country home, compared with those that convulse the nations! Yet the elements which form the tragedies of the world, be their stage wide or narrow, are essentially the same: as the materials of creation in Sun and Sirius appear to be identical with what scientific analysis detects in the star dust showered over earth by the falling meteor.—Some excess in love, —(Cecilia will now pardon me for saying it):—the

\* Thus named when first planned. But a change became inevitable after the appearance of Mrs. Augustus Craven's *Récit d'une Soeur*:—of all biographies known to me the most pathetic, the most fascinating.—But it will be better for the writer, if, when reading this tale the *Récit* be not remembered.

"not wisely, but too well,"—so pardonable; I will venture the word, in its essence so admirable,—seems almost inseparable from such crises. And such, doubtless, was Cecilia's passion,—if that *could* ever be excessive,—for her Mother. With this my little tale began: with this it may best end; here in truth was my sister's story.

More than once verse,—the great name, Poetry, perhaps I may not give it,—by natural instinct, perhaps, rather than by the working of any special gift, as it were of itself became the mode in which that dear creature's devotedness expressed or relieved itself. An exquisite but erratic poet seems to imply that most men "learn in suffering what they teach in song." If this be Shelley's meaning, a glance at the great poems of the world, and at their writers' history, will prove it an exaggeration. In their lives may be frequent sorrow, frequent darkness: yet, as sunshine is essential to flowers, so, in due degree, is healthy happiness to the really finest blossoming of poetry; indeed, of all the finest art. It is, however, otherwise with those brief utterances which flash suddenly, spontaneously, from the overlaid breast. And by this impulse, meseems, *my* Saint Cecilia, (if I may so for once name her), may have been moved to song. At any rate it was, I believe, in an hour, as it were of reaction towards her mother's memory; it may be, after marriage, but before that mother's little namesake came to her comfort; that, in Ardeley Churchyard, the lines following were written. Almost too sad as they are, with their Euripidean iteration of pathos, yet I cannot but give them; they seem to me to sum up Cecilia's whole childhood and youth: they condense in one strain her story: and with them I may allowably close this fitful-tinted narrative.

---

*E se non piangi, di che pianger suoli?*

---

O Field of God, with grassy waves  
 Spread as a summer sea,  
 What peace is o'er thine inmates pour'd:  
 Oh that 'twere so with me!

There 'neath the holy Cross the sods  
Her soul's fair vesture hold :  
Whence one dear lamb at Jesus' call  
Fled to His happy fold.

But to my side, by night, by day,  
The mortal arrow cleaves :  
Earth's cup of innocent delight  
A wormwood savour leaves.

I shun the seat whence oft we watch'd  
The sunset rose the sky :  
All Nature's charm before me flits  
As o'er a dead man's eye.

In each fair spot a memory hid  
The heart with torture sears :  
The hills by those dear eyes last seen  
I see through blinding tears.

Ah sweet Spring-days by lamb-starr'd lea,  
Fresh feathery grove, and glen ;  
All earth with three fold beauty blest,—  
For thou by me wert then !

Or when 'neath some tall cliff the sea  
Her peacock bosom raised,  
And smiled a bluer, tenderer smile  
As by thy side I gazed !

Now o'er the lightsome skies a pall  
Of rayless gray has come,  
For with her going hence is gone  
The sunshine of the home.

I dread the door where those soft steps  
Have pass'd, and pass'd away :  
The bedside where my Saint in Heaven  
Bow'd low for Heaven to pray.

## THE GROVE.

— O fond faint eyes that turn'd to me  
In that last, bitterest woe !  
O Love, Love, Love, my Love, my own,  
How could'st thou leave me so ?

Still o'er the lawn the star-eyed sky  
Lets fall her silver tears :  
The rose that knew thy tending hand,  
Her heedless beauty rears.

They reckon not, they, that thou art gone,  
Nor how earth's minutes run  
While thy dear face withdrawing fades  
As mist in morning sun.

O deeper than the deepest pang  
The form from memory chased ;  
Love's empty vase with ashes fill'd,  
The wound by Time effaced !

Ah years that dim the dear, dear face  
As round your circles sweep !  
Dearest, did I not weep thee now,  
How should I ever weep ?

Still to my side by night, by day  
The mortal arrow clings ;  
The fair fresh breeze of dawn may waft  
No comfort on her wings :

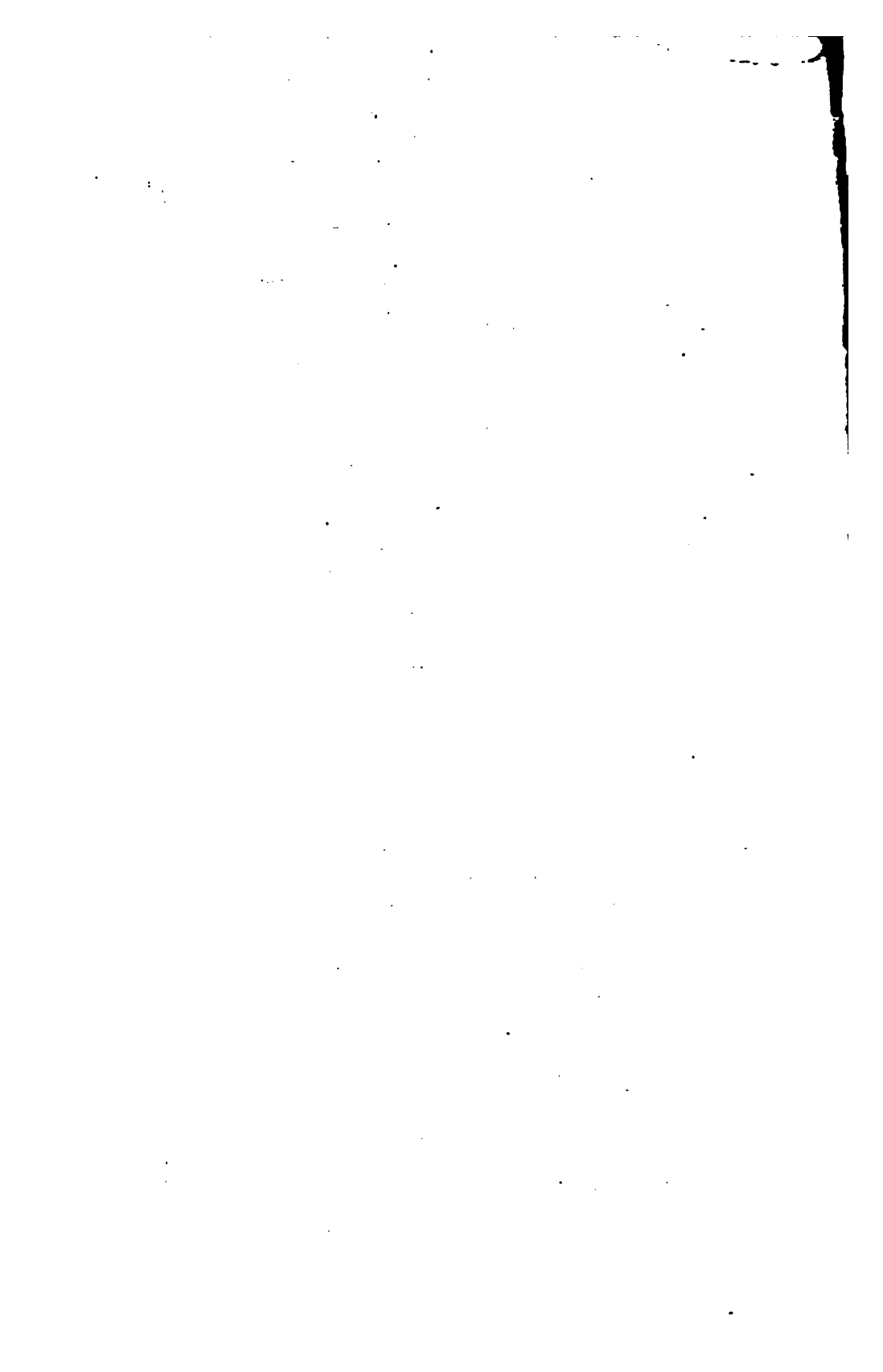
The soft security of sleep,  
The blessings of the night,  
These sorrow-streaming eyes in vain,  
In vain to rest invite.

O Heaven on which my soul I cast  
With all the force of faith  
From thy pure crystal depths reveal  
That holy Spirit-Wraith !

Mother ! be with me as thou wert—  
 Or if the heavenly place  
 Have wrought the change, the aureoled head,—  
 Sure I shall know thy face :  
 The hand that almost o'er my brow  
 Breathed in its soft caress ;  
 The peace on the fair forehead sign'd,  
 The step, the very dress :—  
 Smile as when once the tender eyes  
 Upon thy baby smiled ;  
 On that pure bosom let me rest,  
 And be thy child, thy child !  
 —Ah, silence in that azure sky,  
 And on this grassy field !  
 And silence on thy lips to me  
 By law almighty seal'd !  
 Not here, not here, but where the Blest  
 Their crown of victory win ;  
 Where the Redeemer and the Life  
 Welcomes His faithful in.  
 —What sudden voice the stillness stirs,  
 What low sweet loving cry ?  
 About her Cross, lo ! where the dove  
 Circles and sweeps on high.  
 O Mother, Mother mine, my soul  
 Mounts with the mounting dove :  
 Almost I seem thy steps to trace  
 To Heavens the heaven above !  
 Thou first blest sign of peace to man,  
 Love's own sweet messenger !  
 Where my Saint sits, God grant me wings  
 To rise and follow her.

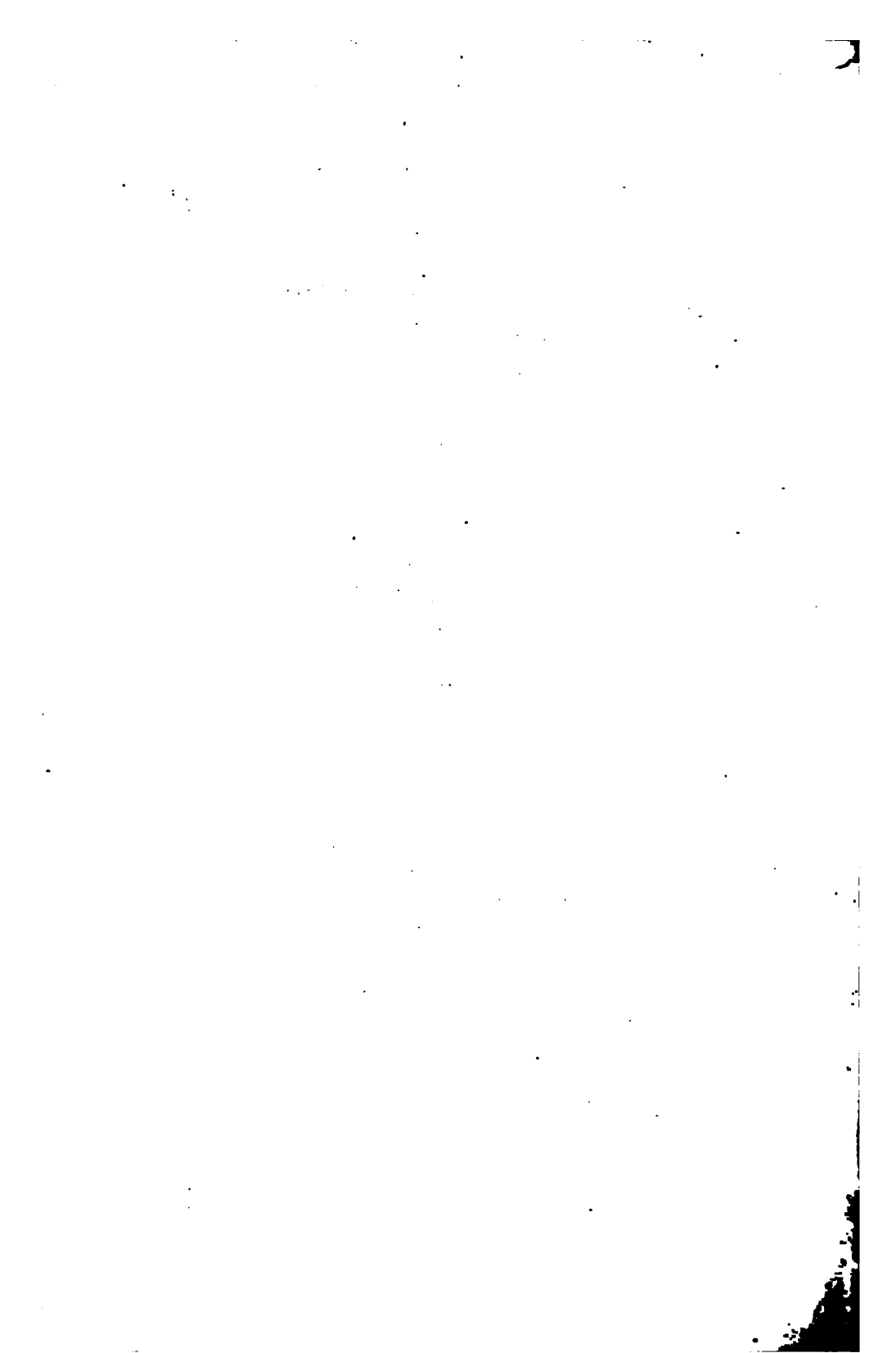
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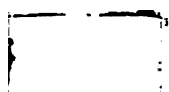
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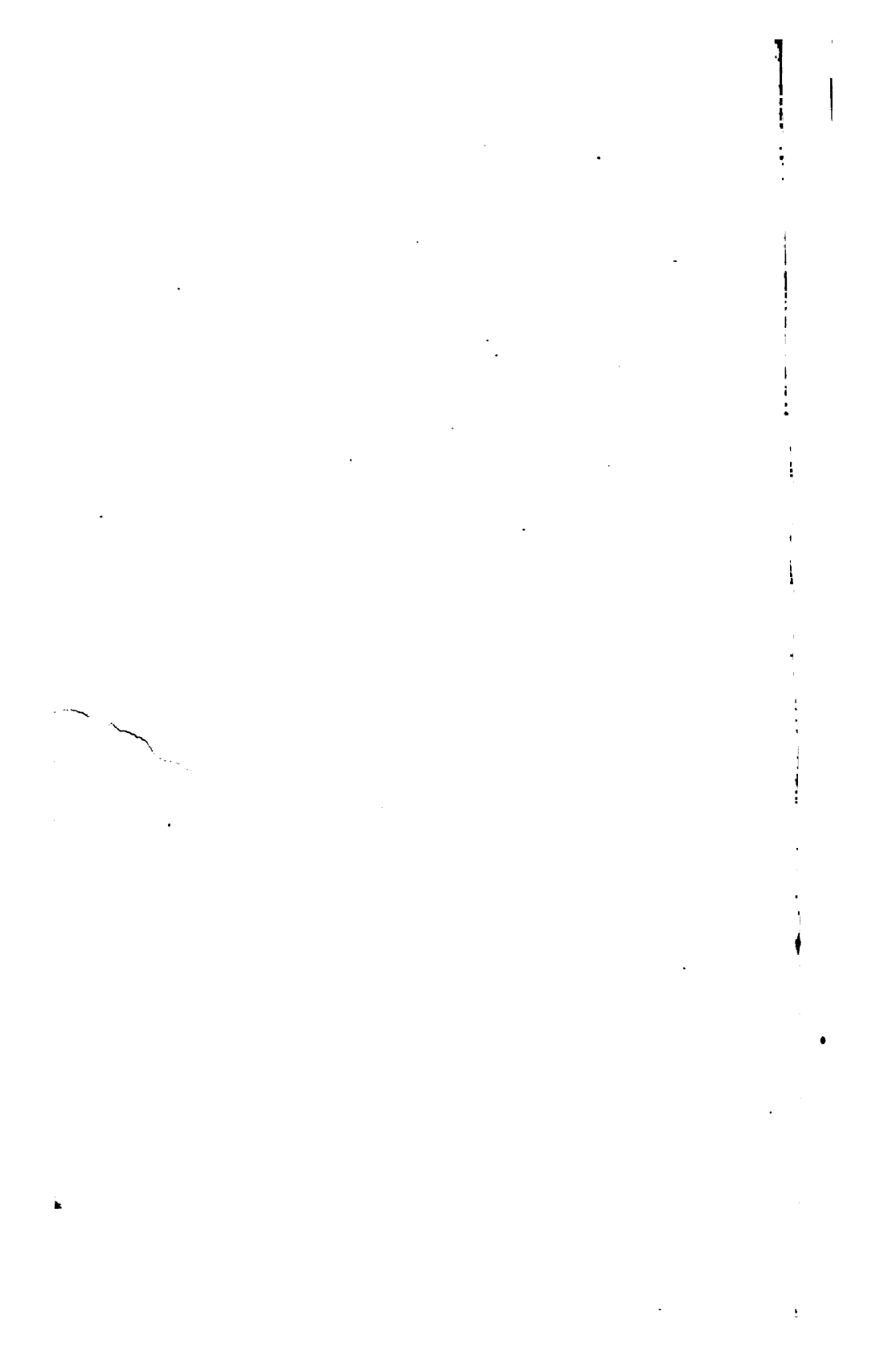
















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